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HAVE you realized the great responsibility that rests upon us all here in Canada, at this trying period in the history of the Empire? As Canadians, living at home in peace and tranquility, our duty is quite as important as that of our sons who have gone to the front.

That duty is to **PRODUCE**---and in order to provide for the enormous increase in production it is necessary for **YOU**, upon the farm, to put your barns in shape to accommodate your increased production, and for **US**, here in the factories to turn out metal building materials for the proper safeguarding of your increased crops.

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nor reduced one man's salary since the War started. Our factories are still running with the same complement of men as employed one year ago, before the war was thought of.

Our warehouses are piled to the roof with raw materials---our stockrooms are filled with an abundance of manufactured articles.

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Write us for quotations on *Oshawa* Galvanized Steel Shingles, Corrugated Iron Roofing and Siding, Brick and Stone-faced Sidings, Corro Crimp Roofing, Silo Covers, Culverts, Eaves Trough and Conductor Pipe, Finials and Ornaments---anything and everything in Sheet Metal.

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ESTABLISHED 1861

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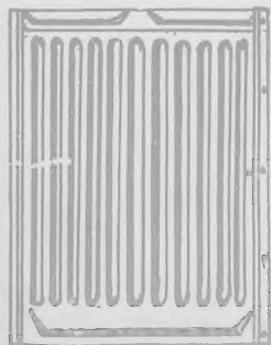
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Vol. XVI.

Published Monthly
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No. 5.

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Yours truly,
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WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



MAY, 1915

WINNIPEG, CANADA



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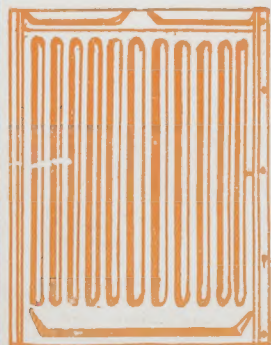
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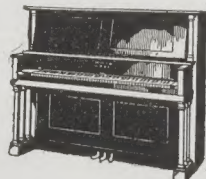
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Sowing the Seeds

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. A. McIntyre, LL.D.

[Instead of the Editorial this month we are pleased to publish an article written for this Magazine by Dr. W. A. McIntyre, who has just been elected President of the Manitoba Educational Association. The article shows how teachers are thinking, and places a responsibility on parents everywhere.]

Once again 'tis seeding time. On every hill and valley darkened ridges show where heavy drills have passed, and tired men and horses by their labored gait give proof of ceaseless toil. The precious grain is planted firm and sure beneath the soil; the swelling kernels feel the life within them stirring, striving, struggling toward the light. The sun looks down and smiles, the rain comes with her gentle wooing. Soon the fields will wear their robes of green; then will come the shot-blade and the filling grain; next the heads of golden brown. Then the end—the noise of binder and the drone of thresher, and at last the exchange of gold for gold.

Think you that is all? Is farming but a soulless process of increasing one to fifty? Surely not. Into those furrows, with the golden globules, goes the farmer's heart with all its hopes and fears. What if the sun should cease to shine? What if the skies should deny the needed showers? What if the rust should blight, the hail destroy, the frosts cut down? Surely if the tilling of the soil requires labor of the hand, the casting into earth of precious grain requires labor of the heart. From spring to fall 'tis faith and hope, and then more faith and hope. What wonder if a man should love the fields in which he works! His very life is in the clods. Of the farmer, truly may it be said that "Where a man's treasure is, there shall his heart be also." He, of all men, must know what this means, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth"; he, too, recalling life in other lands and in other days must be able to accept in faith the exhortation, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to thee after many days."

But there is in a farmer's heart still something more than hope and faith. Throughout the long and glorious months of summer, when the grass is growing and the grain is ripening, he must have a joy that comes to few—the joy of possession and the richer joy of anticipated return. He who overcomes, even if it be only the smallest obstacle; he who produces, even if it be only the most insignificant article of value, must of necessity know something of joy. What then must be the joy of him who teases the old earth until it smiles, and who transforms a wilderness into a garden of delight?

Faith, hope and joy! To these let us add thanksgiving. When the last sheaf has been gathered in, when the last bushel of grain has been safely stored away, when the owner of the field has reckoned up the cost and the probable return, when he thinks of the purchases that are possible, the joys to wife and family, the necessities and luxuries forthcoming, surely his heart must go out in gratitude to Him who crowneth the year with His loving kindness.

Nor is the farmer the only one who can rejoice and be glad. Directly or indirectly the whole world is concerned with his successes and his failures. There is not a storm which does not bring anxiety to the dwellers in the town, there is not a frost that does not send them fearful to their beds, there is not a drought which does not influence their manner and their speech and which does not stop the course of trade. For the

whole world is bound together by the law of interdependence—with the farmer in the centre. He is the one link in the fabric of society to which all other links are joined. Should he fail, then all fail. Should he succeed, then all must prosper. Indeed, in a facetious way it has been remarked, "He tills the soil and every man tills him."

And all this is but a parable. The soil is the heart of a little child. The seed consists of the truths and ideas which are given him and which in his little soul may ripen into aspirations and action. The sun is the atmosphere of kindness by which he should be surrounded; the frost is but the killing rebuke without cause; the blight is the curse of materialism and corruption which from time to time sweeps over the land. And so the figure might be extended.

There is no crop like that which grows around the mother's knee—none so precious, none so lovely. There 'tis always springtime. There the seeds are ever being planted. There, too, 'tis always summer, for the harvest is ever being gathered, aye, and will be gathered till the end of life.

Men and women! What of the sowing? In selecting seeds for your fields, how careful you are to obtain the best! How you sift out the weeds! How you study the wind and the clouds! How you study soil! and how careful you are to deposit the seed in right amount and to proper depth! What of the sowing? What of the companions, the books, the language of home and street? Above all, what of the moral and social ideals that are continually placed before the children? What of the weeds—the prejudices, the untruths, the bitternesses that sometimes in some lands are found? Once again, what of the sowing? You do not treat all soils alike. How can you expect all your children to make the same progress in the same way? Is there not as much individuality in childhood as in the soils on the farm? And as to the faith and hope and joy—are not these to be reckoned with? Don't you know the long restless nights, the anxious yearnings of joy of seeing young life shape into noble manhood and lovely womanhood? And have you not almost as great an interest in your neighbor's children as your own? For by children, as by prayers, "the whole round earth is knit by golden chains about the feet of God."

Let us make it plain. Here are the little ones entrusted to your care. At first you are in sole charge of them. You are their nurse, their governess, their everything. These first six years are the formative years. Everything beautiful in thought and speech and action; everything holy in action and conversation; everything lofty in sentiment and ideal; everything Godlike in example and precept should be placed before them. Loving companionship, kindly counsel, these are asked for, these should not be denied. If these little ones could speak they would say, "I am ignorant, make me wise; I am helpless, give me strength; I am lost, show me the way; I am crude, give me finish; my heart is yearning, give me love."

And I know well there are few parents who hearing the cry of the children, will not respond, but oh! when the cry of the world is so loud and so persistent that the cry of the children is not heard—what then? Tell me what then?

There comes a time when the children can be sent to school. Are you not proud of the school to which they are going? You have tried to get the best teacher! You have sacrificed to get the best—yes, really sacrificed. Then you have made the building a home, equipped it with curtains and blinds and a library. Everything is as spotlessly clean as your own parlors—and why not? These are your children, your dearest possession, and there is nothing too good for them. Yes, and you rightly demand that they study at their school all that makes for sweetness and light. They will be able to take your place on the farm, of course; you will see to it that they know how to do all that a good wife or a kind husband should perform. You will see to that, but the school will assist you in your attempt to broaden their intelligence, to strengthen their wills, to cultivate their tastes, to form their habits and to ennoble their dispositions. Yes, I know you will work with your teacher. How can co-workers accomplish anything unless they come to an understanding and unless they are in friendly relation? As for others, their school may be a failure, but as for you and your school, am I not right in saying it shall be equal to you and to your children?

But there is more than school. The greatest force in education acts through the social milieu. The character of the social political and religious life of each community is impressed upon children. Industrial and economic conditions affect every last soul in the country—sometimes one is inclined to say that the best way in which any man can help to educate his children is not by getting a better school for them, but by entering into the life of his community to cleanse, to purify, to ennoble, so that everything sordid and mean and unjust in politics, industry and religion will disappear.

Down in Panama the people used to die in thousands because of the yellow fever. The mosquito carried the disease from man to man. Then began an attack on the mosquitoes. It was swatting here, and swatting there. At last one reformer arose and proposed that they attack the breeding places of the mosquitoes. This done, the swatting was not necessary, and the yellow fever as an epidemic was at an end. Even so, with all our schools and homes in operation, we but reach the evils to which children are prone, one by one. By perfecting social and moral conditions, these evils need not arise. Have we not reached the time when every man should throw himself into public life? Righteousness, honor and justice must prevail, or our future is even more hopeless than if we were the prey of German militarism. "Better not be at all, than not be noble."

A Few Western Beauty Spots

Untouched by Man, and Some Whales, Panthers and Giant Trees

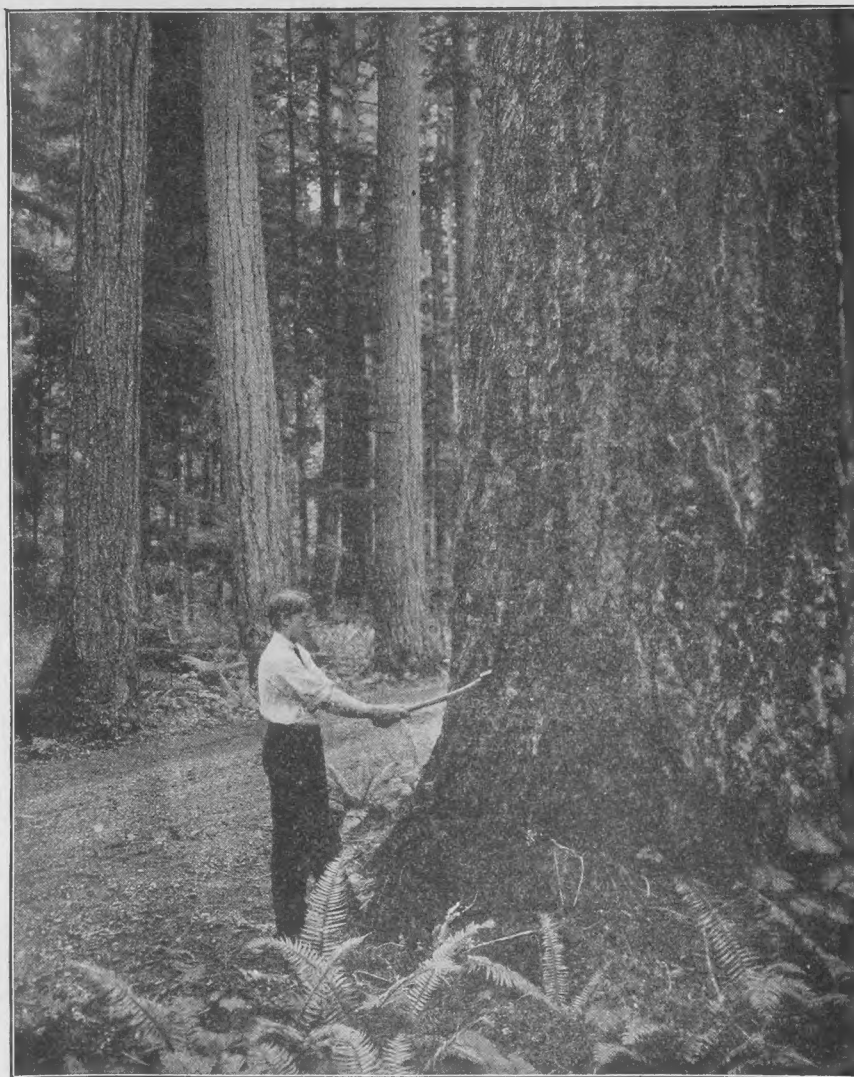
Written for Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

If you would take a trip, an unusual trip, seek the unsettled portions of British Columbia, select one of those copper coloured, squat, silent natives and his big, high prowed cedar log canoe and let him take you up the far reaches of the fiords, along the natural canals that intersect this ocean-worn and even coast—all is as Quadra saw it an hundred and forty years ago, unchanged as the scenes Cook and Vancouver gazed at from their ocean harried vessels. Here is truly "the forest primeval". One thing impresses you at once, the total absence of bird song and animal movements. A mile back from the ocean the mighty forests are as still as death, only when a vagrant current of air tosses the great boughs of the giant Douglass Firs are you conscious of any sound—see this magnificent peak, part of the backbone of Vancouver Island—called after the great Queen and Mother, Victoria,—from where we sat and ate our simple lunch it rose in snow crested majesty above us—but during the two hours rest we did not see a single living creature on earth or air, yet, as if arranged specially for us a devastating avalanche swept down the old glacier path. With powerful glasses we could see the mighty ferns snapped off and carried along and piled up in the trough as if they been but matches—O'poots deigned to grunt (these Nootkan guides are so very loquacious). I noticed my Gordon setter sidle up and crouch down closely beside Fritz, who for once did not dare to gibe and jest, this fearful thunderous rush quieted even the oisy boy—we could feel gust after gust, pulsation after pulsation across the mile wide space that separated us from the grand display. An odd thought struck me—had we not been here there had been no noise, for none of the terrific crashes could be a sound if there was no ear receiver to take them.

Away off below us, as the setting sun's last rays glittered on the little unnamed

lake some thousands of feet beneath us, we saw, through the binoculars, a herd of elk enter the shallows; even with the strong glasses they were but pigmy animals. O'poots begged of me to shoot—I just mention this to show you their utter absence of knowledge of rifle distances—it looked like a good shot to hit the wee bit lake let alone the timid animals drinking there—we made our camp on the dry fern and ever present sallal, just the tossing out of your blanket and the closing of the eyelids, for mountaineering in this blessed land prohibits all the luxuries and many of the necessities too. Sometime during the night, by the telltale black earth of the trail, a "cougar," (the panther, felis concolor) visited our open air encampment, its great soft pads showed where it had crept up to the bend of the trail and had lain there vainly inhaling the scent from Daisy; it had turned and on velvet feet, carefully inserted in the upward trail marks, had stolen off noiselessly into the night. I especially mention this as these great cats are perfectly harmless to man. I show you the size of one dead over this good hunter's shoulder, so if you travel along the coasts of Oregon, Washington, or British Columbia have no fear of the terrible "Mountain Lion" of the magazine writer.

Many pleasant days passed by, we were leisurely tracing up the "flour gold" from Wreck Bay on the West Coast up over the shore plateau to Kennedy Lake—how many a poor mortal has made this vain quest—we walked over a nice snug fortune in the shore sands of the well-named bay, it was there, right beneath our feet, for several miles out handsome fortunes lay in the black magnetic sands but—Oh, this is a real large BUT please—a mighty surf that seemed by its power to come from far distant Japan beat upon it day and night. Several small fortunes have been poured into these sands by gold seekers but none have been taken out. We stood and



The Great Tree and the Ineffectual Axe

watched the tiny rivulets that trickle out from under the high cliffs and sandbanks, these carry the black sands that bear the precious metal—so we just wondered, as they came from the foothills, would it not be well just to step up that way—and a nice long step it was too. Before we left the beach I played, for once in my life, the hunted—I had left the guide and boy catching small, very small, trout. The protruding timbers of old time wrecked vessels lured me on westward along the lonely sands. I must have walked some four miles when I came to a lagoon formed by the highest high tide, on the opposite side, some hundred yards off stood a native, clothed, or unclothed as you will, in shirt and ragged torn off trousers. I had been among all the tribes and met with little if any trouble so I paid no attention, but just happened at that moment to turn my steps back towards my party, as I did so the ragged figure splashed through the shallow water and took up my trail. Naturally I stopped and said: "kla-how-yah" (good day in Chinook). No answer. He just stopped in his tracks. I resumed my walk and he took up my trail; again I stopped, as I noticed he was within about 15 feet of me, he also came to a dead halt—answer me he would not—time after time he stopped dead just as I turned about. At last, worried a bit at his unusual behaviour, I set the big reflex, grabbed a nice stout little club from off the jetsam and proceeded. This club made him keep his distance. I asked O'poots later, he said he was "a cultus chee-chah-ko" (a bad new comer). I always regretted not picturing my unwelcome trailmate.

We did not find that mother lode but we did get some most excellent trout fishing as soon as we got to Alberni Canal and took over our canoe again (it had come about from the outer coast by the steamer Tees). We fished at the beautiful Stamp Falls, untouched by man, the scene is wild and beautiful. We also pictured some strange native carving in the rocks, carvings of fish and animals.

O'poots, seated in the stern of the canoe, paddled our little expedition slowly up until we were close to the mighty wall of falling water; he pushed the bow ashore on the crushed fragments of fallen rocks—just at this moment a Water Ousel flew over my head, passed in through the curtain of falling water and disappeared. Fritz ejaculated: "Oh! we never can find

that bird's nest." As a seeming answer O'poots started to throw off his few clothes and then stepped out of the canoe into the swift current as naked as the day he was born. Stooping low, and shielding his head with his hands, he approached the tumbling mass of green water and white foam and—just like the Water Ousel—disappeared. "You don't think he could come to any harm?" I asked Fritz, after he had been gone a few minutes. "I think, at times, I can see him," answered the lad. "Is that a rock or O'poots' brown back?" pointing at a dark mass behind the water but much closer to the canoe than where the guide entered the fall. For an answer the seeming rock backed—out of the falls right in front of our bow in his dripping hand he held two tiny grey blackeyed birds, just getting their coat of grey feathers over the black down.

"Me-si-ka man-a-loest kal-ak-a-al" (you kill the birds) he said handing them to Fritz. The lad instantly shook his head and cried: "Wake! Wake! No-No!"—then the Nootkan handed them to me—I thought it best to take them, as after a chap had risked his life for two little fledglings it was not well to hurt his feelings. "Nah-hal-les wake te-peh" "Look here no feathers," I told him. "Ikt dollar—go put them back to grow." The dollar tempted him and back through the rushing tumbling water he made his way and emerged, a very copper god, with streams of crystal water streaming over his shapely body.

"Say!" cried Fritz, "what an act for the 'ten, twenty, thirties,' if you can take the entire thing east, Sir, I will produce it and allow you one hundred dollars per"—and he pursed his lips and folded his hands just as Marcus Lowe would have done with such a chance staring him in the face—instead we once more paddled off trolling and landing goodly numbers of "cut-throat" trout. As we passed a tiny slip at the end of a little clearing—and while I was waving my hand to the lonely squawman at the far off open door—Fritz nimbly emptied a landing net full of trout into the little log canoe moored at the end of the wharf. "Now, we can get busy and catch some for our own supper," laughed the lad as the current swept us on down stream.

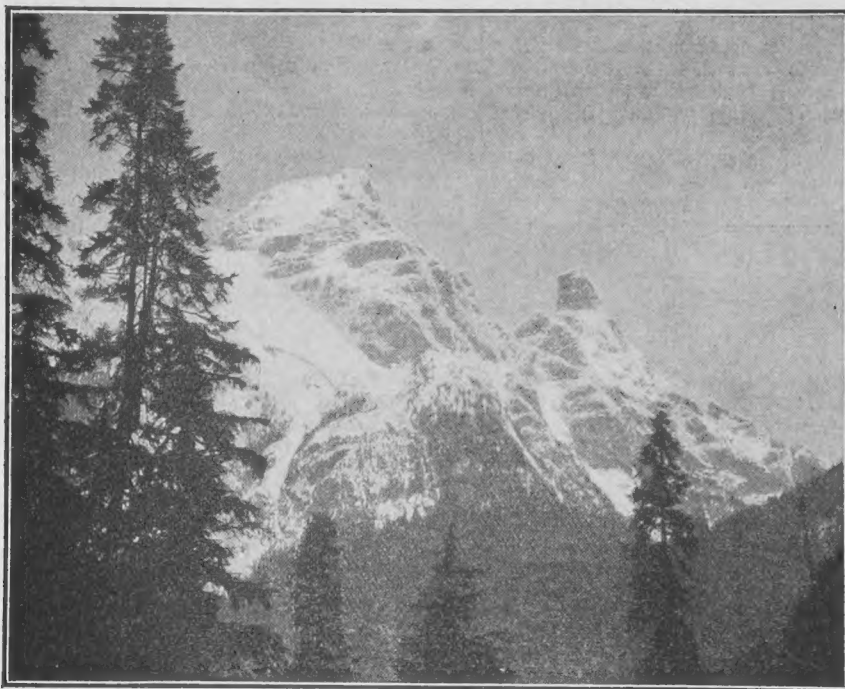
For several days our long log canoe headed on down the "Canal" towards the ocean—at one spot we had an interesting



A slain Panther or Cougar or so called Mountain Lion

moment; two big "black-fish," one of the lesser whale, an animal that grows to about thirty-five feet in length, came, love-making, up the channel; down they would roll to bottom some fifty fathoms—up-up they would pop, and, oh, such a big POP it was too—making a tremendous eruption of water and foam and spray, and exhaust and big black bodies. Always when Fritz and I are "paddling our own canoes" we run her ashore out of the course of these great mammals, but O'poots

rapidly blew it up and brought it down on his palm with a resounding "thwack." In the recesses of the great silent forest the bag exploded with a really loud noise and the big cowardly beast shambled off as though we had a tenpounder with us. We examined the torn trunk of the tree—craven-hearted brute that she was, she could have torn us to pieces quite easily if her timid nature had allowed her. I have photographed them as close as this, once while the bear was calmly seated on a



Victoria Peak and Avalanche Path, Vancouver

paddled on as if two minnows were disporting ahead. We saw the "Slick" where last they sounded about three hundred yards in front and instantly I saw the new one appearing dead ahead—the "slick" or smooth water shows both before and after the dive in currentless water with only small waves—with a quick twist of the paddle by O'poots, several frantic digs and draws by Fritz and I we drew our craft out of the immediate spot where the huge black back was coming up—on either side the immense animals rose and rolled—not more than a canoe length from port or starboard gunwales—I knew they dreaded touching anything for fear of tearing their delicate skin (this is as fine as paper but lies on a mass of blubber) slowly up-up-up! went the great flukes of the tails and down they cut through the water—swiftly, noiselessly, almost without a splash and left us breathless in the tossing circles of their rise. I secured one picture but I fear for the tossing boat and the flying water.

We camped that night at the foot of a little valley beneath a gigantic natural growth—the forest primeval, between fern and sallow, salmon and flannel berry it was almost impossible to force your way through the underbrush, finally we found a black bear's trail—you could tell it by the bones of the salmon it had caught and partly devoured at the ocean end. Did you ever see an old bear squatted on the rocks intently fishing—as silent and immovable seemingly, as the rocks themselves—along come the spawning salmon, tails and fins protruding, there is a quick flash of a black paw and the next thing that salmon knows it is gasping its life out thirty to fifty feet up the bank—epicure that he is, he throws out many fish but only eats the tiny hearts, the shoulders, the eyes and tid bits that please him. It was intensely interesting pursuing this path—the underbrush was higher than our heads and, of course we had no weapons, in fact, we rarely carry them—no oceanwards footmarks showed fresh, so the beast had not been down the trail that day at least. "Whoof, Whoof," sounded out as we came around a bend in the trail and there sat her ladyship tearing up the rotten heart of a hemlock to get out the little acid tasting ants that had made their home there. She growled again and raised her head—would she run away as usual or would she attack, a thing they have never done in our experience. I felt, rather than saw, Fritz kneel down behind me and fuss with something—when he rose beside me he had our big paper specimen bag, empty, in his hands, with fat cheeks puffed to the bursting he

fallen log, but today, or tonight, the light had failed as the sun was long behind the range so perforce we lost a good snap.

I want to show you the gigantic girth of some of the great Douglass Firs we have slept under (but the underbrush prevented me getting as excellent a picture as this. See the ineffectual axe in the young man's hands; methinks the tree is safe, it carried enough board measure to make a good ten-room house, barns, stable and fencing. I know of the tip of one of these trees towering almost 300 feet from the giant roots that held it. It is a truly remarkable sight to see a man and his wife on some lonely tiny clearing cross-cutting for firewood a tree of six to eight feet diameter, when they get down near the great base of the felled tree fire or blasting powder is the only hope, but it always seemed a shame to me to be obliged to cut these magnificent, clear, straight-grained trees into firewood when the lumber was worth \$15 per M. Alas! distance from rail or water caused this destruction—they alone, these giant trees, are dangerous to man of all things that live or move upon this huge island. During the great gale of '08 (I think it was) we were on the north end of the island where a remarkable growth of hemlock and fir and cedar stood. Right in the very midst of this belt some Icelandic fishermen had chosen a location. The fury of the storm increased from daylight until noon, lashing the sea into a perfect cauldron, throwing the spume of the surf onto our tent fully a mile inland along the fiord. The outer part of the forest began to go, giving warning to the settlers. The immense trees struck the earth and rocks with booming notes heard even above the gale. All night long the wind swept over us in its fury, sucking down even into the tiny sheltered valley we had carried the canoe and tent to, and time after time tearing the canvas from its holdings, leaving us uncovered in the blackness of the night. At daylight the wind fell, the glorious sun arose, the surf went down, all was as peaceful as if Nature was never subject to these violent rages. Alas! where was the clearing and the tiny cabins of the fishermen? Even with ladders it would have been impossible to get over some of the obstructions. The mighty trees were torn from their roots and hurled together and on top of one another into the most desperate tangle—imagine hundreds of trees, each over 200 feet long blown crisscross upon another over a space of several miles in length—luckily the hardy settlers had crouched all night long in the crevices of the shore gullies so no lives were lost; but the confusion was the most gigantic I have ever seen.

Love or Money

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert.

"AND are you really going to be married on Thursday, Monica? It seems too odd to be believed," exclaimed Monica's best girl friend as she glanced round the little bed-room which was crammed full of boxes and parcels, enshrining the trousseau which Monica, the bride of two days' time, had been showing to her, and to her two other chums.

"It seems only the other day," put in her second best girl friend, "that we heard the news that you were engaged to be married to Mr. Messenger."

"Well, it is only the other day," returned Monica with a half smile on her face. "I have only been engaged six weeks."

"I should have thought it would seem more like six years!" screamed Monica's third best girl friend, a candid young person of seventeen years, who had the reputation of always putting her foot into it, and saying the wrong thing.

She had said it now. For the bride-to-be turned aside abruptly, and the other girls frowned heavily at her, of the indiscreet tongue. Not that frowning at Frances ever had the slightest effect: she invariably rushed into the breach again, and made it far worse than before.

"I only mean that your's hasn't been like an ordinary engagement, has it?" she tried to explain. "I mean not an engagement where you are frightfully in love with the man, like Carrie and—"

Here Monica's second best girl friend tried to avert what was coming, by treading heavily on the speaker's toe.

"Oh keep your old golf boots to yourself, can't you?" remonstrated the younger girl. "I was just saying Monica, it isn't as if you are as much in love with young Mr. Messenger as Carrie is with Dick. You don't pretend to be, do you?"

"No," admitted Monica quietly; and the other two girls felt as if they could have slain their friend for her mention of Dick's name.

Everybody knew how much Dick and Monica had seen of each other last summer before Mr. Messenger's wealthy people had taken The Hall, that had stood empty so long. Monica's best girl friend intervened with what she thought was a word of consolation, "Well, anyhow, you will be off for your honeymoon

have exchanged for such a honeymoon with a bridegroom she wasn't considered to have chosen for herself. The young man who was going to marry Monica was, all the same, a bridegroom whom some maidens might have been glad enough to choose.

But these things go by favor, as they all knew. So none of her friends chose to discuss him or his good looks—for he was handsome enough!—or flattered the bride-to-be with compliments about his obvious devotion to her.

They had decided that his unwonted devotion must be merely "a worry to Monica." None of them teased her either about "what she saw in him," as is the wont of girls, with a popular engaged comrade. These girls considered that they knew only too well what Monica—and her family—"saw" in the wealthy retired shop-keeper.

"Well, you'll get accustomed to it in time," concluded the one who was always putting her foot in it, "and you'll feel as if you'd never been anybody but Mrs. Billy Messenger. I suppose you won't feel nervous in church on Thursday, Monica, will you?" Carrie trembled like a leaf the whole time, but I expect it was only with excitement and joy.

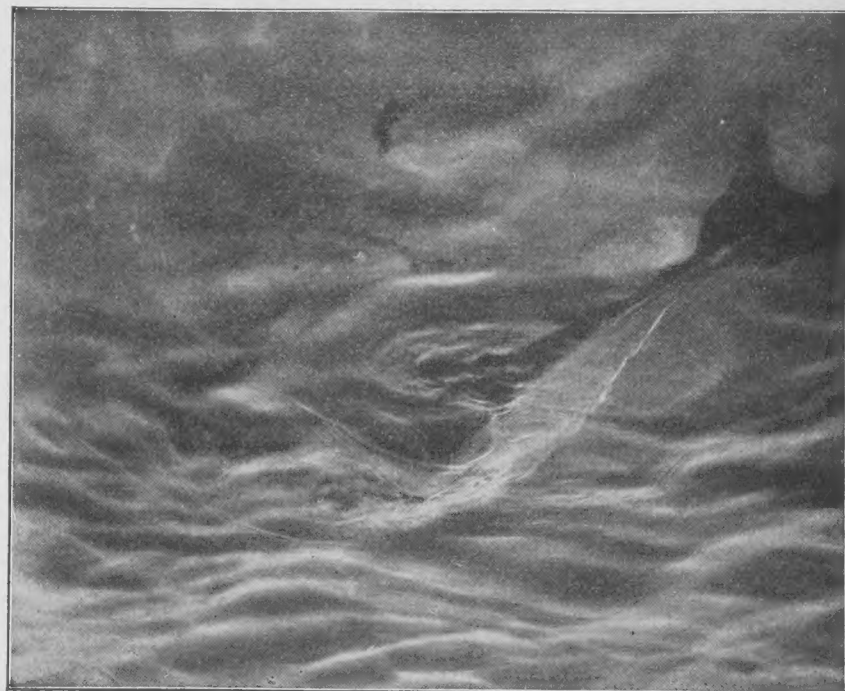
"And, of course you're having a much more 'sensible' kind of wedding so—"

"Oh, Frances!" muttered one of the others. "Do shut up."

"Why should she?" asked Monica, looking straight before her. "You know you're all thinking the same thing in your hearts. And if I were—if a girl is getting married for money, why should she mind hearing it said? Some people get married for one reason"—here her little pale face grew tender, and her friends felt lumps in their throats, for they made up their minds she was thinking of Dick—"some for another."

"Well, Monica, I think the pink tea-frock alone is worth getting married for, myself," suggested the second best girl friend, scarlet in the face with her well meant effort to turn the conversation into a lighter vein. "I have enjoyed looking at your things so much!"

"So have I! And, oh, Monica, do tell me!" burst in the irrepressible one "Who paid for the trousseau? Did he?"



Plunging Blackfish (Whale)

in two days' time, and it will be lovely to get out of all this hot weather, and be off to the beauties of good old Devonshire, with violets and things all over the place." She chattered on, "And all new clothes to wear, while we are ploughing through the wind in our old serges. Really, Monica, I do envy you!"

"Do you?" echoed Monica with a trace of irony in her girlish voice, for she knew that not one of the girls there would

"I didn't know it was the custom for the bridegroom ever to do that," returned Monica with a proud lift of her little brown head.

"I paid for all the things myself, Frances, out of my own money."

"Oh, I see, I only wondered," explained Frances hastily. "I knew you have never been able to afford such pretty clothes and things before. You didn't mind my asking, did you?"

"Oh, no," said Monica's resigned little voice. "I don't mind—anything."

"No, I don't suppose you do, you poor old darling," was Frances' final farewell as she and the other girls, who were so full of pity for the friend who was about to marry "so well," as it is called, went down stairs.

Monica did not go with them. She made the excuse that she had to take off that pink trousseau tea-frock, which he had been trying on for their inspection. And in the hall Monica's mother called to the departing visitors to come into the drawing-room for a minute.

"Shut the door behind you dears, I just want to ask you something," said Monica's mother, who was a pretty, faded, foolish creature, with a rather disastrous habit of confiding all things to all men—also women.

"Just tell me, how you think darling Monica seems? Fairly cheerful?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. East; very happy," began Monica's best girl friend, as in duty bound. But the clear tones of the repressible Frances interrupted her.

"Well, you don't exactly expect her to be cheerful, can you? Going right away from everyone, with a strange young man she doesn't like in the least! But I do think she bears up very pluckily!"

Monica's mother gave a little sniff and jabbed her pretty faded eyes with a handkerchief.

"Young people are so cruel. I dare say you are all thinking that I am a horrible mother, sacrificing my only daughter for my own comforts."

"Oh, we don't think that! We know here are those boys of yours to be educated, as Mother says, and Monica's future to be thought of. She couldn't have been allowed to pine away as an old-maid just because Dick got married to someone else! And I daresay she'll be awfully glad she took Mr. Messenger when she gets older and forgets about things like romance," was Frances' consolation.

"And Mr. Messenger is really better looking than Dick, and nicer," she went on. "At least you'd think so, if you weren't in love with Dick. I'd hate to marry anyone I really didn't love, myself, and so would any of us; and we're sorry that Monica, who's so sweet, couldn't have managed to have her own love story. But you can't have everything, can you Mrs. East?"

Poor Mrs. East looked helpless.

"It's time we went," murmured Monica's second best chum. "Come along Frances."

But as the girls were getting up the door opened to admit Monica's elder brother, the one in the City.

"Oh, you're back Mr. East! I didn't know you left so early, or have you left for good?" asked Frances, beaming upon him. "I know you said you hated to be glued to that abominable office stool. But you won't have to be glued much longer now, will you? I mean now that you are getting such a wealthy brother-in-law to find jobs for you! Oh, Molly, why will you kick me? Have I said the wrong thing again?"

"Oh, not in the least," said young East rather grimly. "You have only said what everyone knows, Miss Frances."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Frances. "I keep saying that I look at things from a common sense point of view. I mean things like Monica's marriage, which they all seem to think is so mercenary. I think it is very sensible; and I am sure it'll turn out all right. In about twelve or fifteen years' time it doesn't really matter much who one has married, does it? Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said young East, with a grin set to his jaw, as the hall door clanged behind Monica's three colleagues. He was frowning heavily as he came back to his mother, who was now frankly in tears.

"Pleasant, wasn't it?" he said curtly.

"Oh, Ronald, it's awful! Oh, what wouldn't I give if my poor proud sensitive Monica were free to follow the dictates of her own heart, instead of being obliged to marry this young fellow, who isn't really of our world at all!"

"He's a good deal more self respect than some of the people who really are of our world, and it's a pity he isn't

marrying into a family that appreciates it. Still, Monica isn't married to him yet," said her brother.

"There are still two days for her to back out if she wants."

"Oh, but she doesn't want—she can't want—she mustn't want!" exclaimed poor flurried Mrs. East, taking fright again. "She knows what it means, Ronald. She knows how much depends on this marriage. Mr. Messenger has settled up all those debts of your father's. Why do you know it would have been bankruptcy, if he hadn't! We could not have kept Eric and little John at school and now they will be able to go to college. I do think it was good of Mr. Messenger—I really can't call him 'Billy,'" said the poor lady dolefully. "He certainly is very kind and thoughtful, even if he isn't exactly

out to business this morning, you looked fifteen years older than your age, and now you look twenty years younger—Why do you laugh like that, Jack—Oh! Can there be some good news at last?"

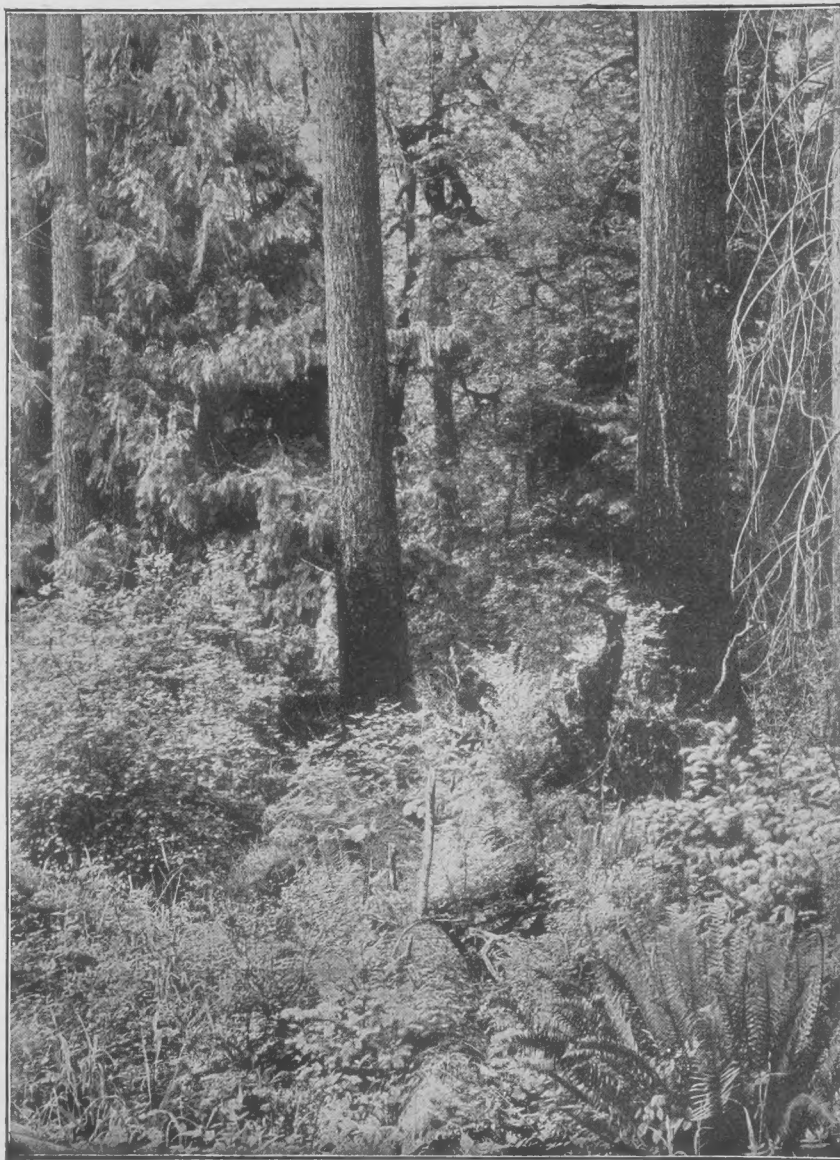
"Yes, dear, things are all right now. Do you understand? Those investments which I gave up as bad have turned up trumps, after all. We are poor no longer."

"Jack!"

"Father! You're not joking?"

"Joking, my boy? When I tell you we are as rich as we ever were, should I joke on so serious a subject? Don't you see what this means for all of us—It means that I can pay all my debts myself; it means that your sister can be saved from—"

"Mr. Messenger!" announced the maid at the door.



The Forest Primeval—A Truly Beautiful Scene in B.C.

—exactly—well even if his father was a self-made man. I'm sure he has been most generous about settlements, and about your new position—"

"Would you mind not rubbing that in, Mother?"

"I'm sorry, dear, but I am only trying to remind you how much is dependent upon this marriage of Monica's," pursued his mother dismally. "Of course we all dislike as much as she must, poor child, even though the young man is so tactful, and all that. I've never seen your father look more broken hearted."

"Hallo! Hallo there! Who's talking about broken hearts?" interrupted a loud cheerful voice. The windows, when thrown open, and Monica's father entered with an air which made his wife and son gasp at him.

"What's happened to you, Jack?" said Mrs. East suddenly, and her son exclaimed simultaneously, "What's happened, father?"

"Happened?" echoed Mr. East, with an excited laugh. "Why should anything happen?"

"Why are you so different?" returned his wife, still staring at him, while her usually resigned voice took a note of excited expectancy. "When you went

The young fellow, broad shouldered and resolute looking as he was, entered rather nervously. "All that money" had never conferred on the son of the self-made man, that assurance it is supposed to give.

Young Messenger in the presence of his fiancée's family, never seemed able to forget that he was "Marrying above him." He was never quite at ease with these people. Even as he came in he realized that there was something more than usually superior about his future mother-in-law's "Good evening."

"I only looked in to tell Monica why those bridesmaids' presents hadn't turned up before," he explained in his shy, but not unpleasant voice. "Am I interrupting you?"

"Oh, no," hesitated Mrs. East, with a look at her husband, which being interpreted meant, "Tell him now."

And, by degrees, with many interruptions, repetitions and half apologies, the man thus suddenly restored to fortune, broke the tidings to the man to whom he owed more than he cared to think about.

"You know I shall never forget your kindness, Messenger, I am only too thankful to be able to pay it back sooner than I hoped."

"But Mr. East," said young Messenger slowly. "It was with no idea of repayment, I—"

"Oh I know, my boy. Awfully decent of you, I'm sure. But you see, now that the case is altered—altered I may say, entirely altered in more ways than one."

Monica's father laid particular stress on the last sentence as he feared the young man would not grasp what he was driving at.

He misjudged the young man's perception; for the color died out of his face, his voice was steady as he responded:

"Do you mean the case about Monica?"

There was a horrible silence, but at last Monica's father cleared his throat again and began:

"Well Mr. Messenger I think that business was made clear from the beginning. Monica never attempted to make out that she was not marrying you—"

"For my money," put in the young man bluntly.

"Marrying you to please all of us," corrected her father frowning. "I don't think she attempted to deceive you, did she?"

"Oh, never!" said Monica's fiancé a little huskily. Then he added, "I quite understand. Of course I release Monica at once."

"I must say you are uncommonly decent about it," said Mr. East awkwardly, while Monica's mother sobbed a little, and Monica's brother felt—as he expressed it—"the worst cad unhung."

"It would probably save a good deal of pain and embarrassment for both of you," suggested Monica's father, "if you would write to my daughter—"

"I had rather see her," put in young Messenger quietly, "if it's the same to you."

"Oh, certainly—er—if you would like to go into the dining-room, I will send her into you presently."

"Might I ask to see her at once?" suggested young Messenger, a little hoarsely, but still composed — "And here?"

"Poor chap," thought Monica's brother. "This is beastly rough on him! Still I feel it like a ton weight off my chest that little Monica's free after all."

"I'd better just explain to Monica first," murmured Mrs. East, "and then I'll bring her down to you. I won't keep you many minutes."

But to those waiting it seemed like hours of miserable silence before she returned. And with her still wearing the pretty pink trousseau frock, came Monica herself.

"Here she is, I've told her," said Mrs. East half tearfully. "I don't know what Monica can say to you, Mr. Messenger. But I can only assure you that we are all most terribly sorry—"

"And I am most awfully glad!" broke in Monica's clear girlish tones.

It was to him she spoke.

"Yes, I am glad father isn't a pauper after all. Because now I shall be believed when I say exactly what I mean."

"Don't. It's all right," put in young Messenger, with a mournful but hurt look. "I quite understand, Monica."

"Understand! You never did. None of you understand," announced the girl suddenly.

"Everybody from father down to Frances, took it for granted I was being forced into my engagement. They talked, and hinted, and tried to console me about marrying for money until—until I was too furious to contradict them. They went on clinging to that stupid old delusion about my being fond of Dick. And for weeks I've been so mad that I'd have died, sooner than tell you the truth! Even—even Billy seemed too blind to see it!"

"To see what, Monica?" her lover broke in with an excited little catch in his voice. "What do you mean by—the truth?"

No longer could Monica have been compared to a shut white rosebud. Glowing as one of those full blown damask roses in her mother's hand, was the face she raised to that of her lover, as she held out her hands.

"The truth is," she confessed shyly but distinctly, "that I'm going to marry Billy Messenger on Thursday because I love him, and for no other reason."

The Unlocked Door

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Margaret Bemister

Claire Kinnaid stood at the window of her little sitting room looking anxiously up the street. It wanted only twenty minutes to train time and John ought to be here. As she looked a tall figure came round the corner and in at the gate.

"Did the transfer come for your trunk?" he asked as he entered.

"Yes a little while ago and I am all ready," she answered, smiling up into his grave face.

"That is wonderful, how did you manage it?" he asked with a rather grim smile. "Well we had better go now for we must catch this car."

A few minutes brought them to the depot, only in time for her to board the train. As he helped her on he slipped a small parcel into her hand.

with a strange intensity but when he caught her glance he would turn quickly away. At first she had questioned him thinking he had some worry he was keeping from her—but to all her enquiries his replies had been noncommittal, sometimes even abrupt. She had tried not to notice the lack of tenderness, and when he had found her crying softly to herself she had pleaded her old time headache. Then as the weeks went on she could no longer disguise to herself this lack which had grown into a coldness now. Then her woman's pride had told her to no longer sue for his attention and she had at last given up all her little loving ways.

Then had come this proposal of his to visit her aunt in New Orleans. She had wanted to go at first but when she thought



Britain's new First Sea Lord, Admiral Lord Fisher, whose motto is: "Hit first, hit hard, and hit anywhere."

"Goodbye, Claire," he said, "have a good time."

"Goodbye, John," she answered a little wistfully, but he did not notice the tone and turned away.

When Claire reached her section she opened the little parcel; within lay a purse of gold beads, and as she opened it she found a roll of bank notes—"Oh John," she whispered as swift tears sprang to her eyes.

As the train sped on, her thoughts flew back over the year of their married life. The first few months that were so happy, then the sudden change that came over John. She never could find the cause of it. Over and over again she had thought of every minute before that day when his manner changed. It was the morning after the little bridge party of Mrs. Carson's. The night before he had been so care-free and happy, the next morning he had seemed so cold and strange. His manner had lacked nothing of his former care and thoughtfulness, in fact he was even more considerate if that were possible, but the old tenderness was gone. Often after that she found him looking at her

of the wealth and the gay society of her former life her heart clung with a new longing to the little house that was fast losing the home feeling. When she had objected to the plan he had pressed her for a reason, and the only one she could think of was the necessity of beautiful clothes.

He had turned abruptly from her and walked to the window and with his back still turned had said: "You need have no anxiety on that score."

The next morning he had handed her a cheque which amply paid for the gowns that not even her cousins could outdo. But as each one came home and was put in its place in the trunk her heart had grown heavier for not once did he ask to see them or take any interest beyond asking if she had enough money.

And now she was on her way to the gaieties that no longer held any attraction for her. What a farce life was after all. She had thought he cared so much for her at first but it must have all been a delusion. Now he was tired of her and glad to send her away. Then her eye caught the purse again and she wondered how he had



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managed this second generosity when she knew even the first must have caused him great inconvenience. The swift tears had gathered again but this time she choked them back and tried to reason herself into forgetting all that was behind her and to look forward to the pleasure at the end of her journey.

When at last the train drew into the noisy depot she met the crowd of friends who had assembled, with a smiling face. Perhaps her eyes sparkled too much but none could guess that tears had been very near them all the journey.

The next few weeks was a round of receptions, theatres, and balls which somehow had lost their old time charms and she found herself living only for the days that brought a letter from John. But as each came her heart ached with fresh disappointment. The letters lacked nothing in thoughtfulness or consideration but the loving tenderness was all gone.

One day a sudden yearning seized her to go home and when her aunt entered the room dressed for the reception she found Claire busily packing her trunk. To the amazed questions she had only one reply, she felt she must go home; and nothing they could say would dissuade her. So, in spite of all coaxing and reason-
ing, she started that night.

"John, do you think anything could keep me from you when I thought you wanted me?" She was startled by the swift illumination of his face.

"Claire, do you really mean that? Do you care for me still?"

"John, you never thought—oh, John and you sent me away."

"Sent you away? Why, my darling you were unhappy cooped up here in this little house away from all the things you used to like so much."

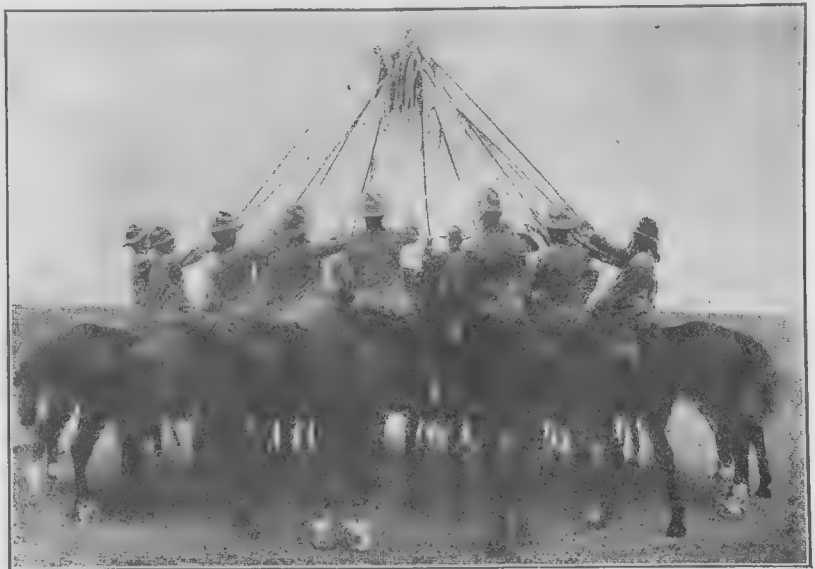
"Unhappy! I wasn't unhappy until you grew so cold and strange and I thought—"

"My poor little sweetheart," his arms were about her and she was crushed to his heart as if never again she could escape.

"What a stupid blundering fool I have been. But I saw you crying, and Mrs. Carson had told me how you missed your former life, and you seemed lonely—"

She looked up from her refuge on his breast, "I was lonely," she said with quivering lips, "lonely for my lover."

He bent and kissed tenderly the sweet, trembling mouth. "Your lover has come back, Claire," he said gently, "he only went because he thought the dearest person in the world had ceased to love him—and all through a wretched piece of gossip. But he was never far away, only



16th Saskatchewan Horse Cadets in a musical ride.

It was growing dusk the following afternoon when Claire drove up to the gate. There was no light in the windows and in the cold sleety rain the little house looked cheerless. She walked quickly up the steps. John would not be home from the office yet so she would have time to make everything comfortable before he would get back. Putting her hand to the ledge she was surprised to find that the key was gone and was still more surprised to feel the door yield as she turned the handle. Surely John had not forgotten to lock it when he went away? As she opened the door of the living room she caught her breath with sudden fright. A man was sitting half crouching before the low fire. He turned quickly as she entered.

"Claire," he said oddly, "Claire, is it you or am I only dreaming again?" He half rose to his feet and she could see that his face was very white. In an instant she was by his side.

"John, are you ill?" she questioned fearfully. "Oh why didn't you let me know?"

"Is it really you?" he said slowly not heeding her question. "I have had such strange dreams sitting here. I thought you came but when I tried to touch you you always vanished."

"John, you are ill." She pushed him gently back into the easy chair. "Your head is burning hot. Oh why didn't you send for me?"

"No I am all right," he insisted, "It is only this beastly cold and my head has ached some these last days. I came home early to-day to have a rest. I'll be all right. Why did you come home?"

"Didn't you want me, then?" she answered, her voice breaking.

"Want you, Claire," his voice was almost abrupt. "But how did you know it?"

"I felt it and I could not rest. Oh, John, how long have you been sick?"

"Felt it?" he said slowly, "and you left all that pleasure to come home because you thought I wanted you?"

hiding his aching heart under a coat of pride whose iron grip hurt him more than it ever could you. Can you ever forgive him, Claire? He has suffered much for his folly."

A soft cheek was pressed to his. "Forgive," she whispered, "there is no such word where there is love."

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The Honeymoon

By George Randolph Chester.

And so they were married. The rain of the rice had scarcely ceased upon the roof of their carriage, and the echoes of the gay laughter behind them had scarcely died away, when Ralph Huntington turned to his bride with a boyish laugh and clasped her hand.

"At last, at last!" he breathed, and bent forward to place a kiss upon her lips.

"Wait!" she commanded, turning her face away and putting up her hand.

The man drew back, shocked.

"I must tell you something first," she went on, her voice lowered almost to a whisper and her face pale. "I feel it my duty to let you know just what you have bought."

"Bought!" he cried. "Grace!"

"Yes, bought," she answered; "purchased like any other expensive work of art. You knew this when I agreed

ried you: I paid my debt and my family's debt to you, but I have made the whole transaction plain. There is no question of false pretense between us. My conscience is clean upon that score; but since the bargain is concluded, I will be 'game,' as Lon calls it. Now, I will take your kiss," and she held up her pallid lips.

The man laughed, but the laugh was not a particularly jovial one. He had to moisten his lips before he replied to her, and there was a trace of huskiness in his voice.

"Mrs. Huntington," he replied, "the only kiss I ever bought before was at a charity fair, and I did not even then accept the goods that I had paid for. The cheek that was held out to me was a beautiful one, but, in the circumstances, it repelled me. I have never been able to see the joke in these things. They



A Canadian Contingent on Parade in England

to marry you, although you were not told quite so plainly; but I have seen, as the days have gone by between our engagement and to-day's mockery, that you have been more and more inclined to forget it."

"I did, almost," replied the man evenly. "I hoped against hope until I almost began to believe."

"It is your own fault," she retorted. "You knew that I favored Gilbert. You knew that he had not a friend to plead his suit. You knew that he was poor, and could not afford me. You knew that every one interested in seeing that I had a luxurious future brought me lying tales of him—tried to prove him unworthy."

"Absolve me, please," the man broke in. "I never raised a voice against him."

"No, you were too clever," she charged cruelly, not caring to notice that he winced under the stroke. "Instead of that, you bought me. You helped my father out of his crisis and set him upon his feet again. You—"

"Purely in the way of business," interrupted the man. "It was no more than I might have done for any other friend of mine."

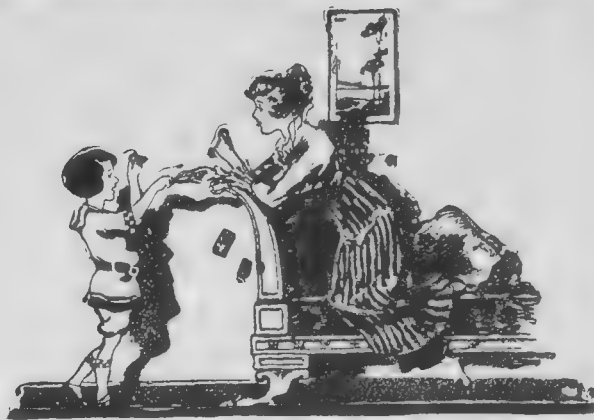
"Indeed!" she replied. "And was it purely business that made you secure my brother Will his appointment? that made you get Lon out of his college scrape? that made you—oh, your favors have been too many and too lavish to enumerate! They were part of the price you paid for me, calls upon my gratitude which I could not ignore. Well, I mar-

ried you: I paid my debt and my family's debt to you, but I have made the whole transaction plain. There is no question of false pretense between us. My conscience is clean upon that score; but since the bargain is concluded, I will be 'game,' as Lon calls it. Now, I will take your kiss," and she held up her pallid lips.

"And so they were married, and lived happily ever after." The old, old commonplace ending to the fairy-stories recurred to him with crushing mockery. This, then, was the end of his day-dreams; this the end of the impetuous wooing into which Grace Harding's beauty had drawn him. He knew of other marriages like this where the bargains were more coolly sealed, where the conventions were better observed and the hideous truth better glossed over, but he shuddered to think of them. This, after all, was better.

His wife presently complained of being chilly. He reflected grimly that the chill which had suddenly filled that carriage was one that no fire could drive out, but nevertheless he adjusted her wrap tenderly about her, touching her as gently as if she were some beautiful, fragile thing that must not be clumsily handled or rudely breathed upon, lest it crumble before his very eyes. He tried to be strictly impersonal, and he was almost angry with himself to find that, in spite of the cold dash she had given him, the mere touch of her garment thrilled him.

In the train his first impulse was to surround her with magazines and retire to the smoker, but even in his deep disappointment he could not forget what was due to her. With those white ribbons, tied by prankish friends to their luggage, flaunting their new estate to the world, he could not leave her to seem



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as one neglected, even though it might be much more pleasant for her to be alone; so he sat beside her and gave himself up to the task of entertaining her. He could do that. He had traveled much, had seen much, and had read much, and now he set himself deliberately to interest her. He knew the things that she liked best—he had studied them long enough, and, Heaven help him! earnestly enough—and all through that long, tiresome ride he exerted himself with a success that surprised her. After all, if she had sold herself, she had gone to a pleasant market.

It was not until they had reached the city and the hotel where he had secured accommodations that the full sense of her loneliness and of the vast change

created a fairy world for the country-bred girl, and then a comfortable carriage ride back to the hotel. These were material pleasures to which Grace Harding had looked forward. She was of a family that had "skimped and scraped" most painfully, and she was starved for luxury; but now that it was hers she took no pleasure in it. She cried herself to sleep that night, and she dreamed of Gilbert. When she remembered the dream in the morning she was shocked. She had not meant to be dishonest or unfaithful even in her dreams. Oh, not that!

II.

There was to be a week of shopping before their steamer sailed, and it was



H.I.M. the Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon III, congratulating one of the wounded British soldiers convalescing at her beautiful home "Farnborough" Chislehurst, England, which she has converted into a military hospital. The exiled Empress has had many vicissitudes in her life. She became the bride of Napoleon III on January 30th, 1853. Five years later, on January 14th, 1858, Orsini attempted to assassinate the ruler of France by flinging two bombs into the carriage conveying him and the Empress Eugenie to the opera. Neither was severely injured. The greatest crisis in her life was the death of the exiled Napoleon at Chislehurst, her home in England, January 9th, 1873.

that had come into her life flooded over her. At the door of the pretty suite he paused.

"My own apartments," he informed her, "are just across the hall there," and he pointed to the door. "The number is one hundred and two. Kindly telephone me when you are ready for dinner. I have ordered a maid sent right up to you."

Ten minutes later, when a maid knocked at the door, she was still standing looking blankly out of the window. She had not removed her hat nor her gloves.

Conventionality came to her rescue. She took pains, for the maid's benefit, to observe the dainty fittings of the suite, the flowers that he had ordered, the cheerful open fire that had been built against her coming. Books and magazines had been provided, even to a pretty diary, which was a reproach to her now, and stationery lay invitingly arranged upon the pretty desk. The flowers and the fire and the books and all were thoughtful of him—but they only went to show what money could buy. It had even—she thought with bitter self-scorn—bought her.

There followed a tastefully ordered dinner. There followed gorgeous roses for the theatre-box, the play itself, a supper where soft music and tinted lights

a busy week—one that, in other circumstances, would have been a happy week to any woman. There were fresh flowers in her room every morning; there was a carriage always at her disposal; there was a slave—wealthy, devoted, and, yes, handsome—ready to dance at her every caprice, to satisfy her every whim.

As the days wore on she began to pity him. She had been so burdened with her own grievance that she had overlooked the fact of his deep hurt; and she began to admire the cheerfulness with which he took up his burden. He was always the same, he was always devising amusements and interesting side-trips to keep her busy and to keep her from brooding; but he never, since that first ride with her alone in the carriage, presumed upon his conventional rights.

The last day before their sailing was the only one in which he left her absolutely to her own devices.

"I shall be engaged all day," he explained. "There are business matters that I must straighten up before I go away, and I have had no time for them as yet. You will find the carriage ready for you, and I am quite sure that you can make your way about now to clean up the little shopping that you have left."

She was surprised to find herself lonely. Of course, though, business could

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not be neglected. In fancy she followed him to his office. She had met his business associates. Some of them treated him with positive affection—all of them with respect. One could not see him in that environment without recognizing that he was a man of great ability, and a man of rigid uprightness, too. She was proud of him for that—naturally.

The forenoon was a slow one. She had suddenly lost interest in shopping, and she finished it up hastily, coming back to the hotel in time for luncheon. She seemed more at home there. Later in the afternoon a card was brought up to her room, and she turned quickly from the light lest the boy who had brought it should see her face.

"Where is the gentleman?" she asked the boy, struggling for her self-possession.

"In Parlor A, mum."

"Tell him I will be down presently," she said calmly, but when she had closed the door she dropped into a rocking-

"I am so glad you came, Gilbert!" she said with the ring of a great new joy in her voice. "So glad! Otherwise, as you have pointed out, my miserable mistake might have gone on and on; but it is not the mistake you have in mind. I have spent a week with an honorable man, a man who, for all his thoughtfulness and all his devotion and all his love—his love, Gilbert!—has had not one caress in payment, not even gentle words other than those that formal courtesy would bring from any one."

"I have seen him morning, noon, and night, and without knowing that I was doing it, I have studied him well, and I know, sir, that under no circumstances could he have done this unworthy thing that you have done to-day; nor could he have offered to any woman, least of all the one he loved, the insult that you have offered me. His only thought would be to shield me."

"Why, when I tell him of this, as I must, so that no shadow may fall between us, I know just what he will do."



Captain Critchley, a well known Alberta rancher and his three sons, all officers in Strathcona's Horse, Canada's Crack Cavalry Regiment now at the Front

chair and buried her face in her hands.

When she arose she looked about the apartments curiously. It seemed as if she had never seen them before, to appreciate them—the flowers, the books, the crackling wood-fire, the many little evidences of care and thoughtfulness with which she had been surrounded; and when, after a while, she stepped out into the hall and closed the door, she seemed to be shutting in a world that was in some way suddenly different from any that she had known or dreamed of before.

Down in the parlor an eager young man sprang to his feet when she entered. "Grace!" he cried, and caught her hand.

"Gilbert! What brings you here?" she asked, releasing her hand.

"I couldn't stay away any longer," he replied. "Grace I couldn't. I understood that you were to sail to-morrow, and I had to see you. Thank God, my good luck came in time!"

"Good luck?" she repeated, groping confusedly for a solution to the strange new problem that she had suddenly become to herself. "I do not quite understand."

"No," he said, "nor I. I can scarcely realize it yet. Grace, dear, I have been left a legacy. I just got word of it last night and came right on. I am rich, girl, as rich as the man you married, and now this miserable mistake can be undone!"

He held out his arms to her and took an impetuous step forward, but she held up her hand and stopped him, as she had stopped her husband once before.

He will attach weight only to the fact that I have told him, and then he will never again refer to it—never. So good and kind and generous he is, and so made of honor. I don't think that I can make you understand the sort of man he is. I did not realize it myself until now. And to think that I might not have known! For this awakening I thank you; oh, Gilbert, how I do thank you! And goodbye!"

Turning, she swept from the room, and when she had gained her own apartments and had closed the door behind her, she caught up the roses that he had provided for her and buried her face in them.

When she presently raised her head there were tears upon her lashes, but she was smiling, and as she went about dressing for dinner she found herself singing for the first time in many, many days. There was a flush upon her cheeks, too, that did not go away.

III.

That was a long, long afternoon, but she had a splendid joke—oh, a grand, good joke!—to keep her company; one that made her laugh aloud time after time, but that nearly always brought the tears springing to her eyes.

It was not a joke, though, to be lightly frittered away at the first opportunity. Ah, no, it was one to be nursed and jealously guarded for the very joy of it, and when Ralph came to take her to dinner she was as gravely reserved with him as usual, though he thought her more beautiful and more vivacious in ap-



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demands careful selection of seed, for unless you plant the very best seeds you are partially wasting your soil and fertilizer, as well as your time and labor. The safe selection is

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pearance than ever. That rich flush upon
her face was becoming, too.

Throughout the dinner she preserved
her grave formality, except that once or
twice she startled him by breaking into
happy chatter apropos of nothing; but
when he strove to seize upon this boon
she grew reserved again and hid her eyes.
She carried her calm graciousness through
the performance at the theater, though
once or twice he fancied that he detected
her turning to him with twinkling eyes.
Through the supper she was composed
and primly formal, but when they had
got into their closed carriage and were
on their way home she turned to him
with a question as to his own day.

"Did you conclude your business satis-
factorily?" she asked him. It was elab-
orately prepared, this exquisite joke, and
she was carrying it off splendidly—only
she was afraid that he could hear the
beating of her heart.

the wonderful look that she turned up to
him. He made no reply.

"Don't you think that it is about time
to collect that kiss?" she tremblingly
asked.

"Please, Grace!" he remonstrated, with
more pain in his tone than she had ever
heard there. He could not dare to be-
lieve, yet could not allow himself to
catch at that wild hope that had suddenly
sprang up within him.

She had intended to tease him a little
longer, to have him perplexed, possibly
half angry, but she could stand no more.

"Do take it," she pleaded. "As a gift."
The brief instant of his dazed joy that
followed she took for hesitation.

"Oh, don't you see? Won't you see?"
she cried. "Ralph, I—I love you!"

Her arms circled up around his neck,
and she pressed her head, sobbing, upon
his shoulder as he clasped her to him.

The House of Life

By Madison Cawein

They are the wise who look before,
Nor fear to look behind;
Who in the darkness still ignore
Pale shadows of the mind.

Who, having lost, though loss be much,
Still dare to dream and do;
For what has shattered at a touch
It may be mended, too.

The House of Life has many a door
That leads to many a room;
And only they who look before
Shall win from out its gloom.

Who stand and sigh and look behind,
Regretful of past years,
No room of all those rooms shall find
That is not filled with fears.

'Tis better not to stop or stay;
But set all fear aside.
Fling wide the door, whate'er the way,
And enter at a stride.

Who dares, may win to his desire;
Or, failing, reach the tower,
Whereon Life lights the beacon-fire
Of one immortal hour.

A FOOD DRINK

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy hourly with my own
affairs, I will not deny myself the pleas-
ure of taking a few minutes to tell of
the enjoyment obtained daily from my
morning cup of Postum. It is a food
beverage, not a stimulant like coffee.

"I began to use Postum 8 years ago;
not because I wanted to, but because
coffee, which I dearly loved, made my
nights long, weary periods to be dreaded
and unfitting me for business during the
day." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee,
because it, too, contains the health-de-
stroying drug caffeine.)

"On advice of a friend, I first tried
Postum, making it carefully as suggested
on the package. As I had always used
'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my
Postum so. It looked good, was clear
and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to
see the cream color it a light golden-
brown.

"Then I tasted it critically and
was pleased, yes, satisfied with my
Postum in taste and effect, and am yet,
being a constant user of it all these
years.

"I continually assure my friends and
acquaintances that they will like Postum
and receive benefit from its use. I have
gained weight, can sleep and am not
nervous."

Name given by Canadian Postum
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sugar, makes a delicious beverage in-
stantly. 30c. and 50c. tins.

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cost per cup about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.



Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State, who is
conducting Britain's diplomacy, the most arduous
task that has fallen on a British Statesman in many
years. This photograph taken whilst spending
one of the short rests he occasionally permits him-
self, shows him at Norwick Castle, the Northum-
brian home of his friend Earl Grey, late Governor
General of Canada. When following the life of
the British country gentleman he enjoys complete
rest from the cares of State, and is in his element.
His recent reply to the German Chancellor is said
to be the only document ever issued from the
Foreign Office that contained a humorous quota-
tion and is said to have greatly tickled Americans.

"Quite," he assured her.

"I don't feel exactly satisfied about
that," she replied. "I think that some
one ought to oversee your contracts, for
really I'm afraid that you are a very
poor business man."

"Indeed," he answered, smiling. "What
makes you think that? I assure you
that I have a very good reputation in
that way among the people who know
me."

"Well," she retorted, and now that the
supreme joke was coming to its point
she could hardly keep down that foolish
flutter in her voice, "that may be, but I
am quite certain that any man who buys
expensive things and does not take them
must have flaws in his business meth-
ods."

He turned in her direction with per-
plexity, but in the dim light that came
through from the streets he could not see



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An Autumn Picnic at the Battle River

Specially written for The Western Home Monthly by Wolf Willow

ON a Saturday morning in mid-September Alberta's sun and a chilly wind were striving as to whether it should be a summer or a fall day. There had been some frosty nights, and, already, the gorgeous hues of autumn were put on. The Battle River hills were brown and wind-swept, and they seemed to meet the sunshiny turquoise sky, with white clouds here and there to make the blue seem more intense. On the brown hills lay mats of vivid green ground-cedar, with pale blue berries on it, and along the river's edge the grass was like emerald plush. Between the hills were the wooded coulees, with rustling yellow and green poplars, intermixed with the blazing reds and deep garnets of various trees and bushes. The rapids were singing, the river was low, so the children could wade it in places, the blue-birds and meadow-larks were flocking up and singing their au revoir; the crows were cawing in the tree-tops, black against the blue. The ducks were in the silvery, open water, fairly waiting to be shot. The deer were peering out of the coul-

ow pony, and rounding up the cattle to drive to the valley, I filled a big jug of water for tea, small caddies of tea and sugar, and a bottle of milk. I added a print of butter, a couple of loaves of bread, part of a cake, a jar of pin-cherry jam, a bottle of pickles, some cold potatoes to be fried, and a bottle of cranberry ketchup, and some hard boiled eggs. A few dishes, frying pan, and a potato boiler, the kind with a spout for draining, completed the outfit. In this potato pot, I intended boiling the water and making the tea both—an excellent thing for camping.

Soon we loaded up, and the cavalcade started. As I passed through the yard I "gave orders" for a chicken to be killed, which I proposed to pluck on the way, and fry over the camp fire.

Now I think I hear some old-timer who reads this, saying, "Yes, the writer ordered a chicken shot off a stook, those people away back in the country don't pay any attention to prairie chicken season."

Alas, how little faith in human nature!



Dog who dug out master from trench blown up by Germans allowed to remain by bedside of comrade.

One of the most interesting stories of the war, a story that touches the heart and gives another example of a dog's fidelity for his master, accompanies this picture. This French sergeant was practically buried alive, when the Germans destroyed a trench by blowing it up by a mine. He was saved by his old faithful dog, whom he had taken with him when ordered to the front. The dog scented his master and succeeded in digging away the earth until he uncovered the face of the sergeant. Not being able to dig any further through pure exhaustion, the dog sat there and howled, and barked till some soldiers in the next line of trenches attracted by the incessant and pitiful nature of the cry came along and rescued the man. He was rushed to a field hospital and revived, and was later sent to the American Hospital in Paris. The heroic saviour of the sergeant was allowed to remain with the wounded man in the hospital, the one exception made to the general rule of "No Dogs Allowed".

ees, the coyotes trotting over the hills. Soon the page would be turned, it would be winter, and we could not have a picnic.

All these delightful things I knew as well as that provoking husband of mine, who described them, as I put on a roaring fire in the already hot kitchen, preparatory to "Saturday's scrub."

"Fancy my leaving a house like this on a Saturday to go picnicking, and maybe have someone come to-morrow—Sunday."

"Well, we'll have to have another picnic to-morrow, and you won't be at home if anyone does come. We men will be working down at the river quarter to-day anyway, and we'll have to have a lunch, and you may as well come along, and we'll cook it outside and enjoy ourselves—and go to-morrow too."

The two little boys added their pleadings, as: "it wouldn't be any fun without mother," so behold me darning up my fire and preparing to go a-picnicking on Saturday morning. Shades of my housewifely grandmothers!—but then my grandmothers did not live fourteen miles from town, on a homestead, with mostly hills and trees for neighbors—the greatest excitement a bunch of buffaloes on the Heart Hill, in the Park, or a rainbow ending up on the near side of Old Baldy.

Well, while the husband, his father and the boys were loading up shovels, scraper, axe, etc., in the wagon, for their work at the river, and saddling up the

Anyway, I plucked the chicken, as I drove along in the wagon, the morning breeze carrying the feathers away. I would wash it in the river.

As we rumbled along, the air so fragrant with dying leaves and sweet grass, the sky so clear and wind-swept, the nearby hills so burnished and brown, like old copper, the ones far off so cleanly blue, I thought, how spotless is Dame Nature's house! Her servants, the Wind, the Rain, the Sun and the Frost, forever sweeping and scrubbing dusting and purifying this great mansion of hers renovating it, recarpeting, draping and perfuming it! Our primitive little homesteaders' dwellings, with their little brooms, their stoves, and little fixings, how mean they are? But in her house are many mansions, and we, out in this great open, can enjoy them to the full.

We jolt along, the boys wildly glad over Saturday and a picnic, jumping in and out of the wagon, giving the cattle a run, or scaring up prairie chickens and partridges. Their voices echo from the great hills.

We go down the hillside trail, and are in the valley. The grandfather decides that he will drive the wagon along the river to the place which they intend to scrape down for a crossing—but, the rest resolve, after picketing the cow pony, to go down the river in our boat, and enjoy the fun of shooting the rapids, which are between the landing-place and the crossing. The ten-year-old announces that he has his .22 loaded to "shoot"

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them with. We four get in the boat, and my husband paddles down stream. The rapids are roaring and singing amongst the rocks and stones. Presently with a little thrill we shoot through the roaring swirl, the boat going bumpetty bump over the waters like a wagon over a rough road.

The river is very deep just below the rapids, but presently it is low enough to wade. It does not seem possible that this is the same stream, that, so short a time ago, was "running white," swift and deep, and utterly impassable. There is here a little island of about an acre's extent, and on it, at the boys' importunity, we decide to camp, and they wade and tow the supplies in the boat from the wagon to the island.

The men work for a while with shovels and axes at the hill approaching the crossing while the boys play gaily around the island, trousers rolled up as high as they will go, occasionally bringing treasures—bits of coal or clam shells for mother to see.

a bit more, while the rest of the things were spread. The air was a bit chilly and the fire felt good. Everything tasted fine, the boys especially commending "that little smoky taste." As we ate a playful wind would throw a bit of feathery white ash on us from the fire, but that was part of the picnic.

"I suppose," said one boy, "that if the Mounties see this smoke going up from the island they'll think we're a party of Germans going to attack Wainwright."

Presently the operations of the forenoon were begun again, the boys their tireless mimic warfare, the men and horses their herculean job of scraping down the hills on either side the river so that a conveyance could go up and down. I washed my dishes in the river and had packed them away. After some time the men announced the crossing passable, the shouting and work stopped, and, with our milch cows, we started home again in the gorgeous autumn evening.



"Bucking the Blanket" in the British Camp

"Riding the Goat," that mysterious process of initiating a newly elected member of a "secret" society, has nothing on the process of initiating a new arrival in the military camp. "Bucking the Blanket" is almost on a par with "riding the goat." The photo shows a new arrival in the British camp (a brawny son of Scotland) who is being tossed up in a camp blanket.

It musters up Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson and all the stories of the kind that they have ever read or heard, to have a little, wooded, absolutely uninhabited island, to play on and about. Such mimic warfare as goes on—one would think there were at least two tribes of ferocious, painted Indians at their deadly work—and two boys and a lot of echoes doing it all. Of course their mother sat by like a proud tabby watching her kittens disport themselves.

But there began to be inquiries, after the manner of Gloomy Gus—"when do we eat?" So a spot was cleared, about the centre of the island, a few dry sticks lighted, and the chicken covered down to fry in the frying pan. When it had cooked pretty well, it was put to one side in the pan, and the cold potatoes sliced in. Presently that was taken off, and well covered in the lee of the fire, a green willow stuck one end in the ground, the other over a crotched upright in the earth, the free end projecting over the fire. Over this the pot of water was hung to boil, which it presently did. The tea was put to steep by the fire, the chicken and potatoes put on to brown

The next morning, Sunday, was a bit chillier, but, after the separating, we went again, this time, it being Sunday, without the appurtenances of toil, but, instead, a quantity of newspapers and magazines that an obliging neighbor had brought from the post the day before. I had brought for my own delectation "A Girl of the Limberlost." It being Sunday I proposed to do no unnecessary cooking, so I just took accessories for having hot tea, salmon sandwiches, a cake and some fruit.

We crossed the river in the buggy by our new crossing leaving the valley, climbed the hills to camp in the top story, as I call the hilly part, of our river quarter—Imagine a farm with a river running through it, with "our own rapids," "our own island," lovely river flats for grain raising, green towering hills for the cattle to feed upon, and wooded coulees with cranberries, saskatoons, currants and cool trickling springs! "H'm!" says Mr. Practical, "the bit of flat for grain is all that's of any account in the whole quarter."

We climbed the hills, I was saying, and, as we did so, we looked down over

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brown plateaus and gorgeous bluffs, at the silver links of river appearing and re-appearing as it wound amongst its hills.

We chose a sheltered place, as, if the sky was sunny, the wind was chill. The ground in the coulee was golden with poplar leaves. We lit a bit of a fire. Around stood the trees in gorgeous tints, above was the tender blue sky. Red cranberries lingered on the bushes, and these were sought by pretty partridges, as tame and fearless as domestic hens.

The papers and books were brought out, and we arranged ourselves comfortably in our cosy grove and prepared for a peaceful, restful Sabbath. No church bell sounded within miles, but the tingle of the cow-bell in the valley was not discordant. To one whose mind would dwell on holy things, there was nothing of jar or discord in this natural cathedral, any more than in the grandest of man's making. Perhaps not as much. The sky was the most lofty dome of blue, the hills were sun-fired altars, the river, a very River of Life, the air, the sweetest incense. No distractions of dress, or caste, no beggar at the gate. The text would suggest itself—the greatness of the Creator, the littleness of man.

Fancy reading "A Girl of the Limberlost" in such a place as I have tried to describe!—surely a proper place for the perusal of such a nature loving book.

But presently my alternate meditations and reading were broken in upon by calls for luncheon, the kettle was boiled, our lunch eaten, and I washed my dishes in water from the spring, put them away, and we returned to our reading. Then a grand tramp over the hills before the trip home in the peaceful Sabbath evening.

Thus do we pass our days "far from the madding crowd's inglorious strife."

Marketing a New Product

Mrs. Dexter, from somewhere "down-state," was enjoying her first ride in a crowded street car in Chicago. It happened that a health officer, in the performance of his regular duties, was taking a sample of the air in the car. Mrs. Dexter saw his manipulations, but could not understand them, so she turned to a policeman who was sitting next to her.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me what that man is doing?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the officer. "He's bottling the atmosphere."

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter. "What won't they do next! Do they can the air and sell it nowadays?"

A Modern Torture—Music

I live in a flat, on the second storey of a large building in E—, and above and below and beside me every neighbor seems to own a piano or a harmonium, violin, or gramophone.

The small room which has been allotted to me for work—quiet, thinking work—is directly below one in which a piano and a child have painful struggles daily.

There is a simple little tune in "Hamilton's Instruction Book," called "Lilian's a Lady." It is perfectly harmless; a genteel little air—quite tuneful, but to me, alas, Lilian is all that is unladylike and intolerable, and she is responsible for the state of frenzy to which I am now reduced.

Just imagine a simple little tune with a "one, two, three" bass causing so much misery! But what about the performer of this "lady"-piece? Can it be a harmless, innocent little child? If a child, how unchildlike in its persistency—the same tune over and over again for three-quarters of an hour by my watch!

Now fast, with wrong bars—now slow, with both hands, one sounding after the other, now jerky with faulty bass, now all over again, and so on—but always "Lilian's a Lady!"

I start humming as I work, trying to stop the sounds from above. No use! When I pause for breath the torture is still proceeding. I put my fingers to my ears, and, oh, horrors, the tune is crawling through my brain! The church clock strikes, one, two, three, "Lilian's a Lady." I seize my hat and rush wildly

out of the flat, downstairs, and away anywhere!

With nerves quite shattered, I take the advice of my doctor and leave the city for a time, hoping in the peace of a country village to finish that brain work before alluded to.

Alas, the village is here, but not the peace! From a neighboring cottage come forth the strains of an unmusical box playing two tunes which bid fair to rival "Lilian's a Lady" in their cruel monotonous repetition—"Home, Sweet Home" and "Abide with Me." Lively and pathetic airs! Still, after several hours I find myself nervously handling the paper-knife and muttering, "Abide with you," indeed! There is no "home, no home, no home, sweet home," and other imbecilities!

Along the pretty country road a quavering old flute makes a running accompaniment, and I work on with hot head and clammy fingers, mixing tears and ink-blots in sheer desperation.

The days creep on, and now my torture is varied by a piano-organ—diabolical invention—mingling "The Maiden's Prayer," ruined with endless liquid runs.

From another quarter the bagpipes advance, and here I fling from me paper and pen, and rush to the woods for solitude. I throw myself down on a bed of damp leaves and sleep comes to my rescue.

Awakening to the light of a tender moon, I rise and wander back in search of bed and food. All is still! Oh, blessed silence! Music, where are thy charms!

M.M.

Comrades

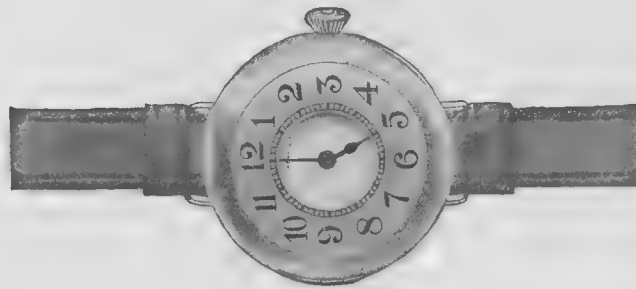
To complain is not a fault of age alone; it is a favorite pastime of youth also. A writer in the Argonaut tells the following story of an incident in a Western university. The dean of the institution was told by the students that the cook was turning out food not "fit to eat."

The dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him on his shortcomings, and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the cook, "you oughtn't to place so much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals! They come to me in just the same way about your lectures."

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The Man in the Home

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Hugh S. Eayrs

WHEN Thompson, the business manager of the Montreal "Weekly Dispatch," told his stenographer to let the sole applicant for the advertised vacancy of office boy come in, he did so abstractedly. The position of office boy on the "Dispatch" was not the sort of post to warrant much discrimination or anxious thought on the part of the man who had it to give away. Moreover, George Thompson was not like some men who insist that choosing an office boy is just as important as choosing an advertising manager at ten or fifteen times the boy's salary. A new boy had to come in, and his selection was not a matter for very careful forethought.

The boy came in. He was a curly-headed youngster of about twelve years with dark eyes always twinkling, and a nose that left no doubt as to his nationality. In one hand he held his cap, while the other grasped the lapel of a somewhat ancient coat, about three sizes too large for him. Thompson raised his eyes, looked at the boy for a moment, and said, "Ah, a Jew, eh?" "Yes," replied the boy, "a Jew," and he hurried on, "if that means I ain't good enough, why I'll go right away."

He stopped awkwardly. Now George Thompson, business manager of the "Dispatch" did not love the sons of Israel. Why, he didn't know. Not many of us do know why we disdain the Jews so much.

"Did you say I was to go?" said the lad.

Thompson looked up. "No, I don't remember saying so. Come in. Close the door."

The boy did so.

"What's your name?" asked Thompson.

"Levy," was the reply.

"Levy what, or perhaps I should say, what Levy?"

"Harry Levy," said the boy. "You had an ad in the paper for an office boy. Didn't you? Well, I think I could do the work. I'm quick, and I'm careful. Look at this suit, Mister! Had it four years, and he looks good even now," he ended.

Thompson eyed the lad sternly. "I don't remember that we were discussing suits," he said, dryly. "Ever been in an office before?"

"Once."

"Where?"

"Down in Wellington Street. I was in a coal man's office."

"How long were you there?"

"Two weeks."

"Why did you leave?" asked Thompson.

"Didn't like it," came the answer. "The boss didn't like me anyway. Said a Jew never did turn out any good to anybody but himself."

"I suppose you took good care to get your money before you quit," said Thompson. Somehow, it didn't seem so funny after he had said it.

"Yep," returned the lad, laconically.

"Well, I suppose a Jew is as good as a Gentile after all. No reason why he shouldn't be. What money do you want?"

"Five dollars," came the quick reply, "and I want it regular."

"All right. Hang up your cap, and come with me."

And five minutes afterwards, the "Dispatch" had a new office boy.

The experiences of that boy in the newspaper office would make a bookful of good reading. On the Friday after he started, he went to Thompson and said, twirling the inevitable cap the while, "I won't be in to-morrow, Mr. Thompson."

"Why not?"

"To-morrow's our Sabbath. I gotta go to the Synagogue."

"Is this going to be a regular thing, Harry?"

"Yep, but I'll come down at eight in the morning all the other days to make up, if you like. You're not going to fire me, Mr. Thompson?" he concluded, anxiously.

"Well, I don't know. We must have a boy here Saturday mornings, to take copy up to the printers you know."

"Leave it to me, Mr. Thompson. I'll get someone to take my place. It'll mean fifty cents though," he added ruefully.

A few days later he was at Thompson's elbow again.

"I've been figuring, Mr. Thompson, that it would pay the 'Dispatch' to get a wheel for me," he advised with the utmost sangfroid.

"Oh indeed. And why, my financier friend?"—this with elaborate sarcasm.

"Well, every time I go to the printers it costs me a dime. If you got me a wheel, it would soon pay for itself. Besides, a wheel's quicker'n a street-car."

Harry was duly accommodated with a wheel.

He was a queer young mortal, but everybody in the office grew to like him, for he was willing and energetic, and



Putting up Telephone Poles in Rural Manitoba

had a fund of quaint sayings. One day, I was waiting for the elevator to come down, and I heard a husky voice that I knew could belong to none but Harry say, "You're stuck on yourself because you make six dollars a week working for a butcher, but I work on a news paper. I'm in a regular business." I didn't hear the butcher boy's reply.

Bye and bye we noticed that Harry lengthened his lunch hour. It was usually about twenty past one instead of one o'clock when he got back now. Someone must have mentioned it to Thompson, for I heard him hauling Harry over the coals.

"It's only a few minutes, each day, sir, and I need them, Mr. Thompson," said the boy in his usual old-fashioned way.

"Why do you need them. What multifarious interests have you got, Mr. Levy?" asked George Thompson, with more of his sarcasm. "You are not attending too many board meetings, I hope."

Harry didn't answer at first. Then, "I'll try and be back at one o'clock. But it makes it so long for me to be away from them," he said, and without any explanation as to who "them" might be, he marched out of the office. "Thompson ain't such a bad head," he confided to me afterwards.

It was about this time that Harry was transferred to the editorial department altogether. His duties consisted in being at the editor's beck and call. The only thing he did now was to run messages for the chief, and then present himself at his post again. It took some getting used to. The first day he was sent to the printers. When he came

back, he ran pell-mell into Cooper's office, his cap still on his head, and his breath coming in gasps.

"Mr. Robinson said it was 'Rush,'" he whispered, handing a proof to the chief.

Cooper looked round. "How dare you disturb me when I am writing?" he asked majestically. Then, "Take that cap off your head when you speak to me, boy."

Very soon, however, Harry got to understand the chief, and found as we all had found that there was nothing of the bear about him except the manners. Cooper was the surliest of men to get on with, and the most inconsistent. But Harry learned how to handle him. Whether he was smiled at or sworn at, he gravely twirled his cap, and said nothing, as if to intimate that he simply could not think of quarreling.

He still took his extra twenty minutes at lunch time, and it gradually lengthened into half an hour. Cooper caught him one day.

"You're supposed to be back from lunch at one o'clock," he snapped. "Now I won't have you walking into my office half an hour late. If it happens again, you're fired. Understand?"

For a week or so after this, Harry was back punctually at one o'clock. But two or three days later he stole into the chief's office at twenty to two. Cooper looked up.

"Go and get your money, Harry," he said.

Harry went pale. "I'm not fired, Mr. Cooper?" he queried, and the tears came into his eyes.

"You quit this staff at one minute past one to-day," said Cooper. "Go and get your money."

Harry went.

About a month later I was at work upon an article dealing with the slum problem in Montreal. I went into the down-town section and saw the conditions. I was lucky enough to strike a young minister who was engaged upon settlement work, and I asked him to put me on the track of what I wanted.

"I've been called to a house in that little court over there," he said. "One of our workers told me there were two kiddies in a room there, and no father and mother to look after them. You'd better come along."

At the top of an old, ramshackled house, we found the room which we sought. The whole atmosphere was sordid. The house was filthy, and the people in it degreed more so.

"Hush," said the minister, holding up his hand, "I can hear a kiddie crying."

We opened the door, and went in. There in the corner of a bare, bare room, with a baby in his arms and crying bitterly, was—Harry.

"Why, Harry?" I said, touching him on the shoulder. "What is this. Whose is the baby, and why are you here all alone?"

He dried his eyes, and told me his story. The reason why he had had that extra ten or twenty minutes at lunch time came out then. His mother was ill—dying. Harry's five per week was the only money they had. Harry, that youngster of twelve, had been the only support. As he said, he was the "man in the house." Every day at noon he had hurried home, and looked after his mother and washed the baby, and tidied the house.

"And the day after I was fired, my mother died," he said, and cried bitterly.

"And how have you existed since then?"

"The Rabbi was kind. He helped me. But it has been so hard," he said.

* * *

Harry is now financial editor on the "Dispatch." But every Saturday and Sunday and most every evening in the week, you may see him with a little dark-haired sister by his side, gravely taking his walks abroad. And sometimes he talks to her of the days in the little garret, and how he was fired because he had to be "the man in the house."

The subject of conversation was canine intelligence, and the American was speaking. "I once took a dog of mine to a station platform, when it suddenly stopped and pointed at a man by the bookstall. Struck by this curious action, I approached the man, and found that his name was Partridge!"

Where Silence Reigns Supreme

or, the Trappists at St. Norbert

Specially written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans

As the writer walked through the village of St. Norbert, a bell was sounding from the buildings in a wood across the La Salle river. Its clang was solemn in the still air of a beautiful morning, March 21. Yet for in excess of twenty years the inhabitants of St. Norbert and its countryside on Red River have listened to the echo of the bell from its turret amidst the trees.

This bell is symbolical that The House of the Silent Community is here located.

* * * * *

At the western extremity of the trestle bridge crossing La Salle river in close adjacency to the railway station at St. Norbert, a gate opens into a wood of oaks and poplars. We walk along the pathway; in the immediate distance are observable various large buildings. A footbridge of primitive construction is swung from the high banks of the stream; the path continues up a steep bank; at the summit massive iron gates are noticeable. In proximity to this entrance stands a white frame house; we ascend the steps to its doorway, ring the bell.

the very outset of "Where silence reigns supreme" the writer will not be intruding upon the interest of the reader to remark that they who belong to the "Silent



Entrance to Trappists' Grounds at St. Norbert

Community" are men of whom it can be said with tense veracity, "I have overcome the world." The affairs of an exterior sphere concern the Trappist in no possible manner; from the grounds of the



Monastere Trappist, St. Norbert

In latter decades of the sixteenth century, La Trappe, an Englishman, whose surname is indicative of a French ancestry, founded an Order in which as with other communistic bodies of the Roman Church, specified tenets of observance merited membership. To-day the followers of the devout La Trappe from the Community beneath the most austere and rigid discipline of the many, very many religious bodies enumerated within the realms of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. In Canada two Houses only of this

monastery the whirl of street cars at St. Norbert is distinctly audible; he can gaze upon the tall buildings of Winnipeg, witness the smoke of its industries, but within the domain of the Trappist there is a peace, an atmosphere of serenity. He has forgotten the world, to him even its memory is unknown.

* * * * *

A knock at the door of the lodge at the iron gates. In response, an elderly man, who for twenty-two years has dwelt in the monastery, appears. He is garbed in the rough and simple dress of his Order; cowl, brown robe, girdle, moccasins. In English somewhat broken in expression, he bids the visitor enter. A superb collection of plants, several in bloom greets the eye; the Friar brings out chairs from the sitting room.

"You've come to look through the monastery," he remarks. "Yes, I will take you across to the office."

This visit did not constitute the writer's introduction to the "Abode of Silence." Upon two previous occasions he has walked through the scenes wherein sanctitude and labour play the prominent caste in the drama. There were, however, distinct alterations in the surroundings of the monastical environments.

"Come this way, please," remarked the lodge keeper as he opened the gate. "Lots of mud to-day, looks like spring time."

A flight of stone steps leads to the monastery entrance; the guide opens a door into a small reception room, then excuses himself momentarily. He returns followed in a few minutes by a monk clean shaven, the Friars are permitted to wear whiskers, dressed in robe of white material. This priest is Father Joseph, Secretary-treasurer of the Community; he is likewise one of the quintet



The Home of the Father Superior

Brotherhood are conducted; the major of these is located at Oka, near Montreal, that at St. Norbert was instituted in 1892. The parent home of the Trappist is situated at Cîteaux in France; a few Houses for female adherents of the Order are existent, and one of such is conducted in the State of Pennsylvania, U.S.A. At

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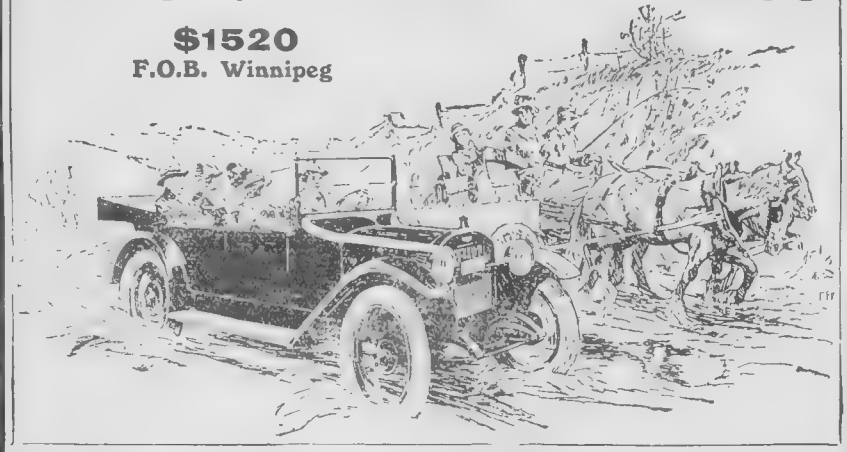
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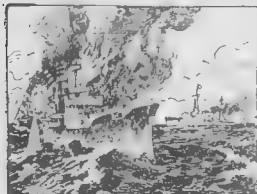
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of men who in 1892 initiated in a most unpretentious manner the work of his Order in Manitoba. It is at once observant time has dealt kindly with the reverend father, the pleasure of whose acquaintanceship the writer formed several years ago, and by whom he was immediately recognized upon this visit. A



The smart and well kept stables

few questions of general interest; the belligerent attitude in Europe formed a subject in which Father Joseph is apparently much interested. But the deep tones of the bell rang out interrupting the conversation; he must attend the church, and would request the Guest-master to form the escort through the monastery. He enters, a tall man of most pleasing countenance; a hearty handshake, and under his guidance inspection commenced.

slight difference in the menu, not much, however, from the commencement of April until the First of October.

At the entrance to the Refectory is the wash room, its fittings of the plainest order, a remark in entire accordance with the dining room of the "silent community." A long deal table stands at the western side of the room for the use of the Friars; another table is toward the southern extremity; this is occupied by the Father Superior and the Priests. Standing out from the centre of the eastern wall is a desk from which during the meal a priest delivers a theological reading. Upon the tables are noticed a china bowl, mug, wooden plate, spoon, fork. The simple bill of fare consists of seven ounces of bread, two apples, two ounces of cheese, milk and certain vegetables. In summer months the Community menu is augmented by the addition of coffee, and a light repast known as collation is served at five o'clock. When overtaken with sickness, the Order provides the patient a dietary of eggs, fish or meat should the prescription of the medical attendant require such.

"We have a fine new guesthouse now," remarked the guide pointing through the window to a handsome brick building at the end of the vegetable garden. "I must show you through that, we're very proud of our work."

At the time of the writer's last visit several years ago, a two-storied house on



Notre Dame la Trappe

Upon the first floor is located the chapel, its interior of extreme simplicity is characteristic; a Friar was busily dusting the walls, he nodded, rules prevent the Brotherhood from conversation. Down the corridor is the reading room; plain deal tables, chairs. Its rows of bookshelves would rejoice the heart of the student keen upon research of ancient theological history. The many volumes constitute the writings of men in long remote century, the learned scribes, and amongst these books are masterpieces of literary work. Up a flight of wide stairs at the foot of which stands a loud ticking reminder of fleeting time in the shape of a clock, to the second floor; herein are located the dormitory, infirmary and library of the priests. The sleeping quarters are conducted upon the cubicular plan, each apartment of which is 8 feet in length, 4 feet wide. A narrow iron bedstead forms the sole furniture, walls entirely devoid of decoration, with the exception of a crucifix. Above the entrance to each cubicle is printed the name of its occupant; adjacent to the doorway is that of the "Pere Superieur." Father Superior or Head of the Community.

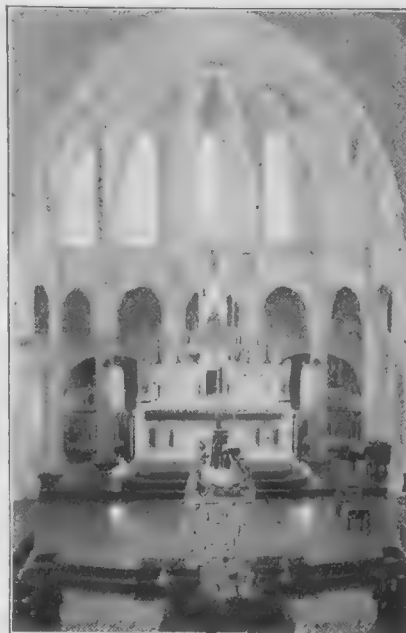
"Not much elaborate furnishing in the monastery, is there?" said he. "You are doubtless aware that the Order of La Trappe is the community of our church most rigid in discipline; our motto is plainness in everything."

This is visibly apparent inasmuch as the monastery proper is concerned; the rule, however, is not applicable to the large building known as the Guest House.

"I must take you to the Refectory now, that's down in the basement. It is just a few minutes after eleven, dinner takes place at twelve o'clock."

The Community indulge in one meal only per diem in the winter; there is a

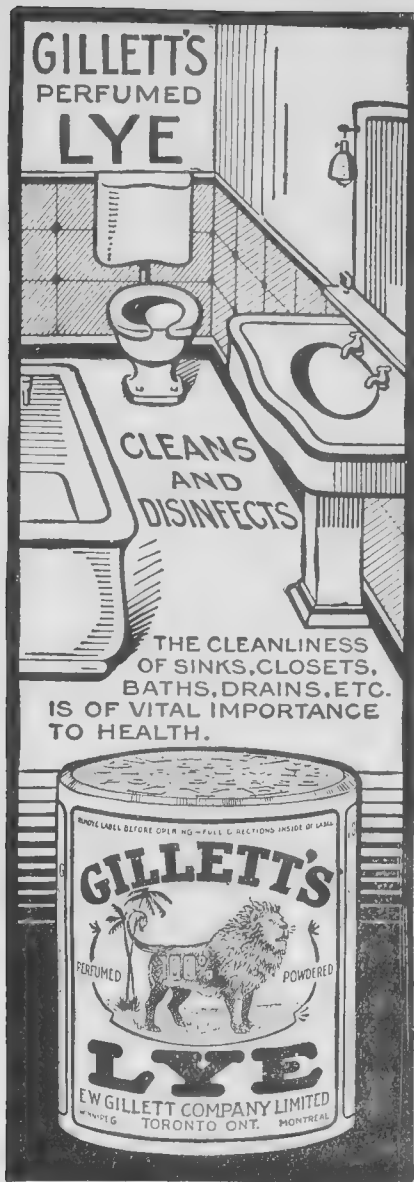
the river bank constituted this feature of the Trappist's abode. In the winter of 1911, this pioneer building which contained a factory for the manufacture and repair of clocks and watches was entirely devastated by fire, a calamity which likewise destroyed the entire colo-



The Altar in the Chapel

nies of bees then stored in the basement, in excess of two hundred hives were burned. But the community were not dismayed by visitation of the fire fiend; to-day, an immense three-storied structure is reared above the ashes of the building

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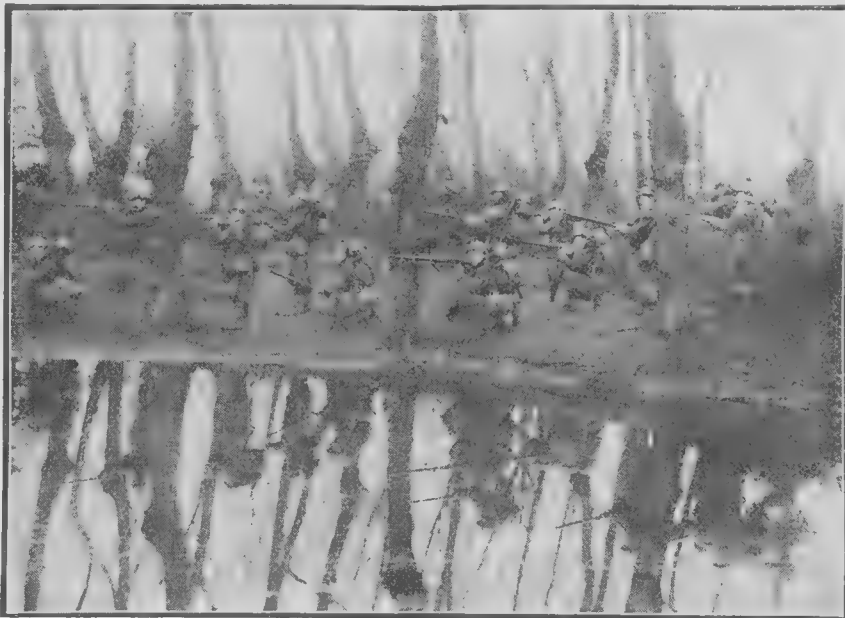
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erected at the era of the Trappist's operations.

Upon the ground floor is the large and lofty reception room replete in furniture of solidity yet plain. A guest book lies upon the centre table; a perusal of its pages is indicative that the Community of Silent Tongues is occasionally enlivened by the visitor from an exterior world. Adjacent to the reception chamber is an apartment wherein the guest is permitted to smoke, a privilege the Trappist is barred against by discipline instituted within a recent year. At the western extremity of this the main corridor is the dining room equipped in useful furnishings; a kitchen complete in every detail is here located. The first upstairs floor contains some twenty rooms fitted with handsome iron bedsteads and other adjuncts. These chambers are utilised by persons clerical and lay visiting the Monastery to enter into "Retreat" of a few days' duration. At the head of the staircase are hose with other appurtenances, a system of water-works is inaugurated at the Monastery in case of fire. The stairway to floor number 3 is in unfinished condition; the rooms similar in quantity to the lower floor are complete in structure, and will be fitted as soon as the Order are enabled to finance the costs. With an air of pride the Guestmaster unlocked a door at the western end of this story; herein are located the suite of rooms assigned

o'clock. He at once enters the church, remains in devotional attitude until three, at which hour the Friars leave the building to commence work, the priests remaining for private Mass. Labour of various kinds is continued with certain intermissions for study until noon when dinner is served. This is followed by a rest of one hour, after which the Community are engaged in work or study until five o'clock. Devotions follow; at seven the Community retire to their cubicles. The day's programme is divisible into the following: Six hours devotions; sleep, seven hours; five hours of work; six hours to the reading of good books and cultivation of the mind. The applicant for admission is not accepted without strenuous investigation into his antecedents. It is imperative he be free from any feature in which the law criminal or civil may follow his entrance. Admission is strictly refused if he is the support of his parents; he is enabled at any time until under full membership in the Order to leave the Monastery; his estate, personal and realty is retained by him until the final vows are taken. At his entrance into the Community, he for four days remains in retreat at the Guesthouse; his meals are, however, partaken of in the Refectory. Should the aspirant at the termination of his retirement still evince desire for admittance, he is furnished the garb and for



French Soldiers, skirmishing in the flooded section of northwest France, strikingly mirrored in one of the hundreds of rain-filled pools

to His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface in readiness for any occasion the Head of the Roman Communion in Western Canada may pay the Trappists a visit. The entire work of erecting this large building has been accomplished by the Community with the sole exception of plastering the rooms.

A walk around the grounds attests the busy attitude of the House of Silence during its working hours. An area of several hundred acres is devoted to the cultivation of cereal crop; additional to the acreage surrounding the Monastery, the Order have a large farm some few miles distant. An array of gigantic barns fitted with every available equipment may be inspected; one stable of recent erection contains possibly the largest interior dimensions of such buildings in any rural district of the province. The live stock consists of forty-five work horses; one hundred head of cows; sheep do not figure amongst the Community's assets; few swine only are fed. The fowl houses contain about two hundred hens; despite loss by fire, the aparian industry is to-day represented by forty-six hives of bees. It may be remarked that in 1910, in excess of ten thousand pounds of honey was marketed, the annual output of cheese manufactured from a recipe in possession of the Father House in France, is of large financial value.

The public are cognisant of little pertaining to the inner workings of the Order of La Trappe, which house at St. Norbert in March, 1915, consists of forty-four adherents (fifteen Fathers or Priests, twenty-nine Brothers or Friars). The stringent laws of the Community compel the Trappist be he Priest or Friar to arise every morning at two

two years is entered amongst the postulant members; at the termination of this period, he enters the four years of novitiate. This term accomplished and aptitude for monastical life apparent, the final vows and obligations of the Order are given him; he is then "dead" to everything in connection with the world of his birth. At the western front of the Monastery is a small cemetery in which five members of the Community including the late Father Superior, are laid at rest. This little area with its quintet of simple white wooden crosses, was opened three years ago.

The church contains various features of ecclesiastical interest and pipe organ of superb workmanship. The Father Superior, Rev. Paul, is a man of striking personality; he is assisted in the governance of affairs by a Priesthood of men of highly advanced educational calibre.

And as the writer was walking away from the Monastery, the clang of the bell announced devotions. Along the sidewalk to the church, Priests and Friars were walking with bowed head and clasped hands. From the interior of the building a few minutes afterward came the music of the organ played by the hand of a master musician. The writer wended his way across the rustic bridge, and the voices of the Community were indicative of the fact they were engaged in singing the praises of Him who, in accordance with perhaps a strange procedure upon the part of the cowl garbed men, is the one and sole goal to which the days, months, years of the Trappist's life is pointed toward.

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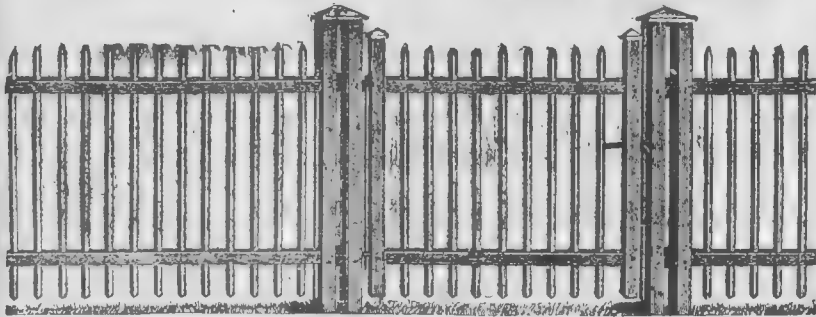
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Six gallons cover 18,000 square feet. Colors: Green, Red, White, Brown. Samples and full particulars on request.

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323 Garry Street

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Marking the International Boundary

The Work of 100 Years

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Max McD.

THAT the number "925" should be stamped on the last monument of the international boundary in the very month in which the two nations, north and south, celebrated one hundred years of peace, is an event of international significance. And yet because no account of the years' operations has been published, the public is not aware of the fact that 1915 has seen the completion of the stupendous task of marking the boundary survey.

The Treaty of Ghent was signed in the Carthusian Monastery at Ghent, Belgium, on December 24th, 1814. It was ratified by the government of the United States on February 17th, 1815. The British representatives were Admiral Lord Gambier, Henry Goulburn, and William Adams. The American representatives were John Quincy Adams, J. A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russel, and Albert Gallatin. At a banquet tendered to the signatories by the Municipality of Ghent, a few days after the signing of the treaty, Mr. John Quincy Adams made use of these memorable words:

"May the gates of the Temple of Janus, closed here, never be opened during the century."

Four years after the Treaty of Ghent, in 1818, when the question of boundary was agreed upon, an International Convention determined the line between Canada and the United States. Soon after a Joint Commission was sent to mark out this boundary, but their work was not finished till 1826, and even then they had only completed their task as far westward as the Lake of the Woods. The portion of the boundary between the summit of the Rockies and the Pacific Ocean was accomplished during the years 1858 to 1862.

The Treaty of Washington in 1871, settled many matters in dispute between Canada and the United States. Canada was represented on the Joint High Commission by The Right Honorable Sir John Macdonald, Premier of the newly formed dominion. The boundary line on the Pacific Coast was rectified, but nothing was said regarding the line from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rockies.

In the next year, 1872, the transfer of the North-West Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion of Canada, made necessary the appointment of an International Boundary Commission to define the line of demarcation between the north west angle of the Lake of the Woods and the summit of the Rockies.

The British and Canadian Commissioners made their start from Pembina, Dakota, in the autumn of 1872. In the British-Canadian part of the Commission there were 18 officers, 44 non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, and 26 employees. The American party started from Fort Stevenson, Dakota, about the same time, under command of Major Reno and an escort of 300 troopers of the Seventh Cavalry. The Canadian party had no escort, because there was no Sitting Bull or hostile Sioux north of the 49th parallel to contend with. The work went steadily on during 1873 and by July 1874, the Commissioners had reached Milk River in Southern Alberta. From there they pushed on past Sweet Grass Hills and came in sight of the Rockies. It was on the 27th day of August in 1874 that the Commissioners came to the last post of the boundary at the summit of the Rockies. Their work was completed, and the united parties, numbering some 500 men, over 1,000 horses and ponies, and several hundred wagons, carts, etc., turned their faces once more to the east. After a journey of 860 miles covered in 43 days the British-Canadian party arrived at Dufferin, Manitoba. The American party delayed for extra work on the way and did not reach Fort Totten till November.

The year 1874, then, saw the actual placing of the pickets that marked the international boundary from Atlantic to Pacific—a thousand miles up the mighty St. Lawrence, a thousand miles along the Great Lakes, a thousand miles across the ranges of the West, and a thousand miles over a sea of mountains.

But the work was not done. The posts which the commission set were of wood

held in a mound of stones and earth, and were but temporary. The Washington Treaty had decided that the line between the summit of the Rockies and the Pacific Coast should be marked by permanent monuments, the construction of which was left to be decided later. This work was done between the years 1903 and 1907. Because nothing was arranged for the final demarcation between the Lake of the Woods and the mountains, another treaty was made in 1908, which followed the decision of the Washington Treaty except that it stipulated the material of manufacture. This portion of the boundary had monuments set between 1909 and 1913. All the way from the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific Coast the posts are intervisible and set at distances varying from a quarter of a mile to two miles apart. Between Milk River on the Montana-Alberta line and the west coast, the material used was aluminum bronze; from Milk River to Lake of the Woods, cast iron.



Monument marking the International Boundary at the summit of the Rockies.

The two faces shown show the inscriptions "Canada" and "Convention of 1818."

The other faces have "United States" and "Treaty of 1908" inscribed upon them.

The work of numbering the posts between Lake of the Woods and the Pacific Coast has just been completed.

The aluminum bronze posts were built in three sections to facilitate transportation in the mountains. Each section weighs 65 pounds and the three are held together by a rod screwed into thread at the top, and a lightning rod at the bottom. A skeleton frame was set in the ground or rock and this filled with a mixture of 150 pounds of cement, 300 pounds of sand, 450 pounds of rock, and 225 pounds of water. In some cases all but the rock had to be carried to the tops of the mountains. Often the engineers with the monument sections had to be lowered down over cliffs with ropes. Sometimes holes had to be blasted in solid rock to make the foundation for the post. The monument at the continental divide is 5600 feet above sea level, and another is 8100 feet above sea.

Even setting all the monuments on the international boundary did not complete the survey. They had to be numbered; not that the commission was afraid that anyone would carry a post away without their missing it, but as a matter of convenience to surveyors and travellers. It will be easier to designate positions in the mountains and on the plains by proximity to a boundary monument of a certain number. This work was completed in February of this year (1915), and was in charge of E. R. Martin, engineer for the



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International Boundary Commission. The instrument used was a high power hand drill which worked in perforated number plates set in a form clamped to the post. The idea came to Mr. Martin through seeing hymn numbers placed in racks in churches. The plates take the place of the number cards, and are of brass.

Monument Number 1 is on an island in the Pacific Ocean; Number 272 marks the continental divide and the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia; while Number 925 is on the Lake of the Woods. The monument shown in the accompanying photo is Number 276 and stands on the shore of the Upper Waterton Lake between Glacier National Park in Montana, and Waterton Lakes Park in Alberta. Launches on the lake make the spot a place of call and tourists usually walk around the post. On the side shown in the illustration is inscribed in raised letters and figures, "Convention of 1818." The north side has "Canada" and the south, "United States," while the west face shows "Treaty of 1908."

Thus it has taken the engineers and commissioners of United States and Canada 100 years to complete the work made necessary by the Treaty of Ghent.

Christie Grant Co. Ltd., Reorganized

The catalogue house of Christie Grant Co., Limited, has just been reorganized. A large amount of new capital has been invested, so that this company is now one of the strongest, financially, in Western Canada.



British sailors, interned in Holland, take to knitting to pass the time

The additional capital was necessary on account of the enormous amount of business that flowed into the company from its very beginning.

The volume of business was sometimes so great that though every effort was made to keep up with the orders it was impossible to do so, and as a result the customers did not always receive the service they had every reason to expect.

However for the future things will be different. With ample capital, with 50 per cent more warehouse space and with greater experience, there is every reason to believe that a congestion such as was experienced some months ago will never occur again.

One great element of strength is the close association of Stobart's Limited, with Christie Grant Co.

The Stobart Co. is very widely and favorably known in Western Canada. More than forty years ago Stobart's had trading posts in various sections of the country. Then they opened a large wholesale and retail establishment in Winnipeg, and later on confined their energies to the wholesale trade exclusively.

For over forty years the Stobart Company has been so closely identified with the growth and development of the West that it is intricately woven into the country's history.

With the benefit of the Stobart Company's wealth, its wide reputation and ripe experience, Christie Grant Co., Limited, is sure to show rapid growth.

Then, again, there is the advantage of greatly increased purchasing power, and the very great advantage of having the resources of a well-stocked wholesale to draw upon.

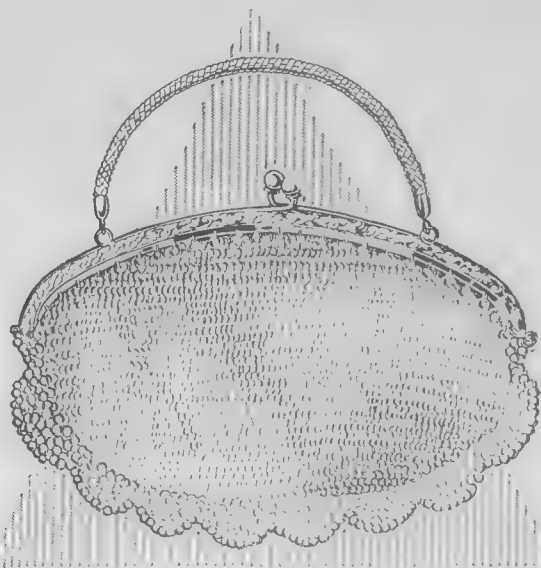
The advertising department of Christie Grant Co., Limited, is now busily engaged on its Fall and Winter Catalogue, which will be mailed in August next. This catalogue will be considerably larger than previous ones, and will contain quite a number of new lines.

April 23rd, 1915.

The Editor Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir,—In looking over March prices, as quoted in to-day's papers, I notice that October wheat is quoted at \$1.24, and October flax \$1.87½, a spread of more than .63 per bushel, and this in face of the fact that the consumption of flax seed this year is not much more than half of normal. This would indicate that farmers throughout Canada and the United States are putting everything into wheat and almost entirely eliminating flax.

Whether the war ends this year or not, business men are preparing for a great revival of trade in 1916. This will create a large demand for all building material, and especially for oils made from western flax seed, and if there is no flax seed grown here, where will the supplies come from? Linseed oil to-day is worth almost double the average price, and the tendency is still upwards.



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Any Grafonola will be sent to you 30 days before you begin to pay for it.

Never have we made it easier for every home to possess one of these superb Columbia instruments. With each Grafonola we supply 12 double disc records (24 selections). You simply pay for the records, and the outfit is delivered to you at once.

\$25.10 "COMET" with 10 selections.

Pay \$4.25 for your records — then \$1.00 weekly.

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Pay \$5.10 for your records — then \$1.10 weekly.

\$88.20 is the total cost for this 'Patricia' model with 24 selections. Pay \$10.20 for your records, then \$1.75 weekly.

Other Outfits \$72, \$110, \$145, \$210, \$260.

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Monthly. \$1.00 for one year, \$2.00 for three
years.

The Island of Relentment

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Rose Seelye-Miller

"Before you propose to her, ask her if she knows how to cook," Mr. James advised drily.

"But I am not proposing for the purpose of getting a cook," Harold James responded hotly.

"You seem to overlook one very important fact. What means of support can you offer this girl whom you would wed? You have never done a stroke of work in your life."

"But we are rich," young Harold declared with egotism.

"We!" the sarcasm expressed in that syllable was augmented a hundred fold by Mr. James' interrogative eyebrows.

"Oh, rot!" exploded Harold, following his father into the hall, "I'm going down town and hire out."

"Good!" approved Mr. James, drawing on his gloves, "Don't look for a white-handed job, wade in anywhere, and always put in a little extra time."

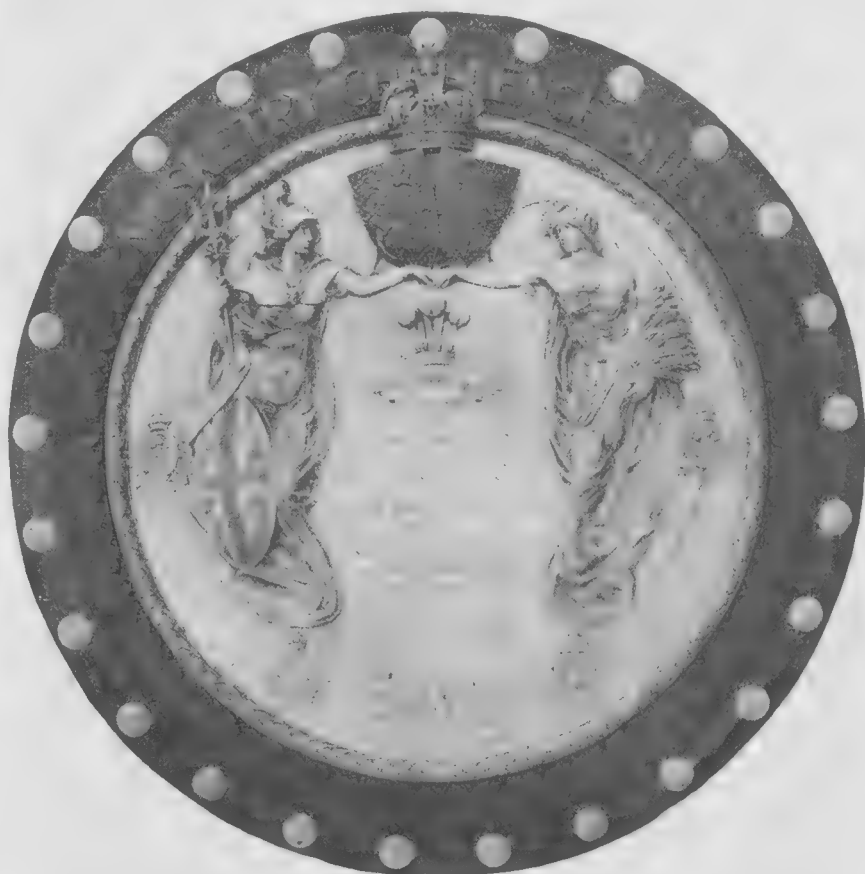
will be coming back one of these days," Mr. James was politely cordial, and held out his hand in parting.

But the father watched the son proudly as his six feet two swung down the street.

"By the sweat of his heart!" Mr. James said, "by the sweat of his heart!"

Some weeks later Mr James landed upon an island, it was a beautiful piece of Nature, and belonged to him from the very centre of the earth to the very centre of the sky above it. It was an isolated island, and Mr. James was having a bungalow built upon it. He expected to find a hurry of workmen, a thunder of hammers, and a rasping chorus of saws, but instead he found an absolute silence.

He inspected the work accomplished with enthusiasm, he overlooked the piles of building material with delight. There was something magnetic about the construction of a building, his fingers always



This fine shield is to be competed for annually by the 10th Royal Grenadiers of Toronto and the 100th Grenadiers of Winnipeg—both regiments are now on active service. The shield is the gift of the Prince of Wales Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians) and is given in recognition of the mutual alliance existing between this fine English regiment and the Canadian Grenadiers.

Mr. James stepped into his waiting motor, but Harold swung aggressively down the street, ignoring his father's invitation to ride.

For many days Mr. James noticed that his son's face wore the same, gloomy, defiant scowl; this was succeeded by a look of great concern. The defiance had died away leaving the young man very humble and anxious, still dogged in his pursuit of work. At the end of the fourth week, however, Mr. James noted a flying step, a hurried dinner and a dash for the open.

"By the sweat of his hair, he's got a job," the father chuckled, "He is his mother's son after all," a look of tender solicitude came into the father's eyes, quickly supplanted by one of vigorous firmness.

"By the sweat of his heart he's got to win out!"

Six weeks passed, and at their end, Harold handed his father thirty dollars. Mr. James looked at it inquiringly.

"To settle my board bill," Harold explained laconically.

Mr. James wrote out a receipt, which Harold examined carefully, then thrust into his pocket.

"My work makes it necessary for me to change my boarding place," Harold vouchsafed crushing his hat in his hands.

"I hope you have found our table satisfactory?" Mr. James was solicitous.

"Quite so, I assure you."

"Run up when you can, your mother

itched for the touch of a hammer or a saw, and he had planned a long day on the island, to consult and advise with the workmen, and also to gratify his own desire to handle tools and use them in a rather skilful way himself. At night he expected to go to the city with the chief architect in his launch. The workmen had not come, some accident or something had delayed them, for this was Monday and all hands went to the mainland on Saturday night. The tools were all put away under lock and key, still Mr. James enjoyed himself in his own way for some hours.

He could have managed to keep happy though alone, if it had not been for a certain habit of his. This was his habit of eating, and habit in a man of his years is strong. The consciousness that no dinner was possible, augmented by the passing hours gave him an undue sense of hunger. The worm of hunger gnawed but feebly at first, but it grew rapidly until it bit into his vitals. Neither lumber nor cement, brown stone nor bronze offered any solution of the problem, and then too, he began to wonder how he should spend the night. The more he thought about these things the worse they seemed. He had hoped to rough it a little, but he had also hoped to have companionship, and to get back home at night.

At last he arose and began a tour of investigation; hidden behind a clump of trees he found a little shanty which looked hopeful. He knocked upon the rough

door, prepared to make his most ingratiating speech when it should be opened to him, but it did not open. He knocked a second and a third time, but the only answer vouchsafed him was the ghostly echo of his knock. His somewhat pompous, conventional manner slid from him, and he became just a hungry man, in search of food. He lifted the latch with some hesitation and went in. He saw a measure of potatoes upon a long table, and after some rummaging he found a slab of bacon, and some tea and coffee. He arranged his booty beside the potatoes, but no gustatory consolation could ensue without a fire.

Quite elated he gathered dry sticks and litter and made an admirable heap ready for ignition by means of a match. Mr. James drew forth his silver match case with dignity, only to find it empty. He began a search in his pockets, his dignity still intact, but before the hunt ended, his dignity was somewhat dishevelled. As he turned his last pocket inside out, and found not even the stub of a match but plenty of loose coin, he flung the latter from him with something that in a less dignified man might have been termed petulance.

Mr. James began a methodical search in the shanty for matches, but found none. He discovered some tin cans as empty, as was he himself, these suggested that similar cans full of substance might be forthcoming. With his dignity somewhat readjusted he began searching for the life-saving tin can. Having looked everywhere save in a dark cupboard that seemed filled with blackened pots and pans, he finally got down on his hands and knees to peer into the most remote recesses of the cupboard. A row of cans rewarded this effort. He took a can and slit into it with his knife, but the blade sank into a corrosive white dust that rose and smote him in the eyes and nostrils, and wherever a particle lodged it burned like fire. He felt the need of air, and sought the open. After his eyes had partially ceased smarting he again ventured into the shanty. Very gingerly he lifted the can of corrosive dust, and looked at the label.

"Concentrated lye," was the legend he read, and with due respect and much care he put the can back in the cupboard.

Several round, short cans appealed to him, they looked as though they might hold devilled meat of some kind, but upon opening one the odor that rushed out seemed the acme of all mal-odors. He looked at the label.

"Chloride of Lime," he read, and with no abatement of care he placed this can back in its place. Mr. James left the shanty with one last, longing look at the potatoes and bacon.

For a time the gentleman chewed the bitter quid of reflection, as he sat disconsolately upon a rough brown stone. This yielding no great satisfaction he rose and began a tour of investigation. He had never seen very much of his island, but Mr. James was no great lover of beauty and he felt a certain sense of aggrievement that Harold was not with him. He remembered the enthusiasm with which that young man had advocated the purchase of this identical piece of property. He felt rather bitter that a frivolous girl should have brought about the present state of semi-alienation from his son, his son who had been as wholly his own as any other piece of his property had been. His dignity and pomposity dropped from him like a cloak, and he was nothing but a lonely old man at the mercy of a cruel Fate. He was walking rapidly to keep up with the pace of his thoughts when his foot caught in a trailing vine and the inevitable thing happened, his feet went up and his head went down, and his whole rotund body fell spraddling to the ground. As he sat up to investigate, he discovered a trailing vine attached to the toe of one of his patent leathers, and the vine was thickly spread with small red berries. The sight of those berries had a wonderfully modifying effect upon his irritation, they took him back to his boyhood days, when he had tramped the woods for just such edibles as these.

"Some people are born with checker berries, some achieve checker berries, and some have checker berries thrust upon them!" Mr. James was becoming facetious with the prospect of a checker berry festival before him.

With no undue haste he began picking the delectable berries, and when he had gathered a reasonable quantity he sat

down in a dignified and orderly manner and began eating the fruit of his labors. Anticipation, however, had proved greater than realization.

"Mumm!" he grumbled, his placidity very much ruffled, "Mumm! I'd as soon eat the pith of an elderberry stalk!" with this he threw his hoard of berries away, but they had carried him back to boyhood.

"I wonder if there are not some ground nuts to be found, they used to taste good when I was a boy," and Mr. James began searching for the small edible nut that grows in the ground like a diminutive potato. He had forgotten how the leaves looked so he began pulling up the green-growing things and finally brought forth a bunch of roots from which he extracted a small bulb. He peeled it and put it in his mouth. It was not satisfactory as a gustatory delight, and he spat upon the ground but he could not rid himself of that abhorrent taste upon his tongue.

"It must have been a wild onion!" he averred as though he had been analyzing a botanical specimen.

Mr. James being a man not easily deviated from his purpose continued his search for the edible nut, which should satisfy his craving for food. After much devastation of woods vegetation he at last brought up what he had been seeking. He knew at once that at last he had found the

real ground nut. Yes, by the very way the skin peeled off he recognized the edible of his boyhood. But again disappointment chilled his joy.

"Gritty as a sand bed and tasteless as a raw potato," came the verdict, as Mr. James wiped his mouth, with his handkerchief. He stood in deep thought for a few moments, racking his mind for some forgotten thing, "Crinkle root!" he ejaculated with delight, "That I know has a taste, a very decided, but very pungent taste." A very pleasant expression dispersed itself over Mr. James' round face, and he rubbed his head where a few hairs were combed over a shining bare surface.

"Crinkle root," he muttered meditatively, "crinkle root, big leaves straggling along—" he described, "Ah!" he pulled up a handful of leaves, shiny and waxen and certainly not large, their roots were as yellow as gold, and very bitter. Mr. James made no remark, but the corners of his mouth were drawn down as though the bitterness had touched a spring and let loose a spirit of pessimism. Mr. James continued his walk, but, however, high his thoughts may have been, his eyes were bent upon the ground, searching for the big, straggling leaves of the desired object. He did not pull heterogenous vegetation.

"Ah!" exclaimed the millionaire with

satisfaction, "This is more like it," and he bent and pulled carefully upon a clump of deeply notched leaves, and he held within his grasp his heart's desire, "This is something like," he approved.

Mr. James gathered a lapful of roots, seated himself most comfortable and began feasting upon the pungent edible. He had eaten a handful of the roots before he realized how very pungent they were. He stopped chewing a moment. How hot his mouth was!

"Damnation!" he whispered, for even in this wildwood Mr. James would maintain a semblance of himself and his dignity. He pushed the remainder of the roots away, and like one beaten in a race he accepted his defeat, and sat quiescent.

A ball of fire began to burn in his interior; the ball seemed to emit Hadeistic flames that bored through his digestive apparatus like hot gimlets. Mr. James was in agony. He held his somewhat adipose diaphragm with both arms, but he found no relief. He rose and paced the sward but still the gripping, burning, twisting ache within. Mr. James was wholly unaccustomed to pain, he had had no Spartan training, and many people spent a good share of their time ordinarily in seeking to make him comfortable, but in his extremity when he needed a little care he was alone and unaided. The sweat of distress stood upon his forehead

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Our buyers are at present in the East purchasing large quantities of goods to take care of the great volume of business we are receiving from our Spring and Summer Catalogue, and also selecting the merchandise that will be described in our next Fall and Winter Catalogue. This Catalogue, which will be mailed early in August, will be considerably larger and a good deal more complete than any we have heretofore issued.

Stobarts Limited, the largest and oldest wholesale Dry Goods house in Western Canada is now very closely identified with us and as a result we can buy to better advantage, and at the same time have all the resources of their immense establishment to draw upon at any time.

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Of course to buy from us it will be necessary to have a copy of our Spring and Summer Catalogue, and if you haven't already had a copy let us know so that we may send you one by return post.

And when you receive it order at once because while there are a good many advantages in early choice there is nothing to be gained by delay.

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They do this by acting directly on the liver, and making the bile pass through the bowels instead of allowing it to get into the blood, and thus causing constipation, jaundice, catarrh of the stomach and similar troubles.

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Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial, 5 vials for \$1.00, at all druggists or dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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he could bear no more. He sank down upon the softly padded woodland way, wadded up his coat for a pillow and stretched himself out. For a time nothing but the sense of pain assailed his consciousness, then he remembered that he had been hungry, but now, the lesser evil was lost in a much greater. He thought he must have poisoned himself, but little by little a quietness crept over him, the gentle woodland noises fell upon his ear soothingly and at last he slept. Suddenly Mr. James jumped up like a galvanized corpse. Something illegitimate had scurried across his face, something was crawling over his hand, and something else with a thousand legs was touring his neck. Brushing and scrubbing his anatomy Mr. James stood shuddering. He could feel sundry soft and squashy things mash under his vigorous onslaught. He did not pick up either his coat or his silk hat but he left the place. He felt very much better for his nap and even quite optimistic.

A friendly log invited him and he sat down upon it for some time. There was a large cavity in the log big enough for a man to sleep in, in fact he thought rather pleasantly of spending a night in that selfsame log. Having decided this weighty point he rose and walked again, for almost



Completing the bath operations

anything was better than sitting quiet in that wilderness. With a benign look and a big insect bite upon his brow he ambled back to the piles of building material. He had walked aimlessly and almost without noticing, and he stumbled against a big brown stone and would have fallen had not a strong young arm sustained him.

"Well!" he cried amazed.

"It is well," the young girl answered "you would have fallen had I not caught you, an ugly place to fall amongst these building stones."

"Thank you very much," Mr. James said, "Are you the cook?"

"The cook?" the girl's fine eyebrows as well as her words and voice were interrogative.

"Why, I have virtually spent the day hunting food, and nearly poisoned myself eating green stuff—and—well I expected to find workmen and a cook and everything here and I have found nothing, nothing but a wild and barren waste," Mr. James explained.

"My story is almost the same as yours," the girl declared, "a party of us started to hunt a camping place, we thought we had everything with us, but when abreast of this island we discovered we had left our provisions. I was not enjoying the boating, the water was a little rough, so I thought I would stay here while the men went back after the needed supplies. I haven't had a good time, it's been awfully lonesome, and something must have happened, or the boat would have come back long ago." There was a note of anxiety in the softly modulated voice, and a troubled look in her fine eyes.

"This must be mid-summer's day, but it's bound to come right some way," Mr. James comforted chivalrously.

"Yes, but I'm hungry, and I never feel real cheerful when I'm hungry," the girl

admitted frankly. "There are things to eat in the cook shanty, and now you've come we can make a fire and cook them, men always carry matches," she rose and walked towards the cook shanty with great alacrity.

"Truly, I have not a match," Mr. James exploded, and he felt like a criminal.

"We shall have to do something else then. Is there any lime here? I saw them slake lime last summer and it boiled up, it seems as if things could be cooked that way. There's most always lime where folks are building."

"I found some lime in the shanty," Mr. James was rather dubious about its utility, but he was bent on pleasing so charming a girl as this seemed to be. "There!" and the gentleman bent to the cupboard and handed out the little can.

"Chloride of Lime," the girl read, "I'm afraid that won't do, that's just for cleaning and disinfecting things."

Mr. James smiled. The girl's very quickness and brightness were enough to enliven even starvation, and somehow he had such confidence in her, he felt sure she would find a way out of their dilemma.

The girl's face flushed rosy red under his steady look of admiration.

"Pardon me, an old man," he begged, "I was only thinking what a wonderful girl you are, and how you rise above circumstances. If my son—" he added musingly.

The girl understood and caught the cue instantly, "But sons never do, nor daughters either. Would you believe it? Somebody's son thinks me quite wonderful too, but Somebody thinks I am too frivolous to be considered." This she said with such naive simplicity that Mr. James felt like championing her against the unappreciative Somebody.

"Somebody's son must be a rare piece if he is too good—"

"He is rather wonderful," the girl interrupted, "He is earning his own living now, and he looks just splendid in his overalls."

"Work is the stuff that makes anything worth while," Mr. James agreed. "I suppose you'll cook his meals, that's really the only way to begin," Mr. James was finding a chance to air his own views of life, and it was grateful to his harassed mind, to find one young person who agreed with him.

"I could cook his meals, if his father—" "His father must be a fool," Mr. James exploded.

"But he is not," dissented the girl, "he is one of the self-made sort, I have never seen him only at a distance, and he has never seen me at all, but—" the girl stopped, lost in her dream.

"He's an old fool just the same," Mr. James persisted, for he felt unusually irascible, from all the rasping irritations of the day, "I'm used to seeing well-dressed women, but, confidentially, I have never seen any woman even in the highest ranks, look better than you do in that little white frock, no frills or furbelows, looks built just for use, and—oh, well, pardon an old man, but you look fine enough for a queen, but useful enough—" Mr. James paused.

The girl laughed and finished his sentence for him: "Useful enough for a kitchen girl. I'm not living up to your good opinion. I have just thought of flint. We might find some arrow heads or something, you know what flint is when you see it?"

Mr. James longed to rise to the occasion, but the hampering truth prevented.

"I'm afraid I don't know flint, but of course fire can be made with flint."

"Flint," recited the girl, brown and moving forward, "is grey or brown or almost black, opaquely clear, and breaks with a conchoidal fracture."

Mr. James' jaw dropped in amazement, at this glib definition of flint.

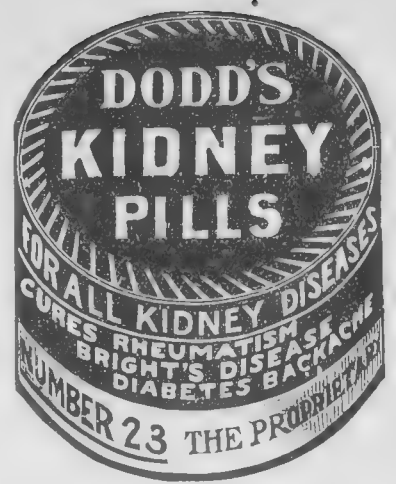
"Don't let that frighten you, I learned that fact by pure accident. I found it in the dictionary, and thought it sounded rather impressive. I'm—I'm learning things to impress his father," the girl made naive confession.

"I wish my son—"

The girl quickened her pace, and began hunting for that peculiar kind of quartz known as flint, which is grey or brown or almost black, and which breaks with a conchoidal fracture.

"How is this?" Mr. James bent laboriously and picked up a shining pebble.

"That is nothing but a water-polished stone. All the round smooth stones we



find, are relics of bygone ages when they belonged to a sea-beach or something and were worn smooth by the continual washing of the waves."

Mr. James looked at the girl in appreciative admiration. He felt that he was getting much valuable geological knowledge and in a most fascinating way.

"This," the girl said presently, "must be flint, for it is a clearish grey color. Let's see if it will break with a conchoidal fracture." She lifted a larger stone and struck the bit of quartz vigorously, "It is flint, see it has broken with a sharp edge and hollows out something like a shell. Now for your pocket knife, we must strike fire with flint and steel."

With placid dignity Mr. James reached for his pocket knife. It was not found in the expected place. From one pocket to another he searched carefully, then frantically, finally with a flustered out turning of each, but no knife appeared.

"I must have lost it," he declared dejectedly.

"We've simply got to have something to eat," the girl averred, and she pulled open a little handbag that hung on her arm. "My manicure scissors!" and she held up the scissors joyfully. Like a magician with the flint and steel, she produced a shower of stars that fell to nothingness.

Mr. James led the way back to the heap of kindling he had prepared earlier in the day. He tore to bits an important business letter, and the girl hoarded the scraps. The gentleman now proceeded to invoke the god of fire by means of flint and steel, and the girl held the bits of paper where the fiery stars could fall upon them, but no ignition resulted.

"I guess we'll have to give it up," Mr. James concluded after all efforts had proved futile.

"Not yet," the girl contradicted, "there's punk!"

"What's punk?" Mr. James asked dazedly. This young woman always held out some new hope and never seemed to get to the end of her resources.

"Why punk is punk!" she explained lucidly. "I don't know it very well myself, but it's decayed wood, and they call it 'touchwood.'"

"If it's decayed wood, you want, I know where there's a big rotten log," and Mr. James started for the log he had found earlier in the day. The girl walked firmly beside him.

"There!" Mr. James exclaimed with a dignified flourish towards the log, and he felt prouder of that decomposed monarch of the forest, than he ever had felt of his solid bank account.

"It's a fortune!" the girl applauded, picking bits of the wood off ready for the flint fire. But after many trials they found that the wood was not in the right stage of decomposition or else it was not dry enough.

The man and the girl faced each other in consternation.

"We are not very hungry anyway," asserted the girl cheerfully, and she smiled up into the old man's face.

Mr. James returned the look fully conscious that he had something very good to look at. She was simply dressed, and wholesomely good looking. Mr. James could not understand why the father of a working son should object to her for a daughter-in-law. He wished that his son had chosen a girl from the working-classes instead of the class of fashion he had selected.

Suddenly the girl began pulling the hair pins from her hair.

"Celluloid!" she ejaculated tersely, "It catches fire sometimes from just being near a fire. Sometimes even the sunshine will set celluloid to smouldering."

She began breaking the hairpins into tiny bits, until she had a little heap of shining kindlings. Mr. James tore up a valuable contract to add to the store, and he made ready a heap of dry sticks. The flint and steel shed its shower of sparks upon the celluloid, and soon a little smouldering redness showed, a breeze swept up and fanned the dullness into flame, the paper blazed, the wood caught fire. The breeze became a sudden gust of wind and scattered the little heap of fire. The girl sheltered the blazing remnants with her skirts. Mr. James made a quick dash for some larger sticks caught the burning fagots up and stored them in the hollow log, thus sheltered a steady blaze ensued.

The girl scraped the skins from some potatoes with her scissors, and cut them up with the same. In the shortest possible space of time she had them cooking over the fire.

Mr. James was industriously cutting bits of bacon with the sharp edge of a piece of flint. While the potatoes cooked they toasted the bacon over the fire, and finally made some tea in a tin can.

"If we have any thing to eat when we get to heaven," Mr. James eulogized, helping himself for the third time to the tasty potatoes, "I think it will taste like this!"

"Life in a cottage wouldn't be so bad," dreamed the girl.

"Don't you worry about that pig-headed—" Mr. James began.

"Well, well, well," cried a hearty voice behind them, "you two picnicing here!"

"Oh, Harold how glad I am to see you," the girl exclaimed rising and standing before a blue-overalled young man. Then suddenly remembering the partner of her sorrows of the day, she turned to Mr. James, "This is—the young man," she introduced with great lucidity, for to her at that time there was but one young man in the world.

"We've met before," Harold said cheerfully. "Father this is Edith, her brothers brought her down this morning. We are going to camp here, after—we're married. She's going to cook my meals."

The two men were wringing each other's hands as only two who have misunderstood, and missed each other can.

"I'm working under the architect on your cottage, I couldn't find work anywhere else, and I guess if I hadn't been the son of the chief boss, he would have turned me down too, I hope you don't disapprove father?" There was a note of wistful affection in the young man's voice.

"I was just about to remark to Edith as you came up that her pig-headed father—

in-law-to-be would relent if he only knew her, and I do not retract one whit, I find I have been just the kind of a pig-head most pig-heads are, and the worst pig-heads are the blind ones who won't see. Let me tell you son, that this girl has more sense than nature ever packed in my skull. I'm going to settle a million—"

"Not much," young Harold parried, "we're both learning the joy of work and of common things and we're going to win our own way the same as you and mother did. We're going to camp right here on this island. I've always itched for hammer and nails but they weren't in my curriculum."

"And I've always wanted to putter with cooking, but my mother wouldn't let me spoil my hands," Edith explained, rosy with joy and excitement.

"Fate has relented generally," Mr. James wiped his eyes, "Fate is a fool most of the time not to relent, but in this case Fate looks a little like Solomon."

A WEE BIT OF AN EDEN

Written for The Western Home Monthly by M. E. Ryman

Joe looked at Della, and Della looked at Joe; but the hail paid no attention to either. It pounded and beat and threshed and smashed every thing in its path. Chick! a pane of glass cracked. The windows rattled, and the little house shivered in the grasp of the storm. Suddenly there was a lull. The hail ceased but the rain still poured down, as if, having been held in abeyance during the onslaught of the hail, it was now having its opportunity.

Gradually it, too, ceased and the drenched beaten world presented a dismal appearance.

The garden which a short half hour before had been the pride of Della's heart was in ruins. Not a stalk was left standing. The vines at the door and windows were switched and torn to tatters.

"O, Joe!" moaned Della, "just look, after all the pains I've taken!" But Joe was gazing moodily at his ruined grain fields.

It was a terrible disappointment. The first season, the early frost had caught their garden and feed oats; the second year's crop had been nearly ruined by the drouth; and this, their third season on the homestead was a total failure. Things looked black indeed.

Let's sell out and go back east, Joe," said Della. "I'm tired of this constant failure. Wasting our lives this way is all nonsense; besides we have Joey to think of now."

"Nobody'd buy. You couldn't sell a farm here for half what we've put into it. But where the interest money is to come from this fall is beyond me," replied Joe.

"Joe, I've an idea," persisted Della. Let's plant trees and vines and bushes

around the yard and make it look as if it amounted to something, and perhaps some one will happen along and buy it for its good looks if it won't grow a crop."

"Not much will people buy a farm out here for its looks! Folks are getting wise to this country, and they're not to be taken in as easily as the first settlers," grumbled Joe; but after a glance at Della who was gazing sadly at her ruined flower beds, he added, "There'll be no crop to harvest this season so there'll be plenty of time and we'll try it."

For a day or two the ground was too wet to begin operations, so they spent their evenings planning. One thing was certain, there was no money to spend on the scheme. They must do what they could with the means at hand. Fortunately they had chosen a good spot for their buildings, and in their first enthusiasm over their homestead, had laid out the grounds carefully leaving ample room for lawn and garden.

While Joe was preparing his ruined grain fields for next year's crop, Della kept the weeds down in the flower beds and garden, saying if she couldn't raise flowers and vegetables she wouldn't raise weeds.

During the autumn while Joe was away helping others harvest and thresh beyond the path of the hail storm Della and wee Joey did the chores and transplanted the wild flowers into the empty flower beds.

One long bed was filled with violets, the larger blue ones in the centre and a wide border of white ones on either side. A bed of yellow violets occupied a small triangle where the path from the door forked. Other beds were filled with wild larkspur, prairie lilies, duck's bill and wild roses.

Occasionally Joe and Della would take a day off and go to the river for bushes or trees or vines, or take time when drawing water to take up a plant or bush.

Soon three rows of Saskatoon bushes formed the nucleus of a wind break, and ground back of them was prepared for the government trees Joe had signed for the winter before.

Two long rows of gooseberries, two of wild currants and one of wild raspberries besides a long bed of wild strawberries gradually took their places in that part of the garden devoted to their use.

Wild clematis took kindly to its new home by the porch and showed its appreciation by climbing up the rude wall and peeping in through the windows.

The lawn was sown to brome grass and a hedge of thorn bushes was set out, with many misgivings by Joe, completed the first chapter of the scheme.

All this took time and hard work but they had a great incentive, weren't they striving to make their place saleable so that they might "go back east and buy a place and live like folks?" Every spare moment was utilized in improving the gardens the buildings, the fields. Soon

everything showed the same untiring zeal and perseverance.

At first, they felt that they could not spare the time to join in the social life that was growing up around them, but, lest they should appear awkward and behind the times when they "got back east," they gradually entered "the swim," as Joe expressed it.

Thus three years more passed,—three years filled to the limit with that tireless energy that underlies all great undertakings and overcomes all obstacles; though a close observer might have noticed that the stock phrases, "back east" and "back home" were not uttered as often as formerly.

One morning just before harvest, Joe came into the kitchen where Della was mixing bread, and said, "Well, Della, our chance has come at last. Mr. Murdock wants to buy this place. Wants it bad, too. He'll give thirty dollars an acre straight for the whole half section, and we keep the crop, or forty just as it stands."

"The stock will pay all outstanding bills and more. What do you say?"

"We'll have thirteen thousand clear at least,—a neat little sum for six years' work. We can go back east and get a good place and live like folks."

Della had straightened up and stood before her tall broad shouldered husband with wide opened eyes.

Through the open window came the merry prattle of Joey and little Dorris; beyond in the pasture six fine looking cows were contentedly cropping the rich grass; a little farther on some colts were having a frolic. A tiny wren was scolding and fussing over a nest of young ones in the vines that screened the porch.

For a minute man and woman faced each other, then Della exclaimed, "Why, Joe, we can't you know. We can't give it up after all the pains we've taken to make it—"

"Saleable," put in Joe as Della hesitated.

"To make it the nicest cosiest place in the world," went on Della. What did you say to him? You didn't tell him he could have it, did you, Joe?"

"Not exactly," replied Joe. I said I'd talk it over with you. You see he'd heard how badly we wanted to go back east, and he thought—"

"O bother the east!" broke in Della with more emphasis than elegance, "you tell him we've made this wee bit of an Eden for ourselves and we're going to live in it."

"Thank the Lord," replied Joe in a sudden burst of fervor. "I'll tell him," and he strode out through the vine-covered porch, a broad smile crinkling up his bronzed face.

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The Young Man and His Problem

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION OR BUSINESS

If a man is to get along in the world he must choose the work for which he is intended. Natural aptitude should probably be the main element in choice, but as things are to-day natural aptitude is not very much encouraged. Boys go where they find an open door; girls take to the shop and the offices. Now and then a farm boy rebels, and strikes for the city. If he is mistaken in judgment he at least is right in deciding to follow the line of his inclination. As a matter of fact boys who follow their real inclinations rarely fail. Those who leave the farm because of laziness or because they think manual labor is mean and lowly are sure to fail. But whether one gets into the business he naturally prefers, or whether he is at one that he grows to like, "the secret of success depends ultimately upon five essential qualities—strength, ingenuity, good address, strong nervous power and enterprise." It would not be a bad thing for young men to read over and over again these words of E. T. Freedley. Of course all these qualities must be backed up by intelligence—general and special. For this reason every young man should get as good a schooling as possible, and should form the habit of private study and of consulting others who have succeeded in business. More than this every man should go into work decided to make good in the line chosen and in no other. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"There's the marble, there's the chisel,
Take it, work it at thy will;
Thou alone must shape thy future,
Heaven send thee strength and skill."

PERSEVERANCE

A business is not built up in a year, often not in several years. The primary work is the most laborious at the same time it is the part which gives stability to the whole. The story of Bruce and the Spider is for all men in all ages.

Audubon tells this story of himself: "An accident happened to two hundred of my original drawings. I left the village of Henderson in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge of a relative. My absence was of several months' duration. When I returned after several months I enquired after my treasure. The box was brought and opened; but—reader, feel for me!—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which but a few months previously had represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air. The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting my whole nervous system. I slept for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion. Then I took up my gun, my note-book and my pencil and went forth into the woods as gaily as if

nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I now might make better drawings than before, and ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed my portfolio was again filled." Did you ever know any man to pursue any kind of business for ten years honestly and faithfully who did not succeed? Perseverance will conquer all things.

ECONOMY

Richard Cobden once said to a gathering of workmen: "The world has always been divided into two classes—those who have saved and those who have spent—the thrifty and the extravagant. The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges and the ships, and the accomplishment of all other great works which have rendered man civilized and happy, has been done by the savers, the thrifty; and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves. It has been the law of Nature and Providence that this should be so; and I were an impostor if I promised any class that they would advance themselves, if they were improvident, thoughtless and idle." Even the poorest toiler has it in his power by self-denial and economy, and yet without meanness, to raise himself from the condition in which he is placed. Such a man may walk when others ride, may take such recreations as cost nothing, may take plain rather than costly food, may in short, live the simple life. Economizing for the sake of becoming independent is an indication of a manly character. Burns has it in this wise:

"Not for to hide it in a hedge
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

Did you ever stop to think that 5½ cents saved each day means \$20 a year and that this with interest means \$260 in 10 years, or \$3080 in forty years or \$5800 in fifty years? There is of course a false economy, which ends in miserliness. It is a peculiar thing that those who have been noted for their economy in small things have been known for their generosity in large matters.

INDUSTRY

No man can be prosperous who is not industrious. Nor can he be happy. Idleness is the bane of life.

"Dream not, but work! Be bold, be brave;
Let not a coward spirit crave
Escape from tasks allotted!
Thankful for toil and danger be,
Duty's high call will make thee flee
The vicious, the besotted."

One day when Benjamin Franklin was preparing for press, a lounge stepped into his store and spent an hour looking over the books. Finally taking one in his hand he asked the clerk the price. The boy said: "One dollar." "Can't you take less?" said the lounge. "No," said the boy, "one dollar is the price."

Some time after the lounge asked for Mr. Franklin, who left his work at the press to wait on him. "What is the lowest you will take for the book?" Asked the visitor. "One dollar and a quarter," said Franklin. "Why, your young man told me it was a dollar." "So, it was, at that time, but I would rather have sold it then for a dollar than to leave my work for a quarter extra." "Well, well," said the lounge, "What is your really lowest price now?" "One dollar and a half," said Franklin, and that right off! And he got it. There was an old copy book headline that contains a great truth. "Industry is the mother of good luck." Micawber waiting for something to turn up is not a good type of the successful man of affairs.

BUSINESS MORALITY

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "In the long run, a tried and proved character for honor and honesty is the best capital and gives the largest interest. To be sure those things will not alone push a man forward. He must have good sense, enterprise, skill, perseverance and steadiness. But more men stumble from want of moral qualities, than from want of business capacity." Of course there are many men lacking in business morality who seem to have wonderful success. These, however, are not true men of business; they are pirates. A man may make money at public expense, may defraud his workmen, may do many illegitimate things and not get caught. He may amass a fortune and, indeed have honors heaped upon him when he should be in prison—yet, we call this not success. It isn't the kind of success any of our readers wish. The crook succeeds only for a time.

No one will say that A. T. Stewart, the first great store-keeper of New York, made all his wealth in a way that could be commended, but he stood for some things that are praiseworthy. One day an old lady approached one of the clerks and asked regarding some calico: "Will it wash?" "Oh, yes!" said the clerk. "Then, I'll take some and try it," said the old lady. "Why take the trouble?" said the clerk. "I have already tried it." And so the sale was made. Mr. Stewart who overheard the conversation called the young man aside and said: "Why did you tell such an untruth about that calico?" "Oh, it's the way of business," said the young man. "But," said Mr. Stewart, "it seems a poor way of doing business. She will try the goods. She will accuse us of misrepresentation, and will demand her money back, and she will be right." "Oh!" said the young man, "I'll tell her she didn't get the goods here." "No!" said the great merchant, "I don't want goods represented to be what they are not. I want the confidence of my customers. They will buy as soon knowing the truth, as any other way." The sequel to this is that the young man told Mr. Stewart he was a fool as a business man. But the young man was never heard of again. It cannot be repeated too often that honesty is the corner stone of success.

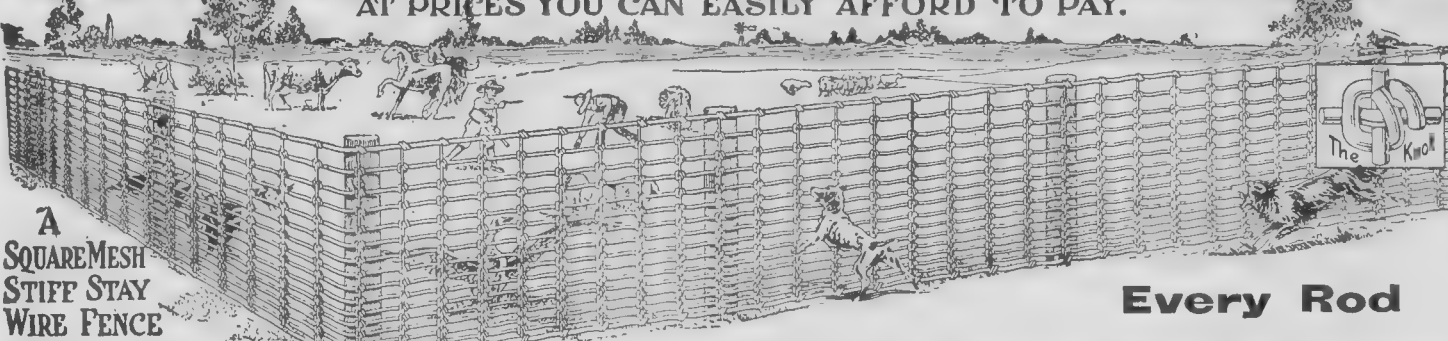


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"AJAX" Heavy Fence. No. 9 Top and Bottom wires. Intermediate line and stay wires No. 12.				Prices at Winnipeg		
Cat. No.	Style	ORDER BY RETURN	Space between line wires	Weight per rod	Price per rod	
726	Hog Fence	7 wire 26-in. high, stays 13-in. apart.	3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6	6 lbs.	19c	
0726	Hog Fence	7 wire 26-in. high, stays 6-in. apart.	3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6	7½ lbs.	25c	
748	Stock Fence	7 wire 48-in. high, stays 13-in. apart.	5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11	6½ lbs.	23c	
830	Hog and Sheep	8 wire 30-in. high, stays 13-in. apart.	3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6	6½ lbs.	22c	
0830	Hog and Sheep	8 wire 30-in. high, stays 6-in. apart.	3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6	8½ lbs.	28c	
936	Sp. Hog and Sheep	9 wire 36-in. high, stays 13-in. apart.	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 7	7½ lbs.	26c	
0936	Sp. Hog and Sheep	9 wire 36-in. high, stays 6-in. apart.	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 7	9½ lbs.	33c	
942	Stock Fence	9 wire 42-in. high, stays 13-in. apart.	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9	7½ lbs.	26½c	
1050	Stock Fence	10 wire 50-in. high, stays 13-in. apart.	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9	10 lbs.	28c	

"AJAX" EXTRA HEAVY FENCE. Made of all No. 9 wire throughout.				Prices at Winnipeg		
4334	Field Fence	4 wire 33-in. high, stays 22-in. apart.	10, 11, 12	5½ lbs.	17c	
5404	Field Fence	5 wire 40-in. high, stays 22-in. apart.	9, 10, 10, 11	7 lbs.	20c	
6404	Field Fence	6 wire 40-in. high, stays 22-in. apart.	6, 6, 8, 10, 10	8 lbs.	24c	
7484	Field Fence	7 wire 48-in. high, stays 22-in. apart.	6, 6, 8, 8, 10, 10	9½ lbs.	28c	
10504	Stock Fence	10 wire 50-in. high, stays 22-in. apart.	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9	13 lbs.	39c	
7264	Sheep and Hog	7 wire 26-in. high, stays 11-in. apart.	3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6	11 lbs.	31c	
9424	Stock Fence	9 wire 42-in. high, stays 22-in. apart.	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9	12 lbs.	35c	

"AJAX" HEAVY SPECIAL HOG, STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE. No. 9 Top and Bottom, No. 12 intermediate and line wire. 50 in. high, 15 line wires, stays 8 in. apart, spacing 2, 2, 2, 2, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 5, 6, 7, weight 13 lbs. Price per rod.....				42c		
Width.....	3½ ft.	8 ft.	10 ft.	12 ft.	14 ft.	16 ft.
Weight.....	35 lbs.	50 lbs.	62 lbs.	70 lbs.	78 lbs.	82 lbs.
Price.....	\$1.90	\$3.45	\$3.70	\$4.00	\$4.50	\$4.75

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Our Big LEADER 67.00 is a very low price for a vehicle of this construction. Has Triple Hays Spring in front and Elliptic Spring in rear. Double reach gear. 1½" Double Collar Steel Axle. Body is 33" wide and 86" long, substantially braced 12" wood dash. Wheels extra large, 1½" riveted rims, 40" front, 44" rear. Seats are removable, fasten to box with patent fasteners. Spring cushions, with falls upholstered in good grade imitation leather. Order No. 453. Our Special Leader, complete with Pole and Eveners!..... **67.00**

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Offer to W.H.M. Readers. Base is 48 x 28, Extra Big. has one large drawer, three small drawers, Large Cupboard and Chopping board and large flour bin. Top is well proportioned has three China Cupboards, Bevel Plate glass in one, small cutlery drawer and two Sugar Bins also long shelf along top for China.

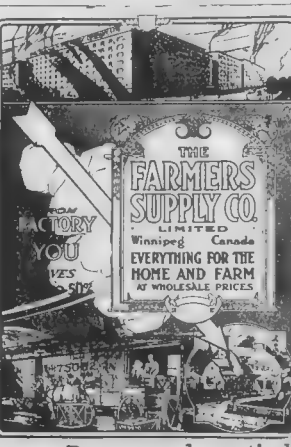
We are offering 20 of these Kitchen Cabinets at **19.75** if ordered only Direct from this advertisement. Attach this clipping to your order together with money or express order and you will save \$3.10 over our regular price, only 20 and after these are sold our regular price \$22.85 will prevail.

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What the World is Saying

Indifference to Citizenship Duties

Honest electors are a preponderating majority in Canada, but the vice of indifference is deplorably prevalent.—Ottawa Citizen.

Kultur Self-convicted.

German kultur has the courage of its convictions and every few days it convicts itself anew.—New York Sun.

One of the Forms of Kultur

"The Valour of Ignorance" is a book which the Germans might read with great advantage just now.—Ottawa Free Press.

Out-Heroding Herod

Is the massacre of innocents the newest variation of the German plan of submarine warfare on merchant ships?—Halifax Herald.

The British Bulldog's Hold

The British bulldog doesn't return Germany's chant of hate. He has taken his bite and he won't let go in order to bark.—Buffalo Express.

The Lesson from Germany

The experience of Germany should be a lesson to the world. Never give any man too much power. It invariably creates tyranny or insanity.—New Denver (B.C.) Ledger.

A Crisis in Human Progress

Never at any previous time in the whole course of human history have so many questions affecting the future of the race come into sudden and simultaneous significance.—Glasgow Herald.

Germany's Partner

Turkey seeks peace, and emphasizes its necessity by cutting the throats of Christian women and children. As well make peace with an untamed tiger.—London Nation.

Slow to Accept the Light of Kultur

To cause the drowning of 120 noncombatants on a passenger ship and call it war is another form of reasoning that the Germans will find foreigners slow to follow.—Manchester Guardian.

As to Who Will Lay Down the Terms

The terms of peace Germany is prepared to offer are not interesting. We await rather the terms that the Allies will impose.—New York Herald.

The Sultan a Fit Associate for the Kaiser

The Great Assassin must be pleased at the progress made by Germany in imitating on the ocean his exploits in Armenia and elsewhere.—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

A New Light on Domestic Science

New Haven, Conn., claims to have discovered a young lady who, when asked by her grandmother what needles are for, answered that they are to make the phonograph play.—St. John (N.B.) Telegraph.

Carthage and Germany

"Send it reverberating like clanging bells from tower to tower throughout the countryside: 'Hate! Hate the accursed English! Hate!'"—From the German War Gazette.

The boyish Hannibal cherished a like hatred for Rome! but not, as events proved, with great benefit to Carthage.—London Morning Post.

In the Time to Come

The "Hymn of Hate" is to be taught in the Public Schools of Germany. That will make fine training for the young fellows who, a few years hence, will be trying to do business with John Bull the world over.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Naval, Military and Financial

Broadly speaking, there are three definite spheres of action—naval, military and financial—of our share in the military sphere nothing here need be said. It has been great and will be greater. But in the other two fields of action the influence of Great Britain has been the dominant factor of the war.—London Statist.

The Murderer-Burglar Point of View

A German writer says Germany cannot give back Belgium because it has cost so much blood to occupy it. This is as if a thief should refuse to give up his booty because he had killed the man from whom he stole it, and got a blow that made his nose bleed.—Victoria (B.C.) Colonist.

Wilhelm to Mehmed

The Kaiser has conferred the Iron Cross upon the Sultan for "the part you have taken in the defense of the Dardanelles." The Kaiser should have shown more consideration, and given the Sultan something he could pawn.—New York Tribune.

Wholesale Murder on the High Seas

One reads of merchant ships torpedoed without warning and of crews and passengers sent to their accounts with all their imperfections on their heads, and then one recalls that a few months ago a great to-do was made by the Germans about dum-dum bullets! Much ado about nothing it turned out to be.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier Journal.

Krupp Patriotism Not Seriously Strained

The Krupp family and firm have subscribed \$7,500,000 to the new German War loan. That is they have lent the money for big guns and are to receive it back with profit and interest added. The strain on patriotism is hardly perceptible under the circumstances.—Springfield Republican.

Something the World is Sick Of

"Germany alone possesses the secret of culture and the genius for organization," says a German professor. One is moved to exclaim with the late Mr. Bildad, the Shuhite, "How long wilt thou speak these things and how long shall the words of thy mouth be like a strong wind?"—New York Times.

German Hissing and Frothing

It will yet come, as Treitschke said, that not a German dog will take a piece of bread from the hand of an Englishman. We go further than Treitschke, and declare that no self-respecting German dog would feel honored at being raised to man's dignity if it were an Englishman whom he had to accept as a prototype.—Hamburger Nachrichten.

The Nelson Spirit

General Maunoury, of the army of France, joked after a bullet destroyed one of his eyes. In thus making light of his plight he shows he has the spirit that caused Nelson to jest at times concerning his own shattered body.—Chicago Tribune.

A True Saying by a German Professor

A saying by Professor Delbruck, the successor of Treitschke in the chair of Berlin University, as late as 1914, is quoted: "Anyone who has any familiarity at all with our officers and generals knows that it will take another Sedan, inflicted on us instead of by us, before they will acquiesce in the control of the army by the German parliament."—Toronto Globe.

The Spirit of the West

"We've got the country, and it's the greatest undeveloped country suitable for the white people under the sun," says Mr. James K. Cornwall of the famous Peace River District. A welcome reminder that the natural resources of Canada have not grown less because of ruinous war, and also that the true Westerner is by no means even temporarily downcast.—Montreal Gazette.

Education

Let educators, instead of proclaiming the failure of democratic education, work at the problem of making that education deeper and broader, of reaching the inner man and exorcising meanness, greed, cruelty, lust, and wanton aggressiveness. Education that does not beget right thinking and right feeling is not education. Not why educate, but how to educate, is the question.—Quebec Chronicle.

Now Let Uncle Sam Shudder!

The London papers would have the world believe that England has done her best to render her warfare as merciful as possible.

Doubtless it was with such admirable intention that so far back as the last week in July when there was nowhere any talk of war, the British caught such defenceless Germans as were within her grasp, incarcerated them behind barbed wire, or shipped them to the tropics, to hasten their death by means of starvation, pneumonia and similar manly weapons.

She can expect no mercy, nor America either. As for that which the Americans are pleased to call neutrality, their attitude is such that it would be sheer waste of ink and paper to revert to it.

Such so-called neutrality as that of America is the neutrality of a Judas, nothing more or less, and now that at length the German government has decided to start on a real fight for right and justice, no threat, no making of grinning faces, no pulling pleas from Americans, can restrain the German fleet from carrying out to the full the task it has been given to render British waters unnavigable.—Cologne Zeitung.

Patriotism

It is not a virtue to think your country right, if it happens to be wrong, or to harbor any delusions about it whatever. It is a virtue only to love your country for what it is and in gratitude for what you owe to it, and to do your duty by it as you would by your parents, with love, but not with egotistic pride.—London Times.

Kultur Repudiates Civilization

War has horrors enough at best. Men swayed by passion will do many things from which they would shrink in their saner moments. But civilization imposes some restraints upon brute force even in war time. Does Germany wish the world to believe that she no longer recognizes these restraints, that she repudiates civilization itself?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

As to the Food Supply in Germany

Now, whether Germany is short of food or not, it is quite plainly the desire of her government that the world should think she is. All this apparatus of bread tickets and kriegsbrod may or may not be really required, but at any rate the publicity which Germany gives to it outside her own borders shows that she wishes neutrals to believe it.—Edinburgh Scotsmen.

The Farmer's Work

If the farmer is not turning nature's powers into friends he is converting them into enemies; if he is not making them help him he is allowing them to hinder him, for they are incessantly active; if they are not made to co-operate for some useful end they go on quite as actively in producing some injurious result; if the fields are not made to produce grains they will produce weeds.—Edinburgh Review.

The Iron Duke and Soldier's Boots

Just now when the subject of military boots is engrossing the public mind of Canada it is interesting to reflect that the Duke of Wellington considered good boots as an item of the first importance in the soldier's outfit. When asked what he thought came next in importance he replied: "A spare pair." "But what after that?" he was asked. "A spare pair of soles," replied the Duke.—Regina Leader.

Suspicious

A big thirty-six inch water main, on which the Bethlehem Steel company's plant depended, burst mysteriously on Thursday and work came to a standstill. The company, as everybody knows, is rushed with orders for war material. There have been two "accidental" fires at the cartridge works at Bridgeport. The big fire in Trenton destroyed a factory that was running on foreign orders, "Accidents will happen."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Sufficiently Appreciative

"A great nation of culture like the German," declares Professor Rudolf Eucken, philosopher, "must not fail to realize that it can not rise to its predestined pinnacle without considering all mankind, without devoting its efforts to all mankind." The trouble is that mankind is not sufficiently appreciative of Germany's noble aims. We are too modest, shy and intractable. Germany would be glad to treat all of us as she treated Belgium if we would only hold still like good children.—New York Evening Post.

Increase of Dry Territory in the States

In the United States the enactments against the sale of alcohol are such that when all the prohibitory laws passed by legislatures and approved by the people are effective it will be possible to go from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard and from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border without entering a state in which the sale of liquor is permitted by law. Prohibition has cut a path across and up and down this country. Liquor men may see that the case against their trade is serious.—Minneapolis Journal.

Our Problem of Assimilation

The problem of making a united Canadian people out of the cosmopolitan population of the West is a big and pressing one, but leaders for the good work will be found among the men and women trained in western educational institutions. The students of the University of Alberta during the present term, are representative of eighteen nationalities. There are 265 native-born Canadians. Other lands are represented as follows: England, 66; Scotland, 19; Ireland, 5; Wales, 2; Australia, 2; India, 1; Newfoundland, 1; United States, 55; China, 3; Austria, 2; Russia, 2; Sweden, 2; France, 1; Germany, 1; Mexico, 1; Norway 1; Iceland 1.—London Spectator.

One Touch of Nature

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Ida M. Halliburton

I SHOULD think, Joe," said Mrs. Martha Taylor to the subdued-looking individual before her, "that you needed almost anything worse than you needed that."

As she spoke, her glance swept the bare room and rested at the somewhat contemptuous "that," on the occupant of a red wooden cradle.

"Well, I s'pose it does look that way to you," said Joe, apologetically, "but, you see, we mustn't let the race die out; and Mary and I, I cal'late, are doin' our share to keep it up."

"What the race needs," said Martha severely and somewhat truthfully, "is not more babies, but better ones."

"So I've always told Mary," said Joe, brightening up. "Now, look at our children. They are all healthy and they're good; and this little un," he said, gazing proudly at the latest addition, "is the sixth that we'll rock in this cradle. Afore the fust one came Mary was fussin' with clothes and such, and I felt like doin' somethin' so I up and made the cradle. And that petticoat," he added, pointing to a gray woolen homespun, "has wrapped them all when they was little." He reached over as he spoke, grasped the gray petticoat, and deftly turned the little sleeper on its side.

voices should fill the quiet hours. As the years passed, they had gradually ceased to speak of their hopes as their dreams faded. They had never openly expressed regrets to one another. David became a little more silent, more observing of other people's children, more open-hearted to all. The tiny guests that had peopled his fancy had departed and left a place there for all children. Martha became a little less responsive to the children of others, somewhat more conservative in her associations and embittered in her speech. The waters of love reserved for her own, and refused to other children, had turned bitter at their source.

It seems strange that the disappointment which mellowed one character should harden another; yet the same sun which enhances the beauty of the rose, shrivels the violet.

David and Martha had never discussed the question of adopting a child, but had refused to do so when a good chance presented itself.

David's young cousin with his wife and child, resided in a nearby city. He was a comparative stranger to the rest of the Taylors. When the Taylor property had been divided among the four brothers, this young man's father preferred money to acres, and on being granted his request



French Colonial Troops camping among the sand dunes in northwest France

"They allus sleep better if they're turned over once in awhile," he explained. "I've heard Mary say, when they were teething, that she wished they had six or seven sides to turn them on to. Not that they were very cross," he added hastily. "As I was just sayin', our babies are all good uns. Just feel how strong he is," he urged, as he paused for breath.

As Martha reached forward gingerly to touch the pink little hand, the tiny fingers clung to hers when she tried to withdraw it.

What a strange feeling the touch gave her; so soft and tender and yet so strong to cling. The sensation was not unpleasant, but it was, to her, unendurable; so she loosened the little fingers and after stepping to the bedroom to bid Mrs. Joe good-bye, she took her departure.

Mrs. Taylor hastened home to prepare her husband an appetizing lunch to welcome his return from town. As she went, she pondered the question, "why was it Joe Barton with his five acres of stony ground had a houseful of babies, while she and David Taylor with their broad acres of fertile land had never been blessed with one?"

'Twas not often that Martha pondered thus. Her heart had gradually hardened to such thoughts. But the little fingers had done their work and the door of memory swung open to the ghosts of past hopes and longings.

She recalled the time when David had brought her, as a bride, to the little cottage which now did service as a harness room. She had met the joy of married life with a quick appreciation and its trials with a brave acceptance. She and David had shyly spoken of the time when the patter of children's feet should echo through the little rooms and children's

had moved to Ontario, while the brothers remained on the broad Taylor acres in Nova Scotia. Though the "rolling stone" had not acquired wealth, he had succeeded in giving his only son a good education. This son, bereft of family ties, had married young, an ambitious little stenographer, who was also alone in the world. They were soon blessed with a little son, who was as bright, happy and normal, as a child of such a union should be.

But the young parents were not spared to see wee Jack grow up for their lives were suddenly cut off in a train wreck as they were returning to their home from the city. Jack was taken care of by a kindly old lady from whom his parents had rented rooms until a date was set for his relatives to meet and arrange for his future among them.

Martha and David were the last to arrive at this meeting, where the other relations had planned that the only childless couple among them should adopt Jack. When Martha had removed her wraps she joined the rest. Her heart gave a throb as she found wee Jack nestled in David's arms, one chubby hand clasping his work-hardened fore-finger and the curly head resting where she had hoped her own child's head should be cuddled. David's face shone with the tenderness of newly-awakened love, but on the faces of the relatives there glowed a pity and tolerance which quickly changed Martha's love to bitter pride and jealousy.

David, with the unerring instinct of love, read her heart, and the hope of adopting Jack died at its birth. A chill seemed to fall upon the company. Plans were made to leave Jack with the old lady who had practically been his nurse, the expenses to be met by the relatives.

CLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS—\$50 each. All or spare time. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 351, Cincinnati, Ohio. T.F.

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FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors. The old established firm. Head office Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 53 Queen St., Ottawa, and other principal cities. T.F.

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STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Reliable parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address: The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont. T.F.

FOR SALE

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings. \$50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES SETS—50 dainty articles \$5.50 carriage paid return mail. Lovely robes, day and night gowns, flannels, etc., finest materials. Everything necessary for instant use. Lists free. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England. 9

BUSINESS CHANCES

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!—Send for free magazine, 1,200 bargains. Farm lands, business chances, any kind, anywhere. Our service free to buyers. Western Sales Agency, Minneapolis, Minn. 6

MANY CANADIAN GOVERNMENT JOBS are open to Canadian citizens. \$70 month. Vacations. Pleasant work. Rapid advance. Examinations everywhere during May. Sample questions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 177, Rochester, N.Y. 5

CASH—If you want to sell your real estate or business or other property, any kind anywhere quickly for cash write us. We bring buyers and sellers together regardless of distance. Buyers located free. Established 1893. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn. 6

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My special offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the Real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 471, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. 10

MISCELLANEOUS

BROTHER—Accidentally discovered root; cures both tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. P. M. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. 5

WANTED—Salesman to sell Dirk's Red Mite Killer to general stores, druggists, and grocers. Also agents for same in every town and village. Marshall & Marshall, Niagara Falls, Canada. T.F.

SONG POEMS WANTED for publication. Experience unnecessary. Send us your verses or melodies to-day or write for instructive booklet—it's free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 67, Washington, D.C. T.F.

DR. JANET E. FERGUSON, 290 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Free consultation regarding your ailment. Correspondence invited. Nervous diseases, Gout, Rheumatism, Infantile Paralysis successfully treated. T.F.

BROADENAXE HAIR FOOD

Grows hair like magic. Will not dye but nourishes the color glands to natural action. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price \$1.00, postpaid. Broadenaxe Co., 29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg. (Mrs. M. Ferguson.) Established 9 years. T.F.

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. C. C. Buckingham, Houston, Texas. 5

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. H. L. Downing, 109 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 6

PONIES

SHETLAND PONIES—Write for particulars. J. Marples, Hartney, Manitoba. 5

POULTRY AND EGGS FOR SALE

HATCH Rhode Island Reds for winter layers. Settings \$3.00. W. A. Chant, High Park Avenue, Toronto. 6

HIGH CLASS ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS—Eggs from beauties, \$2.00 per 15. John Duff, Mekiwin, Man. 5

PRIZE-WINNING WHITE ROCKS—Eggs \$2.00 per 15. Reduction on larger orders. A. Gayton, Manitou, Man. 6

EXPRESS PAID—Barred Rocks, laying strain. Eggs \$2.00 per setting, delivered free. Balmossie Farms, Hafford, Saskatchewan. 8

WHITE WYANDOTTES—Stock or eggs, prize winners, hardy and vigorous, heavy layers. War prices. H. Rundle, Brighton, Ont. 7

AMERICAN FAWN and White Indian Runner duck eggs, \$1.25 for eleven. Reduction on larger numbers. W. D. Sutton and Sons, Canfield, Ontario. 5

WHITE ORPINGTON SPECIALIST—I breed winners and start beginners. 4 pullets and cockerel, \$15.00. Eggs, \$3.00 per 15. C. Schelter, Fonthill, Ont. 5

EGGS—From record egg-producing stock. White Wyandottes, Single Comb White Leghorns. Settings \$1.50. Free delivery. Mrs. Howell, Langenburg, Sask. 7

WINNERS AT EGG LAYING CONTEST—Write to-day for mating list beautifully illustrated with photos from life. It is free. L. R. Guild, Box 16, Rockwood, Ont. 5

ALBERT MIDDLETON, Keystown, Sask. Breeder of S. C. White Leghorns. Bred to lay strain. Eggs for hatching, any quantity. Also a few choice cockerels. Prices reasonable. 5

BABY CHICKS—From Guild's famous laying strain of Barred Rocks, egg record 200, lay when five months old. Chicks 20c. each, eggs \$1.50 per 15. Clinton Poultry Yards, Clinton, Ont. 6

PARTRIDGE ROCKS—Partridge Wyandottes, White Orpingtons, White Langshins, White Rocks, Buff Rocks, Black Minorcas. Eggs, grand pens, three dollars fifteen. Frank Webber, Guelph, Ont. 7

ALBINO POULTRY FARM—Pure-bred White Wyandottes. Always prize winners at local fairs. Eggs from mature stock, \$1.50 per 15; \$6.00 per 100. Miss Ruth Lloyd, Morden, Man. 5

EGGS FOR HATCHING—Silver Campines. London winners. Silver Wyandottes, laying strain. Indian Runner ducks, heavy layers. Prices reasonable. Dr. McArthur, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. 5

PAKENHAM'S SILVER CAMPINES won at Ontario Winter Fair (Canada's greatest show). Eggs at reasonable prices. Write for circular. W. E. Pakenham, Box 10, Norwood, Ontario. 6

PURE-BRED BARRED ROCKS—My Rock hens made an average of 149 eggs each during 1914. Fine dark well Barred cockerels from this choice laying strain only \$2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. William La Chapelle, McTaggart, Sask. 5

BABY CHICKS, DUCKLINGS and hatching eggs; poultry and fruits form paying combination. Strawberry plants, 100, 70 cents; 1,000, \$5; currants, 10 cents; gooseberries, 15 cents; raspberries, 5 cents; rhubarb, 10 cents. Fruit trees, perennial flowers, roses, dahlias, pansies, etc. Carriage prepaid. Catalogue free. Chas. Provan, Langley Fort, near Vancouver, B.C. 10

REGAL WHITE WYANDOTTES—America's finest, champions at New York State Fair for ten years; 100 fine, vigorous, well matured cockerels, \$2, \$3 and \$5 each; hens and pullets \$2 and \$3 each; eggs for hatching from record laying, prize winning pens, \$3 and \$5 per setting; send one dime for Regal White Wyandotte Book telling all about White Wyandottes; catalogue and mating list free. John S. Martin, Box 146 R, Port Dover, Ont. 8

The Philosopher

A CANADIAN COMMANDER

In accepting the command of the second Canadian contingent, Major-General Steele, from his bed in the Toronto General Hospital, where he was recovering from the injury he suffered when thrown from his horse, declared that within a week he would be physically fit and ready to leave for the front at a moment's notice. This is eminently characteristic of the man, who on the Western plains as on the South African veldt has proved himself every inch a soldier and a ready, courageous and able leader of men. The Canadian people are proud of him as a native Canadian, and confident that as the commander of the second Canadian contingent in the Great War he will acquit himself with distinction, as before, and like every other man in the contingent, prove himself of true mettle.

ACROSS THE YEARS

In these weeks of the year a middle-aged man's fancies are apt to stray back occasionally to his boyhood days. Strange that in this season more than any other such recollections should stir. It must be because spring was the time when as a boy he felt most alive. Who cannot recall days in the month of May, when the call of the wild to the youthful mind made school work a heavy task pursued under stress of mind and amidst many difficulties? What is it that makes a man's mind suddenly leap backward across the years to such a day, and make him feel himself a boy again, remembering vividly that when school was out and he investigated his pocket, a white alley was missing. After a second search, he had recourse to one of boyhood's means of locating it. You took off your hat, and put it on the ground, spat in your left palm, and struck it swiftly with the right index finger; and watching it splutter, you walked with untroubled faith in the direction plainly indicated. And what if this magic did not lead to the immediate recovery of the lost alley? Something else more important claimed your attention, some other piece of boyhood's occult lore, such as one of the innumerable infallible ways of curing warts. How a wandering breath of springtime will bring back such things—Saturday holidays from school, and boyhood duties and pleasures!

"HELP TO END THE WAR"

A full-page advertisement is appearing in most of the newspapers of the United States, calling upon the American people to "Help to End the War." It is signed by hundreds of people with German names, who appeal "the American people, industries and workmen not to manufacture, sell or ship powder, shrapnel or shot of any kind or description to any of the warring nations." Or as the New York World says:

"In order to 'Help End the War,' American manufacturers should not sell ammunition to the Belgians who are fighting to recover their country from a foreign foe that ravished the nation it had sworn to protect. In order to 'Help End the War,' American manufacturers should not sell rifles and cartridges to the French people who are fighting to drive an invader from their soil."

Moreover, Germany in the past has been the greatest of traffickers in munitions of war. The gigantic Krupp armament plants have enabled Germany to lead the world in that business. German manufacturers equipped the Turkish army with guns and ammunition in the Balkan War. The German diplomacy, the arguments of the German professors in attempted justification of German methods, and the pro-German contentions and "appeals" of German-Americans are all of a piece. They will stand in history as breaking all records for their idiosyncrasies. They are grossly, contrary not only to the considerations of ordinary honor, but to the plain logic of fact.

A FORESEEING FRENCHWOMAN

There was printed recently in the London Times a letter written in September 1871, after Germany had so crushingly overwhelmed France, by the famous French literary woman, George Sand, which bears testimony to her penetration and foresight. In the light of present events it deserves attention:

"The time is soon coming when we shall have as much cause to pity the German people for their victory as ourselves for our defeat. The German triumph is for Germany the first act of her moral dissolution. The tragedy of her fall has begun, and as she works at it with her own hands it will proceed apace. All these great material organizations which defy right, justice and the sense of humanity are so many idols of clay. It is our duty and our interest to realize this. It is the truth. But the moral downfall of Germany is not the future salvation of France, and if we are fated to do to her what she has done to us, her ruin will not restore us to our life. It is not in blood that races can renew their youth. Streams of life may yet come from the corpse of France; the corpse of Germany will be a plague centre for all Europe. There is no resurrection for a nation which has lost sight of the human ideal."

This prophetic utterance forty-three years ago by a Frenchwoman of genius says all that there is to be said philosophically of the result of the German conquest of France in 1871, and its reaction upon Germany. Out of that German success and the prodigious tribute imposed on vanquished France has

grown the German war machine and the German idolatry of force and the German use of the methods of the wolf and the tiger, as evidenced in the treatment of Belgium. As George Sand prophesied, Germany has lost sight of the human ideal. The German system thinks nothing of standing an innocent civilian up against a wall and shooting him, or of torpedoing a neutral merchant ship and drowning innocent men, women and children. A cat catches and kills a bird in the same spirit. The German Emperor spoke in that same spirit when he instructed the German troops he was sending to China that they must make themselves terrible as the Huns of Attila made themselves terrible. No nation in all history has ever stood in need of such a dire lesson as Germany must now be given, without losing sight of the human ideal. It is plain now that a main object of the present war is the levying of such huge ransoms on conquered nations as would wipe out Germany's crushing load of debt due to the costliness of the German military system. Civilization must be guarded against any such resort in the future by any nation to the methods of the wolf and the tiger. The human ideal must be made secure.

A WESTERN SUBJECT

Though mechanical contrivances have displaced draught animals in this war to an extent undreamed of a generation ago, the horse still holds an important place in military operations and shares in the perils and the suffering of the campaigning. Will the horse become extinct in the future, before the advance of mechanism? The question used frequently to be asked in the early years of the automobile. Undoubtedly the horse will be more and more displaced, and will tend to disappear from the streets of cities—which no true lover of the horse will regret. But that the horse will driven to extinction by mechanism driven by gasoline, or electricity or any other force is surely unthinkable to anyone who has ever felt the wonder of those quivering muscles straining at the girths. What is a thing of bolts and levers, compared to a thing of flesh and blood? The motor has its advantages, but it has its failings, too, and they are abominations. The horse's virtues are like human virtues and its failings are like human failings. When he is a horse of sterling worth of character, and runs true to his kind, what else in the world can compare with him? He will have a neigh of recognition for you; he will rub his nose against yours with a whinny of delight. There are mean and cunning horses as there are mean and cunning human beings; and among horses as among humans, there are shirkers. But those are not the qualities that the horse brings to mind. Courage, strength, speed, affection, beauty—these are what the horse stands for. Undoubtedly there will be wonderful further developments of gasoline and electricity. But the time will never come when the saying of Lord Herbert of Cherbury will not stand true, that "there is no finer sight than a fine man on a fine horse." Certainly that saying will never cease to be true in the West.

SEEING THE WORLD IN A FALSE LIGHT

Whatever the German autocrat may say, however loudly he may continue to make use of the name of God, he stands pilloried by the neutral opinion of the world as the responsible author of the war, and branded with the mark of Cain. Infatuated as the Kaiser is with the hallucination that he rules by Divine right and has been entrusted with the Divine commission to bring Europe and the world at large under German domination, he may have convinced himself that he could not have averted the war. Delusions of this character are not uncommon in persons who are the victims of an obsession in regard to their place in the providential order of the universe. In the Hospitals for the Insane at Selkirk and at Brandon, as in every other such institution in the world, there are cases which are of this class. Wilhelm differs from the others in being an autocratic Emperor in actual fact. Such an autocrat, crazed with the delusion that he is God's viceroy on earth, believes, of course, that whatever he does must be right, and that all blame and guilt must rest on others. He blames not himself for the war, but the nations that instead of looking to him as their Divinely appointed master, and submitting to him, undertook to fight in defence of their rights and liberties and the cause of freedom and justice in the world against despotic military force. That the German Emperor and the men of the ruling caste in Germany planned to destroy the rights and liberties of neighboring nations and to make Germany dominant in the world, is known to every intelligent person in the world. Proof of it has been piled upon proof of it since the war began. Nor can there be any enduring peace, or any hope of peace unless and until the German Emperor and the ruling German caste and the mass of the German people, whom he and the ruling caste have inoculated with the madness of the doctrine that might can make right have been forced to see this world and human life in the true light.

THE IRONY OF DESTINY

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand, of Austria, whose assassination by a Servian student was made the occasion of bringing on the Great War, would have opposed with his utmost determination, had he been alive, the German design of precipitating the conflict of the nations. There can be no possibility of question in regard to that. For the whole purpose of his policy, the work to which he devoted his life, was the consolidation and unifying of Austria-Hungary, so that when he should succeed his father, the Emperor Francis Joseph, his Empire would be strong enough to hold its own against Germany, the ally he feared. He had already proved himself a man of extraordinary force of character and ability, and made himself the dominating personality in the Imperial Government at Vienna. The object he kept constantly before him was the transforming of the Slavs in Austria-Hungary into ardent upholders of the Empire. Not until he had welded the Empire into union and strength would he have been a consenting party to a war. His assassination not only furnished the Berlin plotters of the war with precisely such a starting point as they wanted for their machinations, but it removed an important and powerful personality whose opposition to their design would have been a formidable obstacle in their way.

AS ONE ENGLISHMAN PUTS IT

It would not be easy to give in briefer form the reasons why the British Empire is at war than they are given in a letter which the Philosopher has received from a friend in England. "The first and most obvious reason is that we were bound in honor to defend the neutrality of Belgium. The second is that we could not afford to let France again be overthrown by Germany. These two reasons, the first of honor, the second of self-interest, are both sound and sufficient, and each might have a large book written to express it fully and adequately. And there was a third reason, and it is the one which was at first most frequently given in conversation—that, if we had not gone in, we could never have looked a Frenchman in the face again. To the average Englishman, like myself, this was, and is, overwhelmingly cogent. Sir Edward Grey expressed it when he said in the House that Germany's proposal that we should stand by while France was conquered, was 'an infamous proposal.' There was never an utterance more wildly cheered in the whole history of the House of Commons than Sir Edward Grey's statement of how that 'infamous proposal' was rejected." At first glance, it may be thought that the three reasons set forth in this extract from a letter from England do not cover the whole matter. But if you will think them over, and consider all that they imply, you will agree that they make an entirely adequate statement. They include the whole case for freedom and justice against brutal force.

THE KULTURAL POINT OF VIEW

The official biography of Bismarck written by his secretary, Dr. Moritz Busch, has been quoted from on this page more than once since the war began. It is an enlightening book. As the war has advanced, the Philosopher has found it throw more and more illumination on Kultur. There should be widespread dissemination given to the light which Bismarck's declarations during the siege of Paris throws upon the present German declarations that the blockade of Germany by the British sea power is a barbarous outrage on civilization justifying the sinking of neutral ships by German submarines, and the drowning of non-combatants, including women and children. The Germans in 1871 starved Paris into surrender; but it was repeatedly declared from Berlin after the beginning of the present war that the German Empire could provide its own food supplies from within its own borders. In January, 1871, when the besieged Parisians were reduced to eating rats, Bismarck said they should have a day's supply of food sent in to them, and told that they must accept the terms laid down by him or starve. These are his words, as recorded by Dr. Busch:

"If the Parisians first received a supply of provisions, and then were once more obliged to starve, that ought, I think, to work. It is like flogging. When it is administered continuously, it is not felt so much. But when it is suspended for a time and another dose inflicted, then it hurts." and here is an entry from Busch's diary, January 28, 1871:

"They have been on very short commons in Paris for some time past, and the death rate last week amounted to about 5,000. The mortality was especially heavy among the children up to two years old, and coffins were to be seen in all directions."

One of the fundamental doctrines of Kultur is that it is uncivilized for other nations to put into operation against Germany methods of warfare which are unquestionably legitimate, and which Germany has used itself. If Germany were able to shut off food supplies from the British Isles, that is the first thing Germany would have done. The German atrocities in Belgium are, in the light of Kultur, entirely right and proper, but that any nation should even think of blockading Germany is, when viewed by that same strange light, a crime against high Heaven.

One Touch of Nature

(Continued from Page 35)

David and Martha understood each other so well that the question of adoption was never mentioned between them.

The touch of the Barton baby, however, had recalled the first thrill of feeling that had been aroused by the sight of Jack in David's arms, and Martha's heart was very softened as she took the key from under the door mat and let herself into the sunny, well-kept kitchen.

As she prepared David's lunch, she kept unconsciously humming to herself the song she had heard Joe Barton sing: "Rock-a-bye, baby, upon the tree top."

Her thoughts were so far away that she was quite startled when David entered a little later, saying, as he laid a parcel on the table: "There, Martha, I stopped at the Jenkin's sale and brought you home a picture."

Martha undid the wrappings, and revealed the picture of a little child fresh from his bath, the tint of health in his cheeks, the damp hair in curly disorder over his head; his body round and dimpled. But it was the expression of the eyes which arrested her attention. They held a trusting demand for love rather than an uncertain plea for it.

"Why, Davy, he looks like Jack. We'll hang him in our bedroom," she said.

David sighed contentedly. Somehow he felt that he did not wish others to look or comment upon the picture and he was well-pleased to know that Martha shared this feeling.

As the days slipped by, Martha found herself gazing at the picture frequently. The little child seemed to have become a real presence in the home. She found herself longing to cuddle the little fellow, to dress him and to sit him on a rug in the kitchen to play in the sunshine.

Always, when she looked at the picture, she thought of Jack, and she wondered how he was thriving in the rather dark rooms in his city home. "Children," she commented to herself, "are like geraniums."

A few days later, she announced to David that she had some shopping to do

in the city, and would take Jack's monthly allowance in with her. The truth was, she wished to see the little fellow, who seemed to have become specially her own in the last two weeks.

She found Jack getting his breakfast and soon established herself in his favor. He seemed to feel by a child's true intuition, that the childless heart yearned for him. He basked in the baptism of love that the long-starved heart showered upon him.

* * * * *

The day had been a lonely one to David. He and Martha had become very dependent on one another. He glanced up at the clock many times before tired Nature had her way and he sank into sleep. When he awoke, it was to find a child in his arms and a sleepy head on his shoulder, while Martha whispered the only explanation he ever received: "I've brought our baby home."

Swan Lake H.E.S.

The February meeting of the H.E.S. was held on Saturday, 27th ult. Mrs. Gardner again kindly acted as secretary during the absence of Mrs. Hartwell. The president opened the meeting by showing the members the Certificate of Registration which had been received from the Agricultural College, and which it was decided to have framed.

The subject of the programme was "Delegates Report" of the H.E.S. Convention in Winnipeg. Mrs. Gordon gave her impressions first, and spoke of the reception given to the delegates at the Agricultural College, touched on the friction which has existed for some time between those who are in authority and those who think they ought to be and which was much less noticeable this year, and of the nomination of an Advisory Board containing three presidents of societies:—Mrs. Speechly of Pilot Mound, Mrs. Cooper of Minnedosa and Mrs. Hunt of Benito, through whom local branches can send protests and suggestions and of which Professor Black still remains head.

Mrs. Moore gave a very interesting

paper which cleverly skimmed the cream from the most important speeches given and which was brightened by amusing personal notes and comments. It is impossible, in the small space at our command, to give more than a resume of the most important points made. The convention passed the following resolutions to be presented to the School Trustees' Convention: That, whereas the physical welfare of the children in the schools has an important relation to their mental development, this society is desirous of putting itself on record as urging the extension of medical inspection in schools throughout the province.

Also resolved that this society places itself on record as being in favor of increased attention being given to the teaching of agriculture and domestic science in the schools.

Miss Yeman of the Souris school spoke of the good influence the country H.E. Societies can have on the schools, and of the many ways the two bodies could work together for the good of the children, the parents, the teachers, and the community at large. As matters are at present, the teachers have too much responsibility in the small towns; they are made responsible for the mental, moral and spiritual welfare of their pupils, whereas the parents should certainly be responsible in the last two instances. A mother's influence should be much stronger than it is, and a great deal of good would be done if parents would take more interest in the schools where their children attend and in the teachers who have the guidance of the growing child just at that period of its life when it is most readily influenced for good or evil.

Mrs. Broadhurst of Winnipeg insisted on the importance of a well balanced meal and proved that the food for the body should be as carefully and scientifically prepared as that for the brain.

Mr. Newton also spoke emphatically on the value of good meals, and said that he hoped before long to see every school in the province equipped with a rural

THE BEST LINIMENT

OR PAIN KILLER FOR THE HUMAN BODY

Gombault's
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IT HAS NO EQUAL

For the Human Body
—It is penetrating, soothing and healing, and for all Old Sores, Bruises, or Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Boils, Corns and Bunions. CAUSTIC BALSAM has no equal as a Liniment.

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NERVES WERE BAD

Hands Would Tremble So She Could Not Hold Paper to Read.

When the nerves become shaky the whole system seems to become unstrung and a general feeling of collapse occurs, as the heart works in sympathy with the nerves.

Mrs. Wm. Weaver, Shallow Lake, Ont., writes: "I doctored for a year, for my heart and nerves, with three different doctors, but they did not seem to know what was the matter with me. My nerves got so bad at last that I could not hold a paper in my hands to read, the way they trembled. I gave up doctoring thinking I could not get better. A lady living a few doors from me advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so to please her I did, and I am thankful to-day for doing so, for I am strong, and doing my own work without help."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25; at all druggists or dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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kitchen, so that the country children could prepare themselves a good hot meal in the middle of the day, instead of having to depend on the sandwiches and cold lunches which were all they could bring with them.

Miss Mary Ard McKenzie, head of the Victorian Order of Nurses throughout Canada, spoke of the nursing problem in the prairie homes and of the sore need of the country mothers for trained help at a moderate fee, and also spoke of her hope that before very long a chain of nurses would stretch right across Canada, their stations being within such distances of each other that all who needed their help could avail themselves of it.

Mr. Putman, president of the H.E. Societies of Ontario, gave an outline of what they were doing and acknowledged that the Manitoba societies were ahead

of the sister province; he pointed out how all important the women of the country places are, and how self-reliant they must necessarily be. Mr. Putman also advocated manual training at the schools so that both boys and girls would have a trade to turn to, when school-days were over.

Miss Crawford, who is very interested in the formation of boys' and girls' clubs in the country districts, spoke of the success which had followed their organization in several places.

A very hearty vote of thanks was offered to Mrs. Moore, whose paper showed that her duties as delegate were taken con amore, and whose careful gleanings of every hint that could be helpful to our members should result in a plentiful harvest of good and advancement to ourselves and the community during the coming months.

The Nation's Call for Physical Fitness

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Allan Campbell

A noted Bishop said, "War its thousands slays but peace its thousands ten." The carnage of the present stupendous conflict is sickening to contemplate but just as sickening is the horror wrought by tuberculosis and other diseases which it is our duty, each and all, to do our part in combating. There never was a greater need for healthy men and women in this empire than there is to-day, the genius of brains has given us the foremost position in the world, and to-day we are relying on men who are a well balanced combination of genius and physical fitness, to prevent these much coveted laurels from being snatched from us. History shows us how soon a nation collapses when physical education becomes a minor consideration, and we can all pay our small share to this, both war and peace tax, for war is ever with us in the shape of disease which lurks in the foul air which is far too common in our living rooms and bedrooms. Let us uphold the policy of the "open door" (and window) and help to drive out the invader whose vast columns are invisible but whose deadliness cannot be equalled by bullet or sword. By giving ourselves an exercise time per day, (chores and splitting wood do not figure as the best of exercises in spite of what the common opinion may be) at some simple gymnastics at which we can put our whole mind even for a few minutes per day and the profits will show it as a pretty sound investment. The question is, can we go on living an artificial existence and retain the

physical ability to protect our hearths and homes in time of danger? No, we assuredly cannot, as the present war has shown that intelligent arbitration which has done such splendid work prior to this present war was lost on our foe whose mental plane appears to be as brutal as that of a vivisection.

When we have quite recovered from the shock of civilized and cultured nations going to war in this intellectual era, we will see that it is still as imperative to train our men and women to the grace and athletic beauty of the ancient Greeks, then, if war ceases to be, this training will be just as valuable to us in the great war against disease.

It is very evident that which ever way we look at the question, the answer is, physical neglect is national suicide, for a puny bodied nation, however brainy, is ever in danger of invasion by a superior nation or of decimation from disease. We certainly do not intend to force ourselves into a state of conscription for physical training, for the healthy benefits must come from within, and cannot be rubbed in from without, like an embrocation.

The first step is to work up an ambition for a better state of physical development. This is the hardest wrench of all to those who have got to the arm chair, pipe and carpet slippers state of existence, and which is equivalent to following the line of the least resistance. The tired business and professional man is tired because

his nerves are exhausted while his muscular system is crying out for more exercise. By trying a little antidote in the shape of some simple stretching and bending exercises for a few minutes before retiring for the night, he will find that his nerves will gradually be lulled by the counteracting influence of his awakened muscles, providing of course that the new treatment is taken on gradually. Out of doors we have the natural brain and body builders in the shape of fresh air and sunshine, though, in the course of the advance of civilization we have been forced into offices and workshops, sufficing to exist on a minimum amount of these valuable health preservatives. There is lots of hope though, for one and all, for in spite of our artificial existence, our physical culture experts, though drawing their raw material from the unpromising environments of office and workshop, can and do successfully turn them into giants of strength and millionaires of health. Let us cease our vain regrets about physical deterioration for the splendid physique of our gallant men now fighting in the cause of liberty, is the result of physical training, and not only the selection of the more fit, but the remodeling of the less fit.

An interesting announcement in this issue of The Western Home Monthly is that of **POWDRPAINT**, which is intended for barns and guaranteed to preserve wood, last for years and is fire-proof, with the additional advantage that it can be mixed and applied by anyone by the simple addition of water.

The Home Comfort Co. of 323 Garry St. are agents for the distribution of this Paint, and they will have pleasure in supplying full information to anyone interested in painting operations throughout the country.



The 27th Battalion of Winnipeg, 1,200 strong, now quartered at the Old Agricultural College, being presented with the City of Winnipeg Badges at the City Hall by his worship Mayor Waugh. The Battalion has been mobilized for almost six months now, is efficient and is expected to be soon removed to the scene of activities in France.

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No. 9

No. 12

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F3	Hog and Sheep Fence	8 wire 30-in. high, stays 12-in. apart	3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6	6½ lbs.	22c.
F3D	Hog and Sheep Fence	8 wire 30-in. high, stays 6-in. apart	3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6	8½ lbs.	28c.
F3B	Special Hog and Sheep Fence	9 wire 36-in. high, stays 12-in. apart	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 7	7¼ lbs.	26c.
F4	Stock Fence	9 wire 42-in. high, stays 13-in. apart	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9	7½ lbs.	26½c.
F5	Stock Fence	10 wire 50-in. high, stays 13-in. apart	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 8, 9	10 lbs.	28c.

"EMPIRE" EXTRA HEAVY FENCE. Made of all No. 9 wire throughout.

No. 2

Actual size of wire used in
Empire Extra Heavy Fence

Cat. No.		Style	Space between line wires	Weight per rod	Sale price per rod
F6	Field Fence	4 wire 33-in. high, stays 22-in. apart	10, 11, 12	5½ lbs.	17c.
F7	Field Fence	5 wire 40-in. high, stays 22-in. apart	9, 10, 11	7 lbs.	20c.
F7A	Field Fence	6 wire 40-in. high, stays 22-in. apart	6, 6, 8, 10, 10	8 lbs.	24c.
F8	Field Fence	7 wire 48-in. high, stays 22-in. apart	6, 6, 8, 8, 10, 10	9¼ lbs.	28c.
F9	Stock Fence	10 wire 50-in. high, stays 16-in. apart	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 8, 9	13 lbs.	39c.
F9A	Sheep and Hog Fence	7 wire 26-in. high, stays 13-in. apart	3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6	11 lbs.	31c.
FX9O	Stock Fence	9 wire 42-in. high, stays 22-in. apart	3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9	12 lbs.	35c.

"EMPIRE" HEAVY SPECIAL HOG, STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE. No. 9 Top and Bottom, No. 12 intermediate and line wire.

Cat. No. F10—50 in. high, 15 line wires, stays 8 in. apart, spacing 2, 2, 2, 2, 3, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 5, 6, 7, weight 13 lbs. Price per rod. . . . **42c.**

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Price.....	\$2.00	\$3.50	\$3.75	\$4.00	\$4.50	\$4.75

"Empire" Fence Stretcher, \$6.50. Brace Wire No. 9, per coil of 25 lbs. \$1.00. Fence Staples, 4c. per lb.

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A Kitchen Romance

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

Sadie Preston was adding up accounts. No attractive occupation on a brilliant June day, when flowers and waving trees and bird music called one insistently to come away from bricks and mortar out into the summer world.

Pounds, shillings and pence, addition and subtraction, and the odious task of trying to make one shilling go as far as four, seemed doubly sordid and detestable. But the thing had to be done.

But for Sadie no accounts would have been kept in that delightful household, presided over by young Mrs. Finch, who had inherited from her Irish forbears a pleasant happy-go-lucky temperament, and whose favorite argument was, "When the money is gone, what is the use of writing down sums about it?"

But Sadie, who was burdened with a troublesome conscience, insisted that accounts must be kept.

She lived with the Finches in the dual capacity of secretary to Finch, who was a writer of some growing popularity, and companion to his wife, while he was away on long foreign exploration tours connected with his work.

It was a pleasant household, and Sadie had often congratulated herself on having secured such a good post.

She had a delightful home in the rambling old house. She had a certain amount of liberty, and the chance now and then of meeting interesting folk. And she was very fond of Biddy, with her Irish loveliness of face and voice, and her harum-scarum outlook on life.

Of course, Sadie ought to have had a home of her own to manage—Biddy always said that. And Sadie in her inmost heart echoed the thought.

A home of her own! Such an alluring picture was conjured up by the words before the lonely girl's eyes. For she was lonely—singularly bereft of relatives.

But somehow marriage had never come her way. Only once had she met a man who had power to move her to deeper feeling than mere casual friendship, and he—went away. She never knew quite why. He wrote once, she replied; there ensued after that—silence.

And five years had slipped away into the past since then. It was a mere episode in her life; nothing to dream about, and yet, she did sometimes think of old times. She frowned over her task.

This would never do. Biddy's personal expenditure was larger than her allowance. She must pull in. Poor Biddy! It was hard to tell her that, harder, perhaps, to make her realize the gravity of things; when there was money in her purse she spent it. It was quite simple.

There was to be a dinner party that night, a sprinkling of celebrities and some old friends, a celebration of a birthday anniversary.

Sadie had been busy doing flowers and other little household matters, while Biddy hung in ecstasy over a new frock of shell-pink satin, a frock that exactly matched her rose-leaf complexion. It was to be a party of twelve, and Sadie had begged off appearing—they could not sit down thirteen to dinner. She reminded them of this, that ended the argument, and Sadie got her way. She usually did with Biddy.

A faint smile flickered in the girl's dark eyes as she added up that last column of figures. If Biddy—

The door flew open and the subject of her thoughts came in with a rush, an open letter in her hand.

"Sadie!"

"Well?"

"You must dine to-night, otherwise we shall be thirteen."

"Why, has someone failed you?"

"No, but Mr. Henderson asks if he may bring a friend, a celebrity of some kind. I can't make out his name, because George Henderson's writing is atrocious. Can you make it out?"

Sadie took the letter and looked at the scribbled contents.

"It begins with a P," she said doubtfully, "or it might be an R. I can't get any further than that."

"It's a bother, but I don't like to refuse to have him, he might be useful to Jack. Sadie, you'll have to go in to dinner with the unknown. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not, dear, but I think it distinctly unfair to the unknown celebrity to send him in with a nobody."

"Nonsense! As if anyone could call you a nobody. In your grey frock with your lovely amethysts you look like a queen."

"You absurd creature! Cinderella would be a much more suitable name!"

Biddy flew away, a light, graceful creature, all fire and animation, with the true Celtic temperament—up in the clouds one day, down in the depths the next. It was Sadie who managed to keep things on a solid basis, calmed her in one moment, raised her spirits in another. They could not do without Sadie, they both said.

And she found plenty to occupy her, even when the accounts were done with and put away in the bureau in the delightful untidy room sacred to Biddy's personal affairs.

It looked out on a wide stretch of lawn, backed by a shrubbery, beyond which rose undulating meadowland and belts of firs. Biddy always tried to conjure up a line of frowning purple mountains beyond

the realisation that she had by no means lost her looks, though thirty years lay behind her. Not that good looks had been much use to her. But all the same—

She was disturbed in her thoughts by the door flying open to admit a distracted figure in shell-pink satin. It clothed Biddy's lithe figure like the sheath of a flower; out of it rose her snowy neck and shoulders. A wild rose flush was in her soft cheeks, her eyes shone like stars.

"Sadie, what shall I do? Anastasia is going; dinner ought to be served in a quarter of an hour, and Mary has hysterics in the pantry!"

"Biddy!"

"Anastasia can't help it; she's had a telegram to say her mother is dying. She can just catch the mail to Fishguard if she goes immediately. Mary does nothing but cry and apostrophise the saints; and though she'll do her best, she can't dish up dinner and wait at table as well. What's to be done? I so particularly wanted this dinner to be a success, because Sir Gregory Hazel is interested in Jack's last exploring expedition, and may be such a help to him in the future. Suggest something, Sadie, or I shall go mad!"

The two girls looked at one another for a moment in silence; then Sadie laughed,

She heard Mary hurrying to the front door as the bell pealed loudly through the house. The kitchen clock struck eight.

Biddy cast an anxious glance at the clock.

The guests had all assembled, the thirteenth proving to be an interesting-looking man with a pleasant, tanned face, and the look of one who had spent his days out of doors.

Penrose, so Henderson told her, had just come back from Canada—but not to stay; he would return in a month or two. He had done great work out there, establishing a colony from his property in Cornwall, founding a new country for the working man, and working with them himself as hard as anyone. More than that, he was writing a book on the subject which would prove of great value to the prospective emigrant.

"They do their own work out there," Henderson told her—"domestic and everything else."

"Oh, what a solution!" said Biddy, with another distracted glance at the clock.

"Look here, what is wrong?" said Henderson's voice in her ear.

"Nothing much, only my cook has had to go off at a moment's notice to her home in Ireland, and that accounts for



A portion of Dr. Grenfell's Reindeer Herd at St. Anthony, Newfoundland

that again—her beloved Connemara mountains, behind which she had lived for so long, far from the outer world.

Lilacs drenched the air with their clean scent, laburnums shed a rain of gold over path and lawn. Sadie got up with a sigh. There was no time for dawdling, for in that household there were many things to be seen to on the rare occasions of dinner parties to supplement the efforts of the two willing maids, both of them imported from Biddy's distant Irish home, and both sincerely attached to their young mistress.

Her husband often twitted her with her reasons for engaging the cook, a good-looking girl with the delicious name of Anastasia.

"She has such heavenly eyes," Biddy had sighed.

"My dear, one doesn't engage a cook on account of her heavenly eyes! The one question is—can she cook?"

"Of course she can! Irish people cook potatoes better than anyone in the world!" Biddy had flung at him.

"And we are to live on potatoes as cooked by the fair Anastasia?"

"Of course not, goose! There are other things."

There were. Anastasia of the heavenly eyes cooked really well, and Biddy always spoke of her with conscious triumph, as an example of her immense capability in the matter of engaging servants.

Sadie, gowned in grey, a string of amethysts round her creamy throat, a twist of tulle in the same shade in her bright bronze hair, looked at herself in the glass, and felt a natural pleasure in

and flung her gloves and fan on to the dressing-table.

"It's all right, Biddy; trust to me to manage things."

"But how—how?"

"I'll dish up. Mary will be all right once she realizes somebody is there to direct her. I'll go down. And for once you must dine thirteen! It can't be helped."

"But, Sadie—"

The words fell on empty space. Sadie had gone.

Down she flew to the kitchen, pausing a moment to look in at the pantry, where Mary was wiping her eyes.

"Mary! Come along; I'm going to dish up the dinner. I know all about it. Give me one of Anastasia's aprons. Everything is ready, I suppose?"

"Yes, miss—barrin' a sauce for the pudding."

"All right; I'll do that. I haven't learnt cooking for nothing. Hurry, Mary, and we'll show what we can do when we're put to it! Has Anastasia gone?"

"Yes, miss; she went in the cab that brought the master from the station. She'd just catch the train at Paddington, the master said."

"That's good. Now we'll get to work."

Sadie, her pretty grey fawn shielded by one of Anastasia's bright white aprons, hurried to the range where saucepans and pots were all set in array.

She peeped into each, looked at the list she herself had carefully written out of the courses, and set to work to make the sweet sauce.

the delay. Miss Preston is taking her place, and dishing up the dinner."

"Can't we help? Old Penrose is a top-hole cook, if that's any use to you."

"Oh, the dinner is cooked, practically, but—"

"Look here, Penrose, here is something quite in your line," Henderson chaffed. "The cook's gone—what about lending a hand, eh?"

"By all means."

"The lady you were to take in—isn't that right, Mrs. Finch?—is dishing up the dinner."

Penrose laughed. "It sounds serious. Mrs. Finch, please let me help the new cook. I assure you, I mean it."

Biddy looked at him hesitatingly.

"I don't like to let you; it's too bad, really, but—"

"Not another word. I shall enjoy it."

Just at that moment the door opened, and Mary announced:

"Dinner is served."

But Penrose disappeared, went down the hall, and through a swing door of green baize which looked as if it led to the kitchen departments.

A savoury smell floated to him from an open doorway. He passed through it into a spotless kitchen. At the centre table a girl was standing with a basin in one hand, while with the other she stirred and beat something very carefully.

She looked up. A cry escaped her lips. He was conscious of softly ruffled bronze hair, threaded with mauve; of a gleam of amethysts against a creamy throat; of eyes—startled, lovely, welcoming eyes!

An incredulous voice said: "You?" "Sadie!" he stammered. "Oh, don't make me spoil the sauce!" she cried, between laughter and something perilously near tears. "What do you want?" "To help you! I've come to lend a hand. Command me, please!"

Up went the soup, to be followed, in due course, by fish, beautifully and deftly served, with its accompaniments of fresh, hot lobster and a sharp sauce, by entrees and roast, by game, sweet, savoury and ice. It was a busy hour for Sadie—for Penrose, too, with his many willing journeys backwards and forwards with heavily-laden trays. But at last it came to an end.

Amateur cook and willing helper faced one another, flushed with the heat of the kitchen fire and the success of their endeavours, while dessert was set on the table in the dining-room, and Mary withdrew to her pantry and the washing of silver.

They were alone in the cheerful kitchen, with the remains of the feast before them. They spoke together.

"I'm starving!" Then they laughed—such happy laughter—as they sat down at a side table to the hot soup which Sadie, with forethought, had put by in a fireproof marmite in the oven.

"Starving! What good soup! We ought to drink the health of—what is the cook's name?" "Anastasia."

"Here's to Anastasia, then. This reminds me of the illicit feasts of my childhood—the devouring of dainties when they came out from the dining-room. Did you ever sit on the stairs and seize a passing meringue?"

Sadie laughed.

"Often. And how good they tasted."

"Stolen sweets are always the best. I say, they won't want us upstairs, will they?"

"They must do without us. There are things to be done—washing up, you know, putting away china. Our work

isn't done yet. But first we must eat our dinner. It was too bad that you should have been deprived of—"

"Of what?" The party in the dining-room? I'd much rather be here with you. I was to have taken you in to dinner, in any case; so it's all right, Sadie. What brings you here? We have leisure to talk now, and I must know all about it. I thought you were married."

His voice fell on the word. "Married? What made you think that?" she asked lightly.

"A letter told me so. Ransome—you remember him?—wrote and said that the pretty Miss Preston had married a fellow named Allanby. That was why I never wrote again."

"But it was my cousin Rosie—the pretty Miss Preston who married George Allanby," said Sadie.

"In my eyes the description applied only to you. I had to go away that time—five years ago now—to carry out some work my father entrusted to me in South Africa. It was while out there I heard of your supposed marriage."

"Yes, and since then? What have you been doing?" asked Sadie hastily, wishing the fire and other things would not make her cheeks burn to such a color, and feeling a tide of happiness rising about her as she sat there, with half-empty dishes before her, in the kitchen with Penrose.

"Many things. I've achieved a certain amount of fortune and some fame. I've made my home in Canada. It's a splendid country, Sadie—free, open, broad-minded—far from conventions and Mrs. Grundy—where a man is appreciated for what he is, not for what he makes. A country where a man may keep his individuality and self-respect—where he can live. And we do our own work. I assure you my bread is eatable, and I know exactly how to cook a joint."

"I am sure you do. And you are going back there?"

"Next month. But—there are some things I cannot do alone. One of the drawbacks to my home is its loneliness." "You have no neighbors?"

"Neighbors?" Yes. But no one of my own. The long winter evenings when the snow falls and one is tucked up by a log fire with a good book—oh, there are worse times and places. But a man longs for some one to talk to—some one with whom to exchange ideas, thoughts, hopes, even fears. And there is only one person who can do all that for me. Sadie, it is you I want. I never cared for anyone else. I've dreamed of you when I thought I ought to tear your image out of my heart. You are free. I want you to come back with me to Canada to help me."

Sadie drew a long breath. She could hear the cheerful murmuring singing of Mary in the pantry, the running of water as the silver was washed. From the dining-room came an occasional burst of voices, of laughter. And there was Penrose, his arm about her, who wanted her.

"Sadie, say something." Sadie turned her glowing face to him. "I should love to go to Canada," she breathed.

"Is that all, sweetheart. Just to go to Canada?"

"With you," she whispered.

"Sadie!" She was in his arms. They never heard or saw the entrance of Mary, her mouth open to ask a question. She gave them one glance and fled back to her pantry.

Biddy Finch entered like a whirlwind, flushed with triumph, for the dinner had been excellent—delightfully served, no delay or ominous pauses between the courses; the plates just at the right heat, the sauce for the hot pudding a veritable treat. What on earth would they have done without Sadie? And now—

"Sadie!" Biddy looked first at one, then at the other. There was something almost electric in the air, some happiness radiating from them both that made itself absolutely felt as well as seen.

It was Penrose who spoke. "Well, did we acquit ourselves well?" he asked.

"More than well; everything was perfect, but— but—"

Biddy broke off; seized Sadie's arm and shook it gently.

"Sadie, something has happened. What is it?"

"I will explain," said Penrose. "Sadie has promised to come out to Canada with me next month. That is all. We are old friends, you see. All this ought to have happened long ago only something went wrong. Now everything has come right, thanks to the lucky chance that brought me here to-night."

"You're going to take her away to Canada!" cried Biddy. "But what are we to do without her?"

Penrose laughed. "Hate me if you will, Mrs. Finch," he said, "but, believe me, I want my wife even more than you can want Sadie."

"Oh, Sadie darling, I'm so glad, and so sorry, both together. But you are to come up with me at once—both of you. Washing up? Nonsense! That can wait. We want you more than the plates and dishes do. Oh, how little one knows what is going to happen!"

"One never can tell," said Penrose, with twinkling eyes. "But of one thing I feel quite certain, Mrs. Finch, and that is, I've got the right wife for Canada."

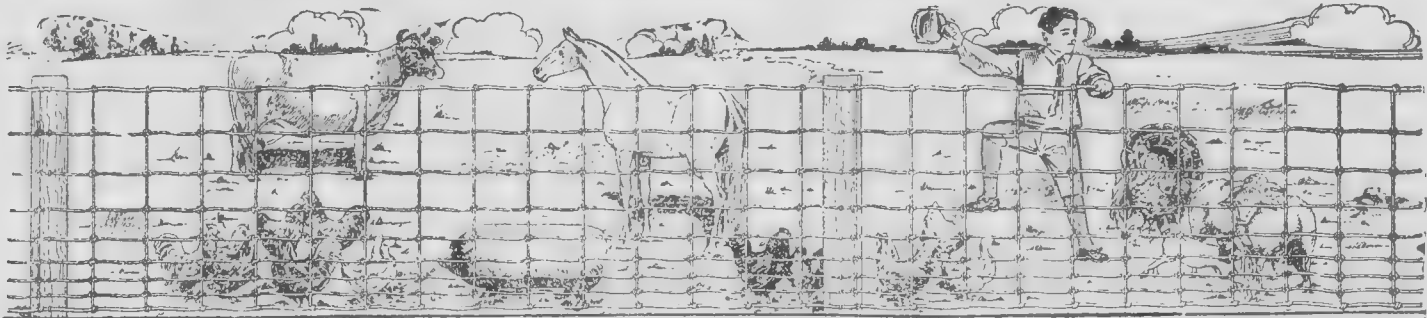
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All the dusty ranks of labor in the regiment of God
March together toward His triumph, do the task His hands prepare:
Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer.

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of Earth is toil.
—Henry van Dyke.

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H124 Hog Fence	7 wire, 26 ins. high, stays 6 ins. apart.	3,3,4,5,5,6	7 1/2 lbs.	25c	
H125 Hog and Sheep Fence	8 wire, 32 ins. high, stays 12 ins. apart.	3,3,4,5,5,6,6	7 1/2 lbs.	23c	
H126 Hog and Sheep Fence	8 wire, 32 ins. high, stays 6 ins. apart.	3,3,4,5,5,6,6	8 1/2 lbs.	28c	
H127 Western Special Sheep and Hog Fence	9 wire, 42 ins. high, stays 13 ins. apart.	5,5,5,5,6,6	7 1/2 lbs.	27c	
H128 Stock Fence	10 wire, 50 ins. high, stays 13 ins. apart.	3,3,3,4,5,7,8,8,9	10 lbs.	28c	
"HERCULES" HEAVY SPECIAL HOG, STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE. No. 9 Top and Bottom, No. 12 intermediate and line wire. Catalogue No. 1344. 50 ins. high, 15 line wires, stays 8 ins. apart, spacing 2, 2, 2, 2,				41c	
3, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 5, 6, 7, weight 13 lbs.					

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Cat.	Style	Space between line wires.	Weight per rod	Price per rod	
No. Put up in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls					
HH128 Field Fence	4 wire, 32 ins. high, stays 22 ins. apart.	10,11,12	5 1/2 lbs.	17c	
HH129 Field Fence	5 wire, 40 ins. high, stays 22 ins. apart.	9,10,10,11	7 lbs.	20c	
HH130 Field Fence	6 wire, 40 ins. high, stays 22 ins. apart.	6, 6, 8, 10, 10	8 lbs.	25c	
HH131 Field Fence	7 wire, 48 ins. high, stays 22 ins. apart.	6, 6, 8, 10, 10	9 1/2 lbs.	28c	
HH132 Field Fence	10 wire, 50 ins. high, stays 16 ins. apart.	3,3,3,4,5,7,8,8,9	11 lbs.	39c	
HH132 Extra High Stock Fence	11 wire, 60 ins. high, stays 16 ins. apart.	3,3,3,4,5,7,8,8,9,10	13 lbs.	45c	
HH133 Sheep and Hog Fence	7 wire, 26 ins. high, stays 12 ins. apart.	3,3,4,5,5,6	11 lbs.	31c	

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After the Storm

Written for The Western Home Monthly By T. L. Neish

THE street in the little country town was deserted and the north wind in triumphant sport was whirling the flying snow along the clear space, and driving it eddying around the corners of buildings to rise in sudden swirls to the eaves and to be sent flying away to mingle again in the wild blizzard. The shadows of one side of the street were thrown across the roadway to the sunlit opposite walls, far out across the country beyond the town the late afternoon sun was making brilliant miles of moving drift speeding southward across the polished surface of the snow.

Somewhere away out there stood a low-roofed farm house from whose two chimneys the smoke was blowing in a sudden, drooping, waving line, as if the escaping comfort of the house were stricken with instant panic at the low line of broken storm clouds from which the wind seemed to come. The glowing sun was nearly setting when the door on the sheltered side of the house opened, and shut as a man came out followed by a cloud of steam, into the frosty air. His fur hat was pulled close down over his ears and his wind-resisting double suit of hard cloth overalls was buttoned tight up under his chin. He stood for a moment looking out across at the desolate sunset scene, and then, as if the frosty air and the sight of nature's wonderful supremacy and beauty struck sudden inspiration into his comfort-stored, well-nourished body, he brought his leather-mitted hands together with a forceful bang, and laughed a deep-seated, joyous laugh. A hairy collie dog lying close to the wall showed a red eye, bright with appreciation of his fun, but made no further movement to disturb its warmth-enclosing fur. The man went round to the back of the house and with a shovel broke the hard drift around the wood pile, and knocking each piece of wood against another to clear it of snow, he piled full his extended arm to the top of the shoulder with fuel for the stove inside.

The cheery, sharp click of the stricken wood brought a little face to the thick-frosted window, and he could see the child's eye watching him through the narrow strip of clear glass at the edge of the pane. As he rose with his arm load and passed the window he tapped the wood work with a stick in recognition of the interest of the child, and then a sudden gust of blizzard made him lean back to preserve his balance as it almost pushed him round the corner of the house. With his free hand he opened the door and, entering, closed it behind him with a backward movement of his foot. The wood tumbled with a rattle into the box at the stove, and he was outside again.

This time the joy at his heart caused him to precipitate himself upon the dog and hold him fast to his snow bed as he began to struggle under the friendly grasp.

Both man and dog rose together, the dog sneezing and shaking his hair in enjoyment at the sudden frolic.

Two or three such carryings of wood and the box inside was filled high and was being supplemented by an overflow pile on the floor, until the tidy woman who was his wife, exclaimed with a smile, that he must be reckoning on being warm to-night. He told her of some horses he had seen at the straw pile out over on the unfenced field, and only half agreeing with her that they must be having a bad time, he got into his sheepskin coat and went out to the stable to water the stock, a business he had put off all day while the storm was at its height. Now, however, it had to be done, and he decided to haul the water from the well to the stable in the barrels instead of turning the animals out. He was afraid that if he turned loose his horses they would be half mad with frolic and end by running away to the straw pile to join the other horses there.

The stable felt warm and comfortable and his team stretched themselves lazily as he buckled on the collars, but in the gustiness outside the stable door they would hardly stand while he fastened them together. The stone-boat and barrels stood out on a wind-swept place and the team slued round to avoid the blast as he fastened the tugs to the whiffletrees, so that with their impatience he had just time to catch hold of the wind-disordered lines and step on board as they suddenly wheeled and started off at a smart trot. As they plunged over the new snow-drifts, it was all he could do to keep control and to balance himself and the barrels on the tilting sleigh, and at the well it was risky to leave the team while he pumped the water. Some shovelling was necessary at the pump and he had to leave the team out of his reach in order to do it, and with nothing to hold them but the lines fastened together around a barrel. Handicapped as he was by resisting the wind and by being half stupefied by the snow which whirled up into his face, he was just too late, when the horses moved, to seize the lines again. The barrel blew over and away the horses went, hastened, rather than recalled by his loud-shouted, half-affrighted "Whoa."

Away they went right across the wind to the straw pile, the lines blown trailing out to one side. The spirited horses, fretted past endurance with discomfort, had no plan but just to run. The horse on the sheltered side was the faster and kept a little ahead so that as a team they could not wheel off down-wind, but kept straight for the straw pile, where the horses there, loath to rouse themselves from their statue-like immobility, were awakened to amazed movement by the unnatural approach. They had only just time to scatter out as the team came up to them, and, winded as the team was, by the

strain of plunging at speed over the drifts, it paused in the shelter of the pile, and they all came up together to examine one another. The man lost no time in following, but when he came near the strange horses moved out to avoid him, and the excited team following their movements, started off again; this time to the stable.

There the man, angry and exhausted, found them, and fortunately he was wise enough to check the latent spirit of tyranny which was roused within him, so that instead of bullying the harmless dependent animals, he took them for another short run and gathering up the tumbled barrels, succeeded in hauling the water without further mishap.

The team, as he unharnessed them, were awkward, and as if quite aware of the angry, volcanic impulse within him, seemed to push against him and resist him through their own suppressed half-fear of what he would do. He watered the cattle and the colts with a half-savage but silent impatience which made the colts check unnaturally the hurried gratification of their thirst, and lift their heads repeatedly from the pail he held, to eye with distrust the mood in him, which made his sudden and unusual movements, and when, after watering, he was giving the team their grain, he could not resist an impulse which made him give one of them a blow with the back of his mitted hand on the side of its sensitive, suspicion-feeling nostril.

The horse stepped back so suddenly as to break its worn, old halter, and turned into the passage and pressed up between two cows, who turned affrighted, kindly faces, and nosed at the shoulders of the unaccustomed invader. Then the man, sobered now, climbed over the stall into the cows' manger, and the horse doubly affrighted, backed suddenly up and wheeled round into its stall.

Freed of his anger, the man spoke to him, and fastening the tie-rope to the old, broken halter, made a repair with a piece of twine, while the horse, no longer suspicious, proceeded to enjoy its feed.

Outside the wind was still tearing and the darkness coming on as the man crossed from the stable to the house. He passed the dog, which was still curled up under the sheltering wall, and entering the warm, comfortable glow of the room inside, he took off his coat and jacket, observant of the neat figure of his wife, and, as she lifted two bubbling fried eggs from the pan, he took her in his arms and gave her a pure, self-humbled, love-inviting kiss.

* * * * *

The wind had fallen, the moon shone upon the glistening plain, the horses from the straw pile were following their leader with plunging steps across the drifts to paw for grass beyond the cultivated field, and all around the house was still, when presently the collie dog went lightly o'er the hard-packed snow down to a neighbor's on the creek below.

Dollar Dinners

Recently a young man who is making plans to leave the farm because life there is too slow and money-making harder than it is in a city position was called by business to a city for a day and he dropped into a dollar-a-day hotel for his dinner. The regular dinner was served to him and he went out hungry. He might have called for extra helpings, of course, but when he saw the dots of vegetables and the thin slivers of meat on the little plates he concluded that a second helping would do him no good. So the next meal he entered a restaurant and proceeded to "eat his fill," as he told his mother on his return home. He selected a plain, satisfying meal and when he got his slip it was marked one dollar. And all he had was a man's portion of roast beef, potatoes, beans and pie with milk to drink.

"I tell you, Mother, I found something out today," he said when he got home. "You've been serving dollar meals to us right along and didn't know it. Here's six of us in the family and to fill us up as you've been doing would cost exactly six dollars each meal—particularly dinner—in the city." The good lady was skeptical, but her son soon convinced her with pencil and paper that the good meals she served would cost that amount in the city. "I tell you what," he added in conclusion, "the farm looks better to me than it did before I went to the city. I couldn't afford to pay even fifty cents a meal if I went to town to work and at twenty-five cents, which is the regular price for cheap boarding, I know I'd starve to death. I think I'll stay here a while longer."

It seems very strange that young, healthy, hungry farm boys and girls never consider the question of food when they want to leave the farm, and yet it is one of the most vital things as they find out later. They soon learn that high rents, expenses for light and fuel, breakages, unpaid bills and the swift decay of foods in hot weather force the restaurant keeper and the manager of the cheap boarding-house to serve the plainest and cheapest fare. And this fare is almost uneatable to the young farm boy or girl. These young workers are amazed to know that left-overs are carefully worked into the next meal and that "come-backs," as the re-served dishes are called, are matters of necessity to the cheap boarding-house keeper. From the "dollar dinners" of the farm prepared in a clean light kitchen to the scanty meals of a city eating-house is a swift transition to the healthy young people, and it requires real heroism to force down the unpalatable foods at first.

Of course there are hotels and restaurants where the choicest food that earth and sky and sea can produce is served, but the young person at the foot of the ladder sees the outside of these palaces.



Troop of Kurd Cavalry which the Turks are hurling against the Russians in the Passes of the Caucasus Mountains

The Sweetest Sound in the World

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Jessie F. Brown

Once upon a time when the world was a great deal younger than it is to-day, in a far-off Kingdom lived a great and good King. He ruled over a vast territory, and was loved devotedly by his many subjects. Not a man among them but would have gladly laid down his life for the King, nor a woman who would not have gladly given her husband, son or lover to die for the King.

Now, the King had an only daughter who was so lovely and charming that she was known throughout the Kingdom, and in other Kingdoms as well, as the "Beautiful Princess." Indeed, she was a very charming girl, and of suitors she had scores. But none of the handsome and dashing young princes who had come a-wooing had so much as touched the heart of the Princess. Her father the King said: "Do not be in a hurry, my dear. Wait till one comes whom you love." So the Princess waited.

Then one day in the royal forest she met a young woodcutter, handsome, good and noble, the eldest of a large and poor family. After that the world looked different to the Beautiful Princess. The sun shone more brightly, the birds sang more blithely, the flowers bloomed more

as he rode down the street. So the King was very sad, and the Beautiful Princess was sad, too, because her dear father was unhappy.

The Court physicians having failed entirely to relieve the King of his affliction, His Majesty sent for a famous soothsayer. Now, since his hearing had left him the King had been forced to wear attached to his person a slate and a pencil, with which those who wished to converse with him wrote down what they had to say. The soothsayer, therefore, took the pencil and wrote:

"Yes, I can tell your Majesty what will bring back your hearing."

"What is it?" cried the King. "What is it?" cried the courtiers, in one voice.

"When the sweetest sound in the world is made in the presence of your Majesty," wrote the soothsayer, "your hearing will be restored, and you will be deaf no longer."

"The sweetest sound in the world," said the King. "The sweetest sound in the world," echoed the courtiers. Then they all said together: "What is the sweetest sound in the world? Tell us."

But the soothsayer replied "Nay, I cannot. That is for you to discover."



French Soldiers going to the Front with the Red Cross Dogs presented by the French Ex-President, M. Felix Faure

beautiful and fragrant. She loved the woodcutter. She did not tell her father, for good and kind as the King was, it was hardly to be expected that he would approve of a woodcutter as a son-in-law. He might forbid his daughter to see the woodcutter at all, so the Beautiful Princess kept silent on the subject of her love for the young man.

Now, just at this time a great misfortune befell the King. And because he was so beloved by his subjects, great distress was felt throughout the whole Kingdom.

Men, meeting one another on the street, would say "Have you heard about the King? Is it not dreadful? And they say nothing can be done for him. The Court physicians cannot cure him. Dear, oh dear!"

The women in the market places shook their heads and sighed over the cabbage and onions and said: "What a pity! What a pity! And they say nothing can be done for him. The Court physicians cannot cure him. What a pity!"

The school children paused in their heedless frolic long enough to say, with long looks on their little faces: "The poor King! Isn't it too bad! And they say nothing can be done for him. The Court physicians cannot cure him. Isn't it too bad!"

And the people offered prayers in all the churches throughout the entire Kingdom, but still the misfortune remained with the King.

Now, the misfortune was this. The King had become stone deaf. He could not hear a sound. Two sounds were very dear to him, and they were the sound of his daughter's voice and the shouting of his people as he rode down the street. It grieved the King very deeply that he could hear neither the voice of the Beautiful Princess nor the shouting of his people

But it may be heard, Sire, in your own Kingdom."

Then the King said, for so greatly did he desire the return of his hearing, "I beg you to tell me this secret. If you tell me, I shall make you a great lord in my Kingdom."

But the soothsayer replied, now almost in tears, "Sire, I cannot. Indeed, I cannot. I do not know. I wish I did. But I do know that it is to be found in your own kingdom, and when it shall be made in your presence, you will hear it and your deafness will be cured."

Now, the Beautiful Princess was standing by, and she said to herself "Surely the young woodcutter is the wisest and most clever man in the Kingdom. Surely, he can discover this secret," so she took the slate of the King and wrote thereon, "Father, do you believe the soothsayer?" And the King said "My dear, I think I do."

"Then," wrote the Beautiful Princess, "let us issue a proclamation and say that whosoever shall discover the secret of this sweetest sound in the world, if she be a woman, she shall receive castles and lands; but if he be a man, he shall wed your daughter, even myself. Then surely will all men strive to discover the secret, and surely the man who discovers it will be good and wise enough to wed your daughter."

"It shall be done as you say, little wise one," said the King. So the proclamation was issued, and every day at noon the King held court in the great hall of the Palace and there came to him all the wise and clever people in the Kingdom who thought they knew the secret of the sweetest sound in the world.

First, came a great violinist. "Surely," said he "the voice of the violin is the sweetest sound in the world. Surely the King will hear it." And he played the most enchanting music, till the courtiers

said one to another "Ah, surely the King will hear this wonderful music." But the King said, "I can hear nothing." Disappointed, the violinist went away.

A nature-lover came and said: "To my ear the sweetest sound in all the world is the song of the running water and the whispering wind. If the King will come with me to the forest, I will show him a rippling rill that plays all day long amid sunlight and show, and surely he will hear the rhyme of the ripples and the voice of the West Wind whispering among the grasses." So the King went, and the courtiers, and the nature-lover led them to a lovely glade in the forest where, as he had said, a rill rhymed and rippled, caressed by the warm West Wind. "It is very sweet," said the courtiers one to another, "will he hear it?" But the King said, more wearily than before "I can hear nothing at all."

A preacher sought audience with the King, and said: "Is not the sweetest sound in the world the hymn of praise and thanksgiving from the hearts of a multitude of people? If you will come with me to my church, surely the ear of the King will hear the hymn of praise of his people." So the King went to the church of the preacher, and when the hymn of praise went up from the great company the courtiers looked at one another and said: "The sound is indeed sweet. Surely the King will hear it." But the King said: "Take me home. I can hear nothing."

Came a miser, with his money-bag. "The sweetest sound in the world is surely the clink of gold," said he. But as the golden coins clinked one against the other, the King said: "Take him away. I can hear nothing. Is there not some one can discover this wonderful sound? What is the matter with you all?"

"Surely," said an old man, "the sweetest sound in all the world is the kiss of lovers, plighting troth." And two young lovers came before the King and plighted their love with a kiss, but the King said: "I can hear nothing."

So they went to the forest, and when they had arrived there the Princess heard the sound of the woodcutter's ax, and the rosy color mounted in her cheek. "Do you not hear anything, Father?" she

wrote on the slate. The King shook his head sadly. "Nothing, nothing at all."

So the young woodcutter strode before the King and led him to his Mother's humble cottage.

And as they drew near, they saw his Mother in the doorway with a young babe in her arms, and she was crooning a lullaby.

The King's face began to change, and suddenly he cried out: "I hear it. As I live, I hear it. My hearing has come back to me. The lullaby. The sweetest sound in all the world."

Then he turned to the woodcutter and cried joyously: "And, you, young man, shall wed my daughter. You have led me to this great discovery."

Then indeed there was rejoicing throughout all the Kingdom. The praises of the humble woodcutter were sung from one end of the Kingdom to the other, and everyone agreed that he was quite wise and good enough to wed their Beautiful Princess. So the woodcutter married the Beautiful Princess, and they lived in great happiness. And when, after many years, the good King died, the woodcutter reigned over the Kingdom, and ruled so wisely and well that he was much beloved by the people.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MEMORY OF MOTHER

During the winter I asked the girls of my club each to write me her most beautiful memory of "Mother." As the ninth of May is Mother's Day I feel that the publication of some of these letters on this page will be a most fitting tribute to the day that every man, woman and child whose life has been blessed by loving mothering, must desire to honor. These letters are from our wage-earning girls in Winnipeg—most of whom are alone in the city. The reader may judge for herself the value of a mother's influence in the life of the work-a-day girl away from home. The letters are quoted without alteration—some are from college bred girls—others from girls who have not had the advantage of educational training—but all quoted here are from girls who are doing well and who are superior in womanly strength of character.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—I have many beautiful memories of my mother, who is still living although we are far apart and have been for a number of years.

I believe the most beautiful memory I have of mother, although sad, is when I first left home. I was only a little over fifteen. My home is in the country and I was coming away to the city. I am the eldest and seemed to be more of a companion to mother. All during my preparation to leave she seemed as if she could hardly keep up. We had so many things to talk about. Then the morning arrived and I had to leave just at day break. Father took me to the depot and I had to bid her

good-bye at the old farm gate. We both knew it was better for me to go, but it just seemed as if we couldn't part. I looked back several times to see her still standing by the gate, and she has told me since that she just thought she would have to call me back. I really never realized just how much mother was to me before as we had never been apart. I shall always have that picture of her at the gate. Sincerely,

G. S.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—I was present at the Girls' Club last Sunday and heard your request for our most pleasing remembrance of Mother. I have not yet decided what that is as there are so many, but I thought the enclosed poem would be specially appropriate for the occasion. It was written by my father several years ago, in memory of his mother, and was written for a song, but was never published. I am, Yours Sincerely,

D. S.

"Mother's Hand will Lead me all the Way"

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

A Mother's love is boundless as the sea.

Love is born at birth, so in trouble and in mirth

Mother's hand was ever near to me. Through childhood's days her guiding hand

Was with me night and day. I had no cause to fear, Mother's hand was ever near,

Mother's hand will lead me all the way.

Chorus

It was Mother's hand to chide me,
It was Mother's hand to guide me,
It is Mother's hand that cannot lead a-stray,
It was Mother's voice to cheer me,
Mother's hand is ever near me,
It is Mother's hand that leads me all the way.

As I in years grew older,
As I in sin grew bolder,
A Mother's place was still to watch and pray.

When by every friend deserted,
Poor Mother broken hearted,
Would keep her closest vigil day by day.

Chorus

When the Angels called her Heavenward,
She, with loving eyes looked downward,
Reproving, loving, guiding day by day.
I know that she is pleading,
I know her hand is leading,
Mother's hand will lead me all the way.

Chorus

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—One of the most beautiful memories of my mother is a few years ago when we had deep trouble (sickness) in our home. Father was away at the time so mother had to bear all. No money except my very small wage was to be depended on.

But Mother kept cheerful through it all. When my eldest sister was convalescent and able to once more play her violin, mother would sit for hours in the evenings, singing favorite hymns. How well I remember coming home from work one night and heard her singing as I got near the house; and was just about to enter as one of our neighbors came to ask me which of the girls was sing-

ing. I think her cheerfulness and singing, together with the beautiful hymns she sang, helped us more in that time of trouble than any thing could have done. We have often looked back and wondered since, how we lived through those eight weeks, as we seemed to exist from day to day, had barely enough money and yet with mother's careful management the invalids were well looked after, not too much food but never short. And at the end we were not a cent in debt to any one. Sincerely,

One of your girls.

Mrs. Hamilton—The most beautiful memory of my mother is the clinging to me through the hard times I have seen. The clothing and feeding of me when she would be skimping herself and the education she has given me.

Yours truly,
M. N.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—It is hard for me to say which is the most beautiful memory of my mother for to me every day is a beautiful memory. I remember when I have been very sick on one or two occasions she has seemed the best of all and the very best of mothers.

Yours sincerely,
A. A.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—The most beautiful memory I have of my mother is how she loved to study and read the Bible and tried to bring her children up in the right way, and now that I am older I have that to be thankful for. On Sundays she would not let us do anything that she thought was wrong. We all had to get our little Bibles and study a chapter or psalm till we memorized it and then repeat it to her. In the evenings when we would all be gathered round the table mother would be reading her Bible and especially on Sundays she studied it nearly all day. I have other beautiful memories, one was giving to the poor. She never seemed to think of herself—just giving and trying to make the poor happy. But I think the most beautiful was the impression she made on her children by studying God's word, for a Christian life is beautiful. Yours,

One of the girls.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—My mother, though always in ill health, has lived and worked hard for her family. Her good thoughts have saved me from many a temptation. She has given up all pleasures to work to keep us together and train us to keep our characters clean, and it makes us to know the value of a good mother and a good home. Another thought has come to me, she has always been willing to do good and although she has had to work through many difficulties, she has helped those poorer than herself. Lovingly,
A class girl.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—In reply to your request for the most beautiful memory of my mother—as I think of her now the most beautiful memory is her unselfishness and self sacrifice for the welfare of her children. I am,
Very sincerely,
P. K.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—Possibly the nicest recollections I had of Mother was at the time when any of us were sick at home. I was one of a family of eight, and mother had to be stern, but when we were sick—how different! How she would study some dainty bite to tempt the appetite of the invalid, and the gentleness and the tenderness with which she would watch over us, always leaves a memory which takes away the sting of a sudden and rather tragic end, which came to her at a time when we least expected it. M. B.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—Just a memory of my mother you would like me to write to you. To begin with, it recalls so much. The very word "Mother" means all that is unselfish, sacrificing and true. My remembrance is of a very tolerant, useful and uncomplaining woman in spite of numerous trials and sorrows. I think one of her principal characteristics was a sense of humor—always being able to see the funny side in life. This may not be considered a

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great virtue but in the ups and downs of life to be able to be optimistic and to have a sense of humor makes the sunshine inside of us, and this trait of character is one of mother's strongest. A woman with the spiritual side strongly developed and a great believer in justice in every sense of the word, mother seemed so true. How often we do not understand a mother's love and how a good mother is a girl's or boy's strongest friend. A true mother draws one nearer to God. Therefore a mother means an educator, unconsciously she is a character builder. My memory is a happy helpful and lasting one to think of.

Hoping this small tribute will interest you, I am,

Sincerely,

E. T.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—In writing of the sweetest memory of my mother, I look upon it as my duty to do so, and made up my mind I would not fail to comply with your requests, especially as I am now two years away from her, she residing in the Old Country. I might say that I have many sweet memories of her.

My mother is one of the finest Christian women I will ever know. She was a very dear mother to me, and the longer I am away from her, the more I realize the fact. Since I was a very little girl I can remember of the good

used to think it was because she was a mother and every one got patient when they were a mother. I have since found out the secret of her patience. It is the Christ life she lives. Very truly,
One of the girls.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—I am to-day in receipt of your request for the most beautiful thought of my mother. I am very sorry, Mrs. Hamilton, to have to tell you that all my memories of my mother are beautiful. I cannot pick out one from them all because I think everything she has done for me or anyone is just right. I have tried to separate one memory from them all, but it seems I cannot, so I am sorry I cannot comply with your request, as you must know I would love to please you.

Yours sincerely, M. D.

The above letter impressed me tenderly as the girl felt she was disappointing me in not finding it possible to separate her beautiful memories. I am sure our readers will agree that her tribute is sweetly beautiful.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—The tenderest memory of my mother is that for over fourteen years she has been both father and mother to all of us, and has kept our home a home in all circumstances.
One of your girls.



Canadian Ambulance stops to ask directions of a Belgian Officer in the North of France. A motor ambulance, donated by the women of Canada, has stopped here to ask a Belgian Officer for directions in reaching a military hospital. Notice the Belgian sentry at the left with his wooden shoes

work, she was continually doing for others in her own quiet way. My father was quite often away from home and on these occasions I have sweet memories of how well mother used to take his place at Family Worship. She would have my sister and I kneel by her side, teach us the love of Jesus and how He was sent into this world to save us and then she would offer up to God. I so often said to myself would I ever be able to speak to God as beautifully as Mother does. Her prayers have impressed me even to this day, now far away from her reach, and they have made me realize the great need of offering prayer to Our Heavenly Father. The memory of my mother will always be a blessing to me and I now quote a verse she taught me:

"'Twill save you from a thousand snares
To mind religion young.
Grace will preserve your following years
And make your virtue strong."

Yours sincerely,
A. M. M.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—Five years ago, I was coming from the Old Country to be with my mother here. If I could just tell you what the first sight of her face was to me I should be saying a great deal. But there are some things which we cannot put into words. Sincerely,
A class girl.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—The dearest memory I have of my mother is her calm beautiful patience. As far back as I can remember I can always see that calm, patient look under all circumstances. When I was a young girl, I

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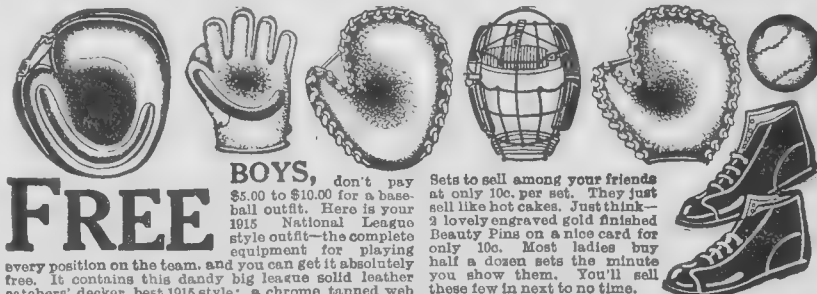
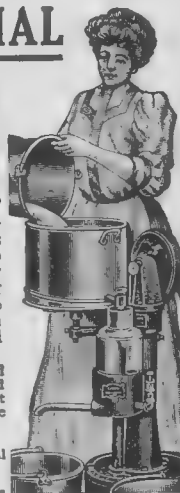
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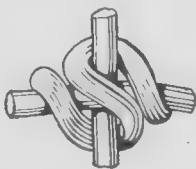
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tion, and love, lay buried in the coffin with her first-born son. My brother took ill one day and died the next; stricken down suddenly and with little warning. He was a great favorite with his companions, they called him the Christian. They trooped into the parlor one by one silently and with bowed heads. There were tears in the eyes of some; they laid their tribute of flowers on the coffin; looked on the still, calm, white face of their playmate, who would never again join with them in their games, and boyish sports. "He was a Christian," they murmured with choked voices. What a splendid tribute to the dead: "he was a Christian," he was ready to die.

They carried him away when the snow was on the ground and buried him. I don't think mother quite realized that he was dead until they took him away, and she knew she would never see him in this life again. "He will be so cold," she said to me, just as though he were alive and could feel, "it will be so cold below the ground."

Mother seemed just to double in two, and to grow very very old after they took my brother away and laid him in his last resting place. Providence had



A fine type of the good old-fashioned Canadian Mother. A character builder—a mother of men.

dealt her a crushing blow in taking away so suddenly her first born son; and she wondered why God had seen fit to take him away. Had she been too proud of the fact that all her family were alive; and had God intended to make her more humble. This thought was uppermost in mother's mind: what lesson did God intend to teach her? That is the most beautiful memory I have of my mother, "What lesson did God intend to teach?" Whatever it was mother was eager and willing to learn.

The day he died the children had sung, nearly all day, the chorus of that beautiful hymn, "Yield not to Temptation." It is a favorite hymn of mother's and she says it comforted and soothed her that day, as all unconscious that the Angel of Death hovered near, the sweet childish voices sung, "Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort, strengthen and keep you; he is willing to aid you, he will carry you through."

Yours sincerely,

J. D.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—Years have passed since I last saw my dear mother, and I recall so many memories of her that it is difficult to say which is the most beautiful. I like best of all, in recalling old scenes, to think of her last farewell to me, on my leaving the old home to come to far away Canada. It was a glorious day in the month of June. Mother came to the garden gate to see me start.

As she wished me good-bye, and gave me her blessing, standing there among the flowers (the fruits of her own loving labor), her silvery white hair shining in the morning sunlight, she made a picture that seems to remain with me through all the years.

When I am in any trouble or difficulty, I say to myself, "Mother is praying for me, now and always." When I am tempted to do wrong, that thought is the first one that comes to me, and it makes me feel stronger to resist the temptation. Oh! if every girl in this city had the memory of such a mother.

Sincerely,
An Old Country girl.

To Mother

The following verses, by the Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A., a frequent and popular contributor to this magazine, accompanied a copy of the Life of Queen Victoria sent by him to his mother some years ago.

As token of unswerving love,
Accept the volume which I send;
It tells of our beloved Queen,
And of a reign as never seen
Which all too soon, alas! may end.

But though her reign so long and good
Should cease and she be laid to rest,
Yet shall she speak in accents clear,
Yet shall we all her name revere
And of all honors this is best,

To live in hearts sincere and true
And sway through time the grateful throng,
Though dead yet speaking, on and on
When generations shall have gone;
'Tis this true honor doth prolong.

The honors which adorn her life
Are not of transient fleeting breath,
But rather of immortal mould
More precious than the finest gold
Untainted by the mists of death.

The glories of her reign shall last
Her Empire stand through time secure,
But brighter than the brightest ray
And stable through eternal day
Her sovereign soul shall still endure.

That soul that dignified her life
As mother, wife, and far famed queen
The soul which gave her word a might
And prompted actions wise and right
Which all the world has clearly seen.

Well may a grateful nation rise
To crown their matchless Queen agree,
Extol her virtues, sing her praise,
A monument of love upraise,
By brilliant Diamond Jubilee.

Another queen to me is dear
Unknown to fame yet true of worth,
Who gave me love's fidelity
And nurtured and protected me
To years of strength from early birth.

'Tis not too much to say a queen
For queen is one who rules and sways
Not always by the rod of state
Surrounded by the lordlings great
But oft in gentler, kindlier ways.

And the home queen whose praise I sing
Has moved me with a tender wand,
In disobedience patient still
Long-suffering with my restless will
And in my weakness held my hand.

Alas, that thoughtless youth should wound
Or grieve a mother's loving heart,
Not yet too late to make amend
To say forgive what did offend
And bid all saddening thought depart.

With deep and fervent love we come
As tribute offer grateful praise
To Him who has our mother spared
The burden of the widow shared
When clouds of darkness dimmed her ways.

And well may we her children rise
To cheer her heart and bright her day
And wish her many added years
Enriched with joys and free from fears
And with united voices say:

"Our greetings to you mother, dear,
We hail thee, three score years and ten.
Our heartiest wishes, truest love,
Our prayers, for blessings from above
Beyond what we can ever pen."

Young People

A Toll-Bridge Incident

By Franklin Welles Calkins

They came periodically out of the indefinite mountains in central Idaho, traded a few skins and Indian wares, and fished and loafed for a few days in the vicinity of Bay Horse and Clayton—sullen, dour-faced Bannocks, incorrigibly set against all the uses of civilization. Since the Indian war which had finally subdued them, they had seldom committed overt acts of hostility. Nor were they much feared by even the timid in the sparsely settled valleys of the Snake River Mountains.

So when three of the wild fellows, with their women, came riding out on the Gordons' toll-bridge, Tracy Gordon, who was alone that forenoon, went indifferently down to see if she might collect some bits of silver; if not, to do as her father had often done, open the gate and let the vagabonds go free.

Gordon had failed to make a competence at mining, which was the chief industry of the region; so he had taken up a little ranch and had built his toll-bridge across the Snake, at a point which considerably shortened the freight and stage roads between several mining hamlets and the distant railway.

The bridge was a center-pier structure, with stone abutments and with top bents bracing its two spans. Its upper side was railed by a flume, which carried water from Bay Horse Creek out on Gordon's irrigated fields. On the other side there was no railing, except at the top bracings.

The toll-gate was framed of steel rods, swung on its hinges, and shut with a spring lock.

As Tracy faced expectantly its center opening,—a "collection window" not often used,—an Indian with a flushed

face rode forward from the group, and approached her with an imperious gesture of command.

"Open! Open!" he exclaimed, roughly, and defiantly pointing to the gate.

"Four bits, please," Tracy replied, smiling pleasantly. This was but one-third the regular price for six horsemen.

Her pleasant demand, however, was met with scorn. "Open! Open!" he shouted, angrily this time. But for this demonstration Tracy would willingly enough have opened the gate. As it was, she felt indignant at the Bannock's imperious manner, and shook her head decisively.

With a fierce grunt and a gesture of disgust, the Indian turned his pony's head across the bridge, and with quirt and spur, forced the snorting animal to the very edge. The pony settled to its haunches, looking down fearfully, while the savage remorselessly lashed its flanks.

"Stop that, you cruel thing!" shouted Tracy. "Here! Here! I'll let you through!" She moved to turn the lock, but too late. The tortured pony, having apparently measured the distance, took the leap of twenty feet, and the deep current closed over horse and rider.

Tracy sprang to the end of the toll-gate and peered down, to see both Indian and pony come to the surface none the worse for their plunge. She heard the other Indians laugh unpleasantly as the man climbed into his saddle and his pony swam easily away to the opposite shore, where a gravel bar and a low bank awaited its landing.

The girl was glad of the ledge bank on her side, a bank which had made the toll-bridge a possible source of profit. Indignant at the Bannock's behavior, she turned away and took a path to the house.

As she mounted the higher ground to the door yard she felt lonely, and wished heartily that she could have gone with her father and mother to Bay Horse, whither

they had driven, some miles away, to do necessary trading. Her riding pony, La Salle, was picketed some rods in the rear of the house. She went out to him and put her arms round his neck, talking to him in her affectionate way—a way which he seemed in a measure to understand.

She turned her eyes to the other side of the river presently, and saw the group of Bannocks halted and engaged in an animated and, judging from their gestures, indignant council.

In a revulsion of feeling she now wished heartily that she had thrown open the gate at once and let them pass toll-free. After all, she reflected, Indians should have a right to the public highways, after having given up so much to the white people.

She was minded to go down, open the gate and hail them, when she saw two of the men ride alongside, one on each hand of the man who had jumped his horse off the bridge; saw one of them take a gun from his saddle fastenings, evidently under protest. And then the two, with their women, rode away, taking a trail down the river which would give them crossing some way below.

The man they had deprived of a gun sat looking after them in silence for two or three minutes. Tracy, uneasy at what she had seen, watched him steadily, until suddenly he wheeled, jumped his pony across the irrigation ditch, rode down into Bay Horse Creek, and plunged through.

When his pony had labored up the rather difficult bank, the Bannock rode straight across a sage-bush flat, toward a bunch of horses feeding near an opposite foot-hill.

Those horses, nine of them, were a band of half-breed or "American horses," as they are called in that country, belonging to her father. She divined instantly that the Indian intended running off one or more of them in a spirit of revenge, and that his companions had tried to dissuade him from doing so. They had taken away his gun, that was one good thing, and Tracy's courage, when she

saw the Bannock really riding to gather the scattered herd, mounted to meet the emergency.

She rushed into the house, changed her skirt for a divided one, slipped a short-barreled "44," which her father had taught her to use, into a pocket, got out her saddle and bridle, and ran for her pony. By the time she had mounted La Salle, the Bannock was pushing the whole Gordon range herd at a gallop up toward the Bay Horse ford.

Tracy dashed down to the bridge, unlocked the toll-gate without dismounting, backing her pony away to swing it open, then clattered across the bridge and up the road along the flume and irrigation ditch.

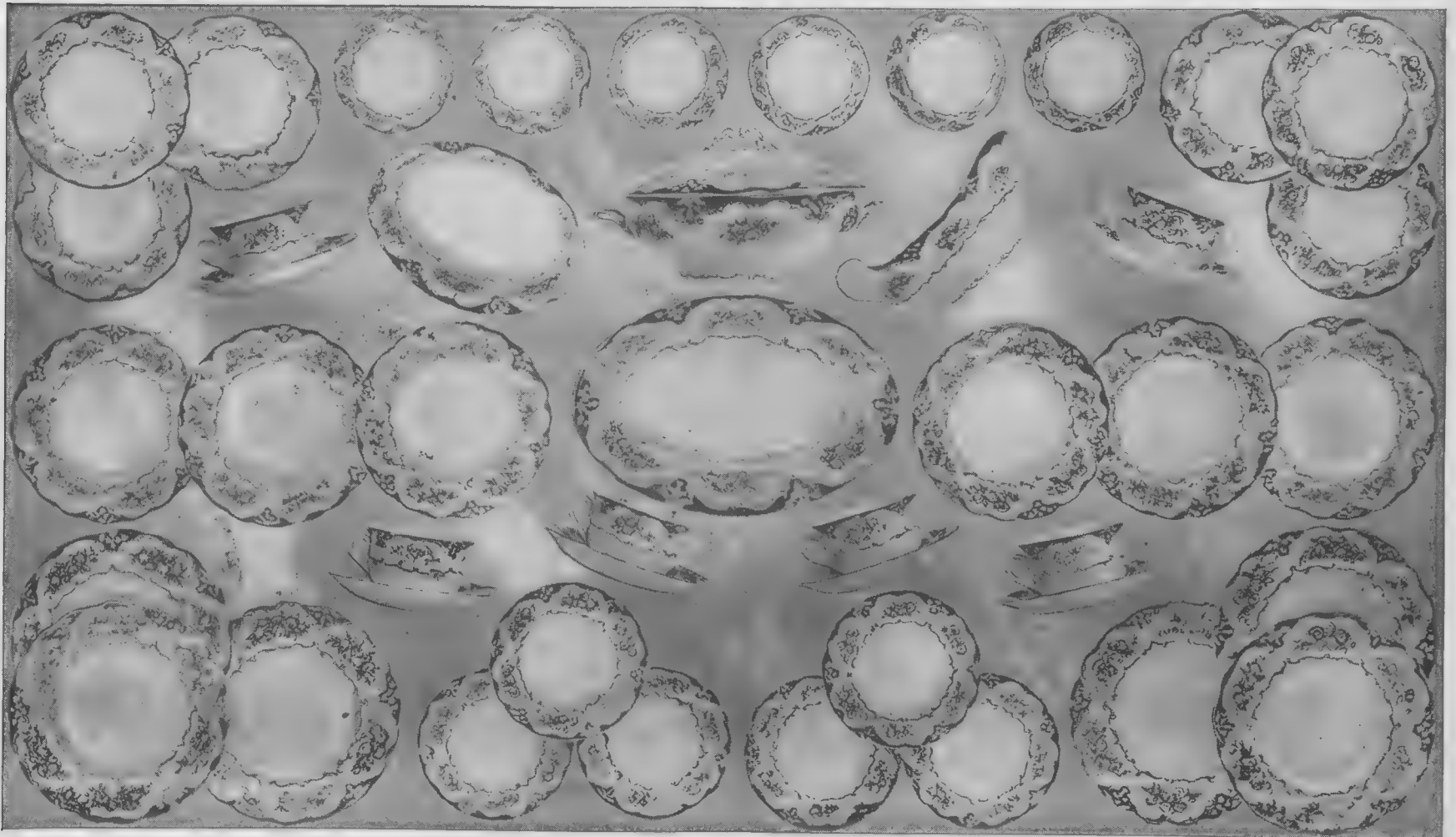
As she passed the spot where she had seen the Indians bunched, she saw a whisky bottle, evidently just emptied, lying in the middle of the road. She should have taken warning at this, but sure that the Bannock had no firearms, excited and determined, she dashed ahead.

The Indian saw her and rushed the herd into a stampeding run. He followed upon their heels, yelling fiercely, and swinging his picket rope in wide circles. Tracy saw his intent was to reach the first mountain slope, across the Bay Horse, in advance of pursuit. Then he would be between her and the herd, and could frighten or chase the white squaw off. Once well into the mountain, he could outrun till dark any pursuit that could be put upon his trail, and when night fell he would make sure of getting away with his booty.

The girl set her teeth grimly. He should see how easily she was frightened! She saw that he was driving the horses at a whirlwind gait, and when they had splashed across the ford, that he would beat her to the slope of the hill and over its rise.

She had reached the point of this high hill, at the edge of the river valley, and with a double strategy in mind, she turned suddenly to the right, taking a trail down

This Magnificent Combination DINNER and TEA SET FREE to Our Subscribers



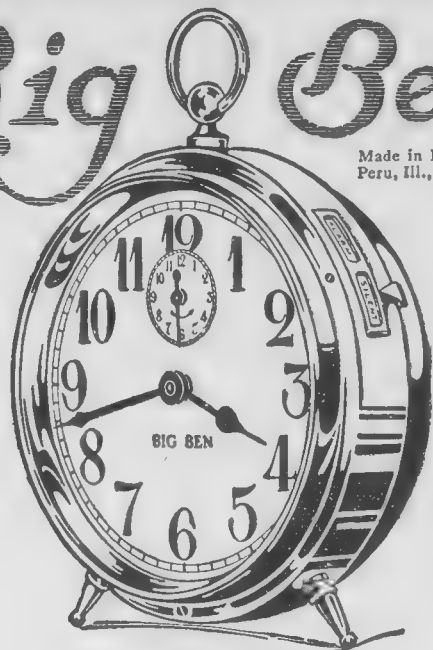
The above illustration only begins to do justice to this handsome combination Dinner and Tea Set, which we have decided to give away **Free** to our readers. The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English Semi-Porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft

and velvety in tone. A neat, embossed design follows the edge of every piece. All handles and edges are traced with gold. Each set is guaranteed by The Western Home Monthly and by Messrs Robinson & Co., the well-known Pioneer Winnipeg merchants. All that you have to do in order to get this set is to send us seven new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at one dollar apiece. Surely a magnificent reward for such a little labor.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada

Big Ben

Made in La Salle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox



—there's Big Ben

What if some important job calls for a get-up long before sunrise?

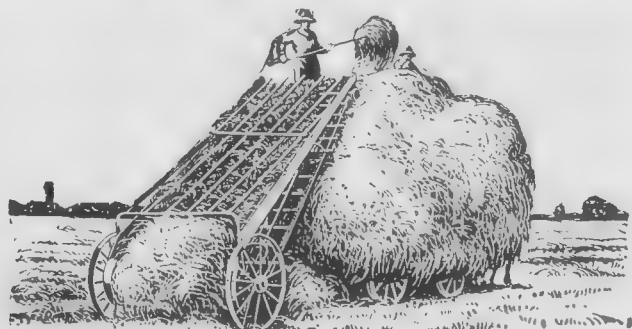
What if the household must be astir for a prompt breakfast right on the scratch?

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the river. The Bannock would thus be led to believe that she was afraid to interfere with his chase, and had ridden away for help.

But she knew an old trail ahead, which led high above the river and out upon a flat ridge, which the Bannock must cross to get through the only passable gap on that side of Bay Horse Creek. For a little way this old trail, a horse and cattle path, was tortuous and narrow, and with a chance of tragic consequence should her pony stumble.

Yet Tracy, leaning forward, with a stout quirt handle held before her face to ward off twigs of the chaparral, took it fearlessly. She would, under other circumstances, have enjoyed the exciting and perilous ride. She came to the ridge safely, and rushed her pony for two hundred yards along its flat back to an old crossing just as the Bannock whirled his stampeded herd up on the slope below.

With not an instant's hesitation, Tracy urged her pony, in stiffling lunges, down upon the front of the climbing bunch. Whooping shrilly and whirling her rope-end as the Indian had done, she split the herd fairly as was inevitable, a part galloping away at angles on each side of the slope.

La Salle came to a sharp halt, in one stiff-legged jump, as the Indian's horse was thrown squarely in front of him. For a second the girl confronted the Bannock's evil face at five yards. One hand held the coil of his picket-rope, the other a

wrench she severed that. With a cry of joy, she whirled her pony about and fled for home.

Swift as a bird, La Salle sped down the steep slope and skimmed across the intervening little valley. Yet although his speed was good, the Bannock had the swifter horse. He gained slowly but steadily in a half-mile-run.

On a slope, near the top of the hill which would bring her within sight of home, Tracy saw that she must again use her pistol; that her pursuer was indeed beyond the reach of fear or reason in his drunken rage.

He was preparing to fling his rope at her—close upon La Salle's heels—when she turned and leveled her pistol at him. He threw himself flat upon his pony's neck and came on, swinging his noose.

Tracy fired three shots in rapid succession; her horse, toiling up-hill, gave her some steadiness of aim. At the third shot the Bannock's horse dropped in its tracks; its rider sprawled upon the slope rolled twice over, and lay face down, with arms outstretched.

With a white face, frightened more at what she had done than at what she had suffered, Tracy fled for home, not again casting a glance behind her. And there, in her own room, lying upon her face, her mother found her two hours later. It took both her parents to get from her a disjointed story of what had happened. Then the mother gathered her in her arms,



Australian Troops training in Egypt.

running noose. With a fierce yell to confuse her and a dexterous whirl of his lariat, he flung the noose.

Tracy threw a hand above her head to fend off the rope; but a wide noose, well flung, is a treacherous weapon. It struck her fairly on the forearm, and a loop whipped over her hand and fell about her waist.

Savagely the Indian jerked his rope taut, catching her securely about the middle and pinioning one arm, and with another wild yell he put spurs to his horse. Had her wit not then been nimble, Tracy must have been hurled out of her saddle. With a sudden sway of her body to the left, she shouted at La Salle to go.

The pony seemed to understand his mistress's need, and sprang instantly after the Bannock's horse.

Before that animal could get the length of his picket-rope, La Salle was upon his heels. Looking back, the Bannock sought by vigorous yanks to throw the girl out of her seat. Finding that not feasible, he turned about, and holding hard upon the rope, to prevent her from slipping the noose, he drove his horse along the slope, spurring and yelling to increase its speed.

Tracy's peril was frightful. One stumble from La Salle, and she would be dragged to death at the heels of that crazy creature's animal. She realizes now that the Bannock was riotously drunk; that her only hope lay in the weapon in her pocket. She drew the pistol, but hesitated to fire. Then, with sudden inspiration, she made several quick efforts, caught its muzzle against the taut rope—and pulled its trigger. The rope parted all but a broken strand, and flinging herself backward with a

and Gordon rode swiftly away to the spot where she had left the fallen Bannock.

He was gone but a little time.

"Cheer up, my brave little girl," he shouted, as he came into the house. "That rascally Indian, worse luck, wasn't scratched. He was only possuming. He's gone, saddle and bridle, and with my roan gelding—the only one of the herd he could catch, I reckon. His tumble no doubt sobered him a little; put a grain of sense into his addled pate. You hit his horse squarely."

"Oh, the poor thing," cried Tracy, who loved any horse, and she sobbed afresh, shaken both by sorrow and relief.

It was closing-time at the town library. Old Mr. Duke, who had filled the post of librarian for years, took down his coat and hat, and with the assistance of his little daughter, got them safely on. Together they started for the door. It was raining hard.

"Wait a moment, child," said her father, and went back into the building. The girl remained, obediently.

Five minutes passed. Then ten. She pushed open the door and walked in. Her father was bent over one of the card catalogues.

"What are you looking for, father?" she inquired.

He put the drawer back, suddenly abashed.

"I'm getting old, Margaret," he said. "I couldn't find my umbrella, and I was searching for it under U in the lists."

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief.

Sunday Reading

The Greater Gift

I wish no wealth or proud estate—
No world-acclaimed prize;
For simple love hath made me great
In a dear woman's eyes.
There are no worldly gifts above
The beauty of a woman's love.

For Fame the glory and the gleams—
Friends, and the scorn of foes,
Dearer to me the humble dream,
And from Love's hand one rose!
And where my lowlier lot shall be,
Only Love's arms to necklace me

For Love his own rewarder is,
The flowery world along.
For Love the thorn is sweet to kiss,
And toil is but a song.
Wherefore I seek no proud estate,
For simple love hath made me great
—Frank L. Stanton.

The Ill-Matched

Some time ago I noticed in one of my home papers a pathetic appeal from a sister whose husband mentally her inferior, was uncongenial and unsympathetic. She was bound to life upon a farm, instead of town life, which she preferred. The care of several little ones excluded all social pleasures, and she found herself very unhappy, longing for the liberty and privileges she, as a teacher, enjoyed before her marriage.

It was with the deepest interest I read the several replies which appeared in a later issue, every one of which contained ensure and blame without stint, but hardly a word of that sisterly comfort and advice for which she asked. She asked for bread and received a stone.

Foolish, indeed, she had been to form an alliance with one whom she must have known to be her inferior; wicked, perhaps, in her rebellion at the results of such an ill-advised step nevertheless, a sister in dire distress, and as such entitled to the best that could be offered her. Unfortunately her case is not an unusual one. All over the land exist indifferent husbands, discontented wives, unwelcome little ones, irksome home duties. Their name, alas, is legion!

In this particular case the wife complained that her husband cared nothing for reading, while she possessed a decided literary taste. Having been a teacher, she can, no doubt read well aloud, and this should prove an important factor in creating a better literary atmosphere in the home. Very likely her husband, in common with all men, has a hobby, and I would suggest that in looking over their home papers, she mark such articles as might be of interest to him, and draw his attention to them, or read them to him, particularly if they coincide with the opinions he may chance to hold upon the subject.

I do not consider it a sin for any woman, especially one isolated upon a hill farm, to long for the society of her kind, or to crave the pleasures of an occasional concert or lecture; and I know by experience what it is to miss the church and social privileges to which, from childhood, I had been accustomed in town. Not all women are so constituted that they find the highest pleasures and ideals in life in flocks of chickens and turkeys as one sister suggested in connection with this case. I never did, and I have looked upon many a goodly flock of my own raising, with justifiable pride.

The Blessed Little Ones

But when it comes to the little ones then and there must all rebellion and discontent be crushed out of our lives for their dear sake. All that is sweetest and best in a mother's life is their lawful heritage and nothing short of that can satisfy their just claim.

So let me suggest to this dear sister (and others similarly situated) that in setting about to better her domestic conditions she begin first with her own heart.

Look upward with an abiding faith and trust in God's overruling power and wisdom and see if you cannot discern in

these trials a corrective influence for many a fault in your own character. Open your heart and let in the sunlight of God's wondrous love, and see how quickly it disperses the gloom of rebellion and discontent. Then will you look upon your life with a quickened vision, and old things will become new.

The fact that he is the father of your children will clothe that uncouth husband with at least respect in your eyes, and see if he does not respond to the sweet, womanly, helpfulness you extend to him by an effort to better measure up to your ideals and standards. No man ever yet failed to be proud of his wife's superiority, secretly perhaps, but that chord exists in every man's heart and will vibrate if touched by the finger of wifely love and sympathy. Then,

too, will the care of the little ones be no longer a burdensome task, but a sacred trust, and all these other outside things, good and proper in themselves, will be no longer essential to your happiness.

Perhaps, the future years may hold in their grasp some of the privileges you crave. Then accept them as God's good gifts, not as your rightful due. This is no theory I am advancing, but a knowledge born of personal experience. Believe me, 'tis the only way. Try it and be convinced.—Helper, New York.

Like a Grip at the Throat. For a disease that is not classed as fatal there is probably none which causes more terrible suffering than asthma. Sleep is impossible, the sufferer becomes exhausted and finally, though the attack passes, is left in unceasing dread of its return. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is a wonderful curative agent. It immediately relieves the restricted air passages as thousands can testify. It is sold by dealers everywhere.

Where I Belong

By Ada Melville Shaw.

Maria was old, and Maria was poor, and Maria was a widow. Could it have been worse? Yea, verily, for God was still in His heaven, and all ought to have been right with Maria's world, for it is God's world, too. When Maria became so enfeebled by illness and age that it was no longer safe for her to live alone, a home was opened to her with a sister and brother-in-law. They were kindly, generous people, and their sister ought to have been happy. But she grew more wretched every day, and her gloomy face made other members of the household unhappy.

One day there came still another "outsider," as Maria called it, to live in the sunny, comfortable home. She was hardly a relation, being a cousin of Maria's brother-in-law's sister-in-law. Her name was Letitia. She was like

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Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

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Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

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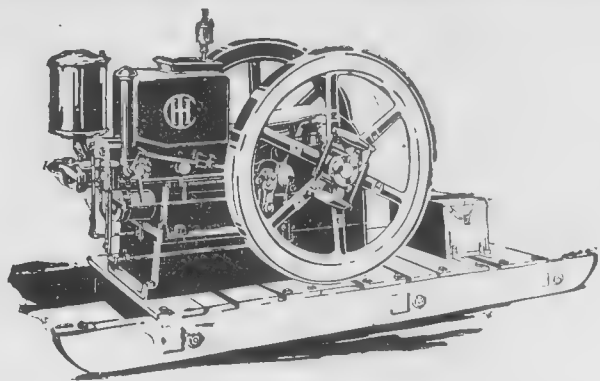
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IHC oil engines—Mogul and Titan—are made in all sizes from 1 to 50-horse power and in every approved style—stationary, skidded, portable, tank and hopper-cooled, vertical and horizontal. They operate on gasoline, kerosene and even lower grade oils, and on gas or alcohol.

When you buy an IHC engine, the engine is not all you get for your money. Our service is worth knowing about. Get acquainted with an IHC engine at the place of business of the nearest agent where they are sold. Ask him for one of our interesting catalogues or write to us for one.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd

Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Estevan, Sask.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

Maria in one thing only, she was poor. But her poverty seemed not to distress her at all, and she sang about the house as though sorrow were something yet unknown to the world.

Maria used to peer over her glasses at the light-hearted girl, and shake her head. One day, out of the fulness of her disapproval, she spoke:

"I do wonder, Letitia, how you can go about so unconcerned, and you eating the bread of charity."

Letitia flushed. Then she answered quietly: "Charity—that is love—yes, I am eating the bread of love. It is very good bread."

"Now, what do you mean?"

"What I say, ma'am."

"Well," sighed Maria, "I cannot understand it! I realise that I have no rights in this house. I don't belong here, and I hope I'll never forget it. I do not

that, too. I had a right to be, because He meant it. I am only twenty years old, but in that little time I have learned that God loves me and plans for me; that the plans are God-plans, and that it would be awful of me—awful!—to quarrel with them.

"It brings the peace that passeth understanding, ma'am. It surely does! When father died, and then mother, and I had no home, it took a great deal of courage for a while to trust Him. Then it all came over me that He knew what He was doing, and it was very little of my business except to be happy in it—in whatever place He put me. So when He opened your sister's and brother's hearts to give me this home, why I came to it like—like a queen to her throne! It was my right to be here, don't you see? Because God made it so. All I have to do is to be brave and patient, unselfish, cheerful, and whether I can help Cousin Ella much or little, to do my best. It would cost her more to keep me if I was sad all the time, do you not think so?"

"Well, that is beyond me!" said Maria under her breath, but after that her smiles were brighter and more frequent.

Manna

There is found, in some portions of the peninsula of Sinai, a gum which offers some resemblances to manna. It is the sweet juice of the tarfa, a species of tamarisk. It exudes from the trunks and branches in hot weather, and forms small, round, white grains. In cool weather it preserves its consistency; in hot weather it melts rapidly. It is either gathered from the twigs of the tamarisk, or from the fallen leaves underneath the tree. The color is a grayish yellow. It begins to exude in May, and lasts about six weeks. The Arabs cleanse it from leaves and dirt, boil it down, strain it through coarse stuff, and keep it in leather bags; they use it as honey with bread. Its taste is sweet, with a slight aromatic flavor; travellers generally compare it with honey. The whole quantity now produced in a single year does not exceed six or seven hundred pounds. But the differences are much greater than the resemblance. The natural product is a drug, not a food, it is gathered only during some weeks of summer; it is liable to speedy corruption, nor could there be any reason for preserving a specimen of this common product in the ark; it could not have sufficed, however, aided by their herds and flocks, to feed one in a hundred of the Hebrew multitudes, even during the season of its production; nor could it have ceased on the same day when they ate the first ripe corn of Canaan. Professor Macalister, after discussing four kinds of modern manna, says, "None of these could be the manna of Exodus, which was a miraculous substance." And yet God always, as here, works His miracles along the lines of nature, regarding nature "as an elastic band to stretch, rather than as a chain to break."

The manna was a type. Paul called it (1 Cor. x. 3) "spiritual meat," and Christ Himself (John vi. 32) said, "It was not Moses that gave you the bread out of heaven, but my Father giveth you the true bread out of heaven." This true bread was Christ Himself.

Comparisons

A million million men of greater worth!
The universe, the ages! What am I?
Less than a tiny atom of the earth;
Less than the smallest snowflake from the sky.

To-day; my home; among my blessed friends!

What am I now who call myself a man?

Atom no longer! but a soul God sends
To fill a place none of these millions can.

Worms in children work havoc. These pests attack the tender lining of the intestines and, if left to pursue their ravages undisturbed, will ultimately perforate the wall, because these worms are of the hook variety that cling to and feed upon interior surfaces. Miller's Worm Powders will not only exterminate these worms, of whatever variety, but will serve to repair the injury they have done.



French Officer directing artillery fire by telephone from a tree in the Argonne Forest

see what I have done that God should let me end my days in dependence and misery."

Letitia was thoughtful. "I do not pretend to understand God's way with me," she said at last. "Dependence must be good for me just now, or He would not permit it. As for 'misery,' are you sure you are not committing a sin, ma'am?" Letitia was only twenty; Maria was over seventy; but the younger woman stood her ground.

"Well, now you've got your sermon half preached, you'd better go on to 'finally,' hadn't you?"

"You are older than I, but I believe I am right. May I tell you how I reasoned it out for myself?"

Maria nodded. She was too far gone in amazement to speak.

"In the first place, I did not ask to be born. God sent me into the world, and I'm glad I believe that He wanted me here, and had His place for me all chosen." Maria was fairly gasping at such audacious, far-reaching faith. "I was dependent, according to the laws of nature, for many years. God meant



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Robert Wilson, Dundaff, Pa., writes: "My horse had a lame hip. Well, he is not lame at all now. I used him when needed since I started treatment. Previously he was laid up for weeks. I wasted time and money using other remedies. You tell the truth about your ability to cure horses."

Ira J. Ward, Howell, Mich., writes: "I used Save-the-Horse on a bone-spavin; had previously been doctored for year without benefit. She is working hard every day. Many thanks for kind advice and Save-the-Horse remedy."

J. H. Eldridge, R. 3, Senatobia, Miss., writes: "I purchased a bottle of Save-the-Horse for enlarged tendon and shoe boils, and the results were wonderful."

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But write and we will send our—BOOK—Sample Contract and advice—ALL FREE to Horse Owners and Managers.

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Druggists everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with contract, or sent by us Express Prepaid

J. A. McCormack, Souris, P. E. I., writes: "Troy Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.: Enclosed find money order, for which send me without delay one bottle of Save-the-Horse Spavin Cure (the best on earth). Some three or four years ago I got a bottle to use on my driving mare for bone spavin. It cured her completely. Since then I have recommended it to several in this part of the country, and it never failed to cure."

Chas. S. Van Norman, Canadian Standard Copper Co., Hamilton, Ont., writes: "Troy Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.: I cured a ring-bone and drove him all the time, and he got better every day."

C. S. Edwards, Salmon Arm, B. C. writes: "Troy Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.: I have used your remedy with success on two old bone spavins."

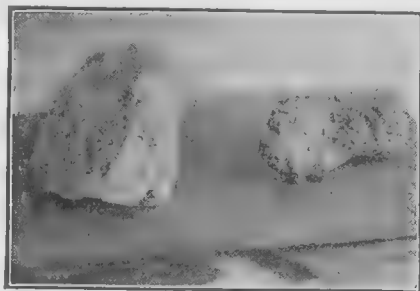
How to Find Radium

S. J. Wigley, Edgerton

Considerable interest was aroused last year when substantial rewards were offered for the discovery of radium bearing rocks in Canada.

Many of the world's greatest and most valuable discoveries have been made by accident and it will be a lucky accident if by chance a radium bearing rock should be found in Canada. Old methods of prospecting in this case are useless, for radium makes its presence known only in a scientific way and human senses are unable to detect its existence.

Nineteen years ago Professor Rontgen found that certain unseen rays from electricity had an influence on a photographic plate and to-day these X-ray photos are common. This discovery led earnest workers to experiment with different substances, to ascertain if any of them would emit radiations of a similar character. M. Becquerel found that salts of uranium would affect a photographic plate and that these unknown rays could even act through other substances.



Testing Rocks for Radium

Now uranium salts are obtained from a rock called pitch blende, and were used for decorating expensive china and glass. Pitchblende is obtained in Cornwall, parts of Germany and the United States. After the uranium was extracted the

residue rock was thrown away. One firm in London had been selling its old pitchblende rock at a dollar a ton for house foundations and road ways.



A little glass tube holding 15 grains of Radium would give out light and heat for over a thousand years and be worth \$25,000

Then Madam Curie and her husband found that this wasted pitchblende rock contained much more radium than the uranium salts and affected a photographic plate much more strongly.

The peculiar properties of radium have been repeatedly published but to obtain a very small pinch, worth some \$25,000, many tons of rock are used. Radium is quite the dearest substance known to man and though a factory has been working for some years in London less than one ounce is the total production.

To test rocks for the presence of radium a photographic plate should be carefully wrapped in black paper to exclude all daylight. The rocks to be tested should be placed on the paper and the whole shut up in a box for at least twenty-four hours; X-rays act on the plate in a few seconds but radium is much slower. If, when the plate is developed you find the rock has made a dark shadow then get busy for fame and fortune await you.

Tumular Relics of a Prehistoric Manitoba

By J. D. A. Evans

From Great Lakes to Rocky Mountains slope, he of Indian ancestry has inhabited the plains and forestic areas. Yet in far more remote period than this tenure, a populace armed with copper implements have dwelt in Manitoba, monumental testimony of whom is evidenced within certain localities of the Province to-day. To wit, Southern Manitoba wherein Pembina's lofty ramparts are located, in one district of which five tumuli or barrows exist; others may be found in the neighborhood of Snowflake.

Under auspices of the Historical Society of Canada, research has been conducted by Professor Nicholson of Toronto. At the apex of Star Mound, a barrow three feet in height, circumferential measurement of twelve feet, symmetrical figure very imperfect, formed a matter of investigation by the eastern archaeologist. Adjacent to the surface of this tumulus, a skull of Indian male was exposed; five yards beneath, fifteen skeletons were disinterred, the physiological structure of which would attribute the remains as of other than Indian race, rather to a human tenancy of fifth century, and possibly anterior to that date. Amongst the bones lay tools antique in construction, from the workmanship of which it can be assumed were utilized in the fashioning of copper instruments the metal from which these were manufactured. The chain of history has thus been augmented, the story of a copper mine aboriginal inhabitant is stated to have known as once operated by a people in centuries long, long ago, and supposed to have been located at or in the vicinity of the Lake of the Woods, is hence given color. Various trinkets were discovered and strange though it be, a marine shell; its conchological formation tending to the opinion that it had been obtained from Pacific Ocean. Arrowheads of flint, hammers of stone were likewise found, and research is now progressing at other tumuli in an adjoining district.

Grain Growers' Grain Co. Opens Saskatchewan Office

Farmers throughout the Canadian West will be interested to hear that the Grain Growers' Grain Company of Winnipeg have opened an office in Regina, Saskatchewan. This marks another step in advance for this Pioneer farmer's company. Operations are now carried on with offices in each province from Ontario to the Pacific Coast, with headquarters at Winnipeg, branch offices at Fort William, Ont.; Regina, Sask.; and Calgary, Alta.; and an agency at New Westminster, B.C. It is somewhat remarkable that at times such as these, when retrenchment is general, this company should find it absolutely necessary to establish new branches in order to take care of its growing business. The main object in establishing the Regina branch, is to be able to give Saskatchewan farmers the best possible service in supplying their needs or in handling their grain.

The Regina office and warehouse is located at the corner of Lorne street and 11th Avenue, right in the heart of the city, only two blocks west from the Post Office. Ground floor space of 5,000 square feet furnishes ample accommodation for displaying a full line of implements to good advantage. The office is in charge of J. L. Williamson, who for over six months has been connected with the company, looking after their interests in the Regina district. Farmers everywhere and others who are interested in the welfare of the agricultural class throughout the West, will be given a hearty welcome at the Grain Growers' Grain Company's office in Regina. Implements, engines, vehicles, etc., that are kept on display are well worth seeing.

The Foe of Indigestion.—Indigestion is a common ailment and few are free from it. It is a most distressing complaint and often the suffering attending it is most severe. The very best remedy is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken according to directions. They rectify the irregular action of the stomach and restore healthy action. For many years they have been a standard remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion and are highly esteemed for their qualities.

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One Size
One Price

Grocers keep H.P. on their handiest shelf, it sells so freely.



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We have a number of good second-hand pianos, of well-known makes, for sale at bargain prices. Here are a few examples:

One HEINTZMAN & CO. Piano
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One EVANS BROS. Piano
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One NEWCOMBE Piano
Regular \$400, for \$150

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These are all thoroughly overhauled and in good condition.

We also have some very fine Second-hand Organs at special prices.

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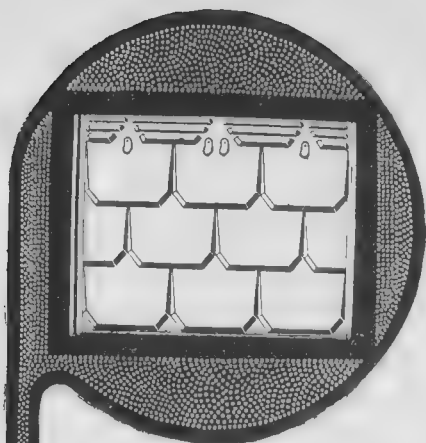
The quickest and best way to settle all doubts is to eat CERTONE for a few days. So I will send you a 50-Cent box if you mail me this Coupon and 10 cents toward our postage expenses. Or you can buy a Dollar box through your druggist. Get your CERTONE at once, then watch your mirror. Note your daily gain. Feel better and look better, get good, solid flesh, and lasting good health.



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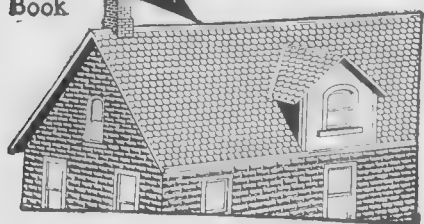
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Jaeger Underwear is durable and comfortable; it affords real protection from chill in all weathers.

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pervades the room after the furniture has been dusted and polished with

IOCO Liquid Gloss

Moisten a cloth with Ioco Liquid Gloss instead of dry dusting. It keeps the dust from the air, cleanses, polishes, and disinfects.

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Fashions and Patterns

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1242—Girls' Dress with Vest, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—As here shown white batiste, with embroidered flouncing and insertion are combined. The style would be pretty in soft dotted challie or a pretty shade of blue or pink cashmere. It is also nice for crepe or poplin, in any of the season's new colors. For every day or school wear, serge would be serviceable, or if wash fabrics are preferred there are lovely checked and plaid ginghams, neat seersuckers and pretty strong percales. The sleeve is nice in wrist or short length, and the vest effect is a new style feature. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Pattern 10c.

1238—Ladies' Apron, with Sleeve Protector and Cap—As here shown white drill was used for this set of serviceable garments. The models are also suitable for gingham, chambray, sateen, percale, lawn or seersucker. The apron is good on good comfortable lines, and affords ample protection for the dress beneath. The sleeve protectors are a popular accessory, and the cap is good to hold off the dust; at the same time it imparts a neat trim appearance. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

1016—Girls' Dress with Short or Long Sleeve—Blue line with trimming of blue and red checked gingham is here shown. The model is good for voile,



1244—Over Blouse Dress for Misses and Small Women—For combinations of materials this style is especially desirable. It is lovely for the new soft cool cotton materials, or for crepe, poplin, challie, cashmere or serge. As here shown figured crepe in blue and green tones was used for the underwaist, with green taffeta for over blouse and skirt. In white ratine, with batiste for the underwaist this style is very pleasing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. The 16-year size will require 3 yards of 27-inch material for the underwaist, and 5½ yards for the overdress. Pattern 10c.

1249—A Simple, Comfortable Dress—As here shown, dotted percale in blue and white, was used with collar, pockets and cuffs of blue line. The waist is made in blouse style and with coat closing. The back of the waist is combined with the sleeve, which may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff, or short with a neat turn back cuff. Chambray, gingham, ratine, linen or line, crepe, poplin or cashmere may be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

ratine, rice cloth, chambray, galatea, serge or silk. The closing is in front. The skirt is a 3-piece model with plaits in front and at the sides. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

1247—Ladies' Dressing Sack, Boudoir Cap and Slipper—For the sack and cap, lawn, dimity, embroidery or crepe would be pretty. The slipper may be of felt, eider down, flannel, blanketing or silk. The sack would be lovely in dotted Swiss with edging and insertion of "Val" lace, and tiny bows of wash ribbon, or of velvet to hold the parts together. For the slipper light blue or pink quilted satin would be warm and comfortable. Any of the pretty flowered crepes or cretonnes would also be nice for the slippers with a soft lining of contrasting color. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

1239—Ladies' Over Jacket—This design would be lovely in chantilly or shadow lace, with lining of soft chiffon or silk. It is also nice for moire, taffeta, crepe, poplin, linen or ratine. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.



Bran Does This

It aids to good health, good spirits, clear complexions, better days. It is Nature's laxative.

A bran dish three times weekly helps keep one at his best.

But folks don't like clear bran. So in Pettijohn's we hide it in luscious flakes of wheat. Not gritty bran, but tender. One can hardly discern it. Yet each dish is one-fourth bran.

This bran-food is efficient yet inviting. It will delight you in taste and effect.

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If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address The Quaker Oats Company, east of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.; west of Ontario, Saskatoon, Sask.

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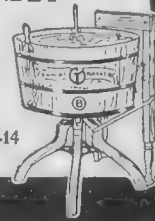
New Century HAND

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Ask the woman near you who has one.

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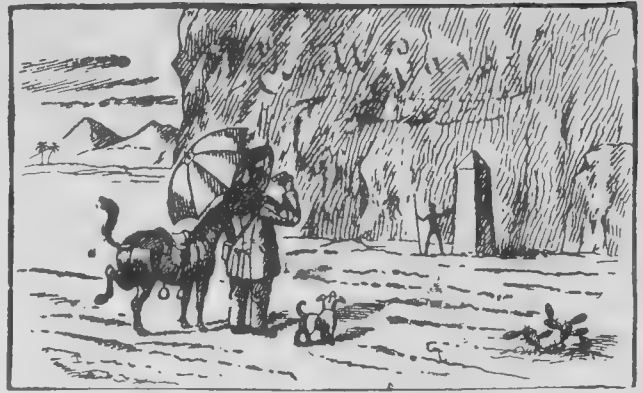
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1243—Girls' Over Blouse Dress—Blue serge was used for this design, finished with a neat design in black soutache braid. In white linen, with embroidered scallops on the free edges would also be pretty. This model is likewise appropriate for gingham, seersucker, chambray, ratine, percale, taffeta, batiste, crepe or poplin. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4½ yards of 6-inch material for an 8-year size. Pattern 10c.

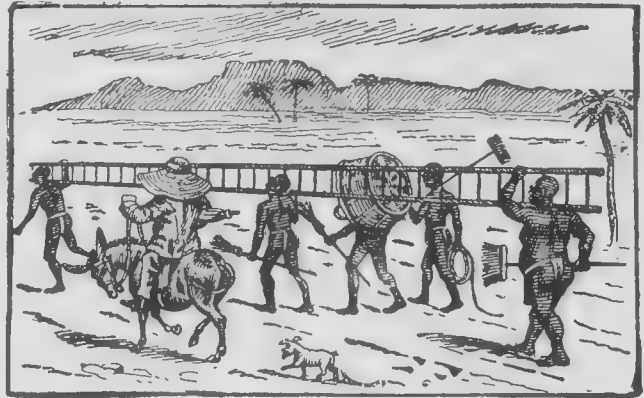
1234—Ladies' and Misses' Over Dress in Semi-fitted Basque Style—What could be more effective, neat and becoming than this style in a cool pretty linen braided or embroidered, or made up in a neat pattern of checked or striped gingham, or perhaps in flowered lawn or organdy. It is also nice for white or colored serge, for taffeta or suiting in wool or mixed weave. The style is comfortable, and the underwaist may be as fancy dictates, of lawn, net batiste or silk, or of self material. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes:

in white linen, with the free edges of the overblouse finished with embroidered scallops; or repp or poplin could be used, with pipings or cordings of a contrasting color. The closing is effected on the shoulders, and the neck finish may be high or in Dutch round style. The belt may be omitted, and if the material used for the dress warrants it, may be replaced by a soft sash or girdle. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

1256—Ladies' Two Piece Circular Skirt—Striped brown and white suiting was used in this instance. The style shows new skirt lines, and is most comfortable and attractive. It is good for broad cloth, cheviot, serge, voile, poplin, gabardine and crepe, and also desirable for linen and other wash fabrics. The closing is under the tuck lap in front. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Pattern 10c.



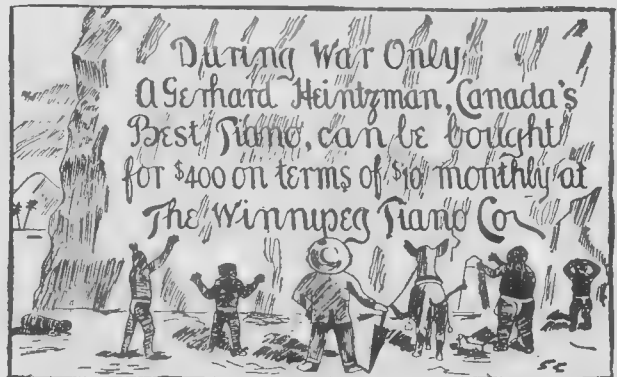
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Toronto, Ont. 22



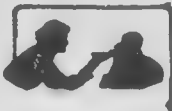
14, 16 and 18 years for misses, and 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure for ladies. It will require 2 yards of 36-inch material for the underwaist, and 5½ yards for the dress for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10c.

1260—1251—A Smart Spring Suit—Comprising Ladies' Coat, Pattern 1260, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1251. As here shown gabardine in a new sand shade was used, with vest of Oriental embroidery, and velvet for trimming. The coat is cut with a pretty flare, and the skirt shows plaited fullness in panel effect at back and front. The coat sleeve may be made with a flare cuff or a neat tailored facing. The skirt pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The coat in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7½ yards of material 44 inches wide for the entire suit for a medium size. Two separate patterns 10c each.

1258—Girls' Over Blouse Dress with Skirt—White pique is here shown braided in blue. The style lends itself readily to embroidery, and a very lovely dress could be made from this model

1237 — Ladies' Shirt Waist — This model shows a simple attractive style that will at once appeal to every woman of conservative taste, who likes a trim, smart waist. The model is finished with coat closing and the new high collar. The fronts may be open at the throat, the collar being rolled back with the fronts to form revers. The sleeve in wrist length is a popular regulation shirt sleeve, with straight cuff. Its short length, a neat turn-back cuff, forms a smart finish. Linen, ratine, madras, crepe, batiste, albatross, satin, taffeta and poplin are all suitable for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9931 — Ladies' Apron — This simple serviceable model may be used as a dress. It is suitable for seersucker, linene, galatea, gingham, chambray, or lawn, and with the short sleeves and round neck is quite comfortable. The closing is at the side front. The fulness at the waistline in back is held under the belt, which fastens under the arm. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.



The right food for your Baby

Should you think of trying cow's milk, you would be faced with many troubles. You would need to secure milk of right quality, from healthy cows, handled with scrupulous cleanliness and delivered whilst quite fresh. You would have to modify and prepare the milk carefully under medical guidance so that it shall be easy to digest and be nourishing. Can you do all that has to be done? Must you?

On certain beautiful meadow pastures in old England splendid herds of cows are reared, and close by, in ideal surroundings, are the 'Allenburys' model laboratories. Directly the cows have been milked the milk is prepared and modified with scientific exactness, according to the most recent medical experience, to produce the ideal Infant Food.

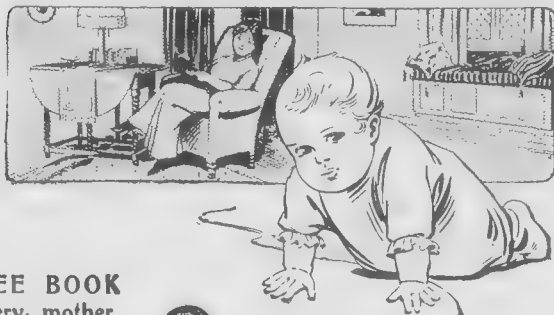
The 'Allenburys' Milk Food No. 1 is just what you need for the young baby. Rich, germ-free, fresh cow's milk so prepared and modified that it is practically identical with healthy mother's milk. The most delicate baby can digest it and be nourished so that he will thrive. All that you could wish and do has been done for you—just add boiling water.

When cow's milk, with all its worries as to purity and preparation, is suggested for trial, remember

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Milk Food No. 1. Milk Food No. 2. Malted Food No. 3.
From birth to 3 months, From 3 to 6 months From 6 months upwards.

The most rational, progressive system of Baby Feeding.



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The Allen & Hanburys
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58

Have you ever used a soap prepared by a skin specialist?

If not, you do not know how beneficial a soap can be.

For thirty years John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin and its needs. He treated thousands of obstinate skin diseases, made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap.

In the booklet wrapped around every cake of this soap, are given the causes for all common skin troubles—conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, tender skins, etc.,—and the proper treatments to relieve them.

If there is any condition of your skin that you want to improve, get a cake of Wood-

bury's today and follow carefully the directions given in the booklet. In ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. It is for sale at dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today to the Woodbury For 4c we Canadian Factory for Samples will send a cake large enough for a week's treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jorgens Co., Ltd., 652 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Made in Canada



When writing advertisers please mention The Nor'-West Farmer.

1263—Costume for Misses and Small Women—Grenadine in a new mauve shade is here shown with brocaded silk for sleeves and trimming. The style is unique in its lines and shows several new and pleasing features. The full skirt gathered at the yoke line, may be stitched at this part in lengthwise tucks or plaits or finished with but one row of gathers. The sleeve gives a choice of finish; either in pointed wrist length, or a short length, finished with a shaped cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material for a 16 year size. Pattern 10c.

1254—Ladies' Dressing or House Sack with Bell or Bishop Sleeve—Cotton crepe in a soft shade of pink or blue or in cream white, with a plaiting of self material or wash ribbon, would be very nice for this. A simpler finish would be to bind the edges with ribbon or satin,

used in this instance. The model is lovely for other soft fabrics such as albatross, crepe, crepe de chine, messaline or charmeuse, likewise for lawns, and organdies, and tissue fabrics. The waist and skirt are gathered with a ruffled heading, that may be piped or corded, or it may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

1259—A Simple and Attractive Tub Dress—Brown and white checked gingham was used for this style, with white corduroy for collar and cuffs. The model would be nice for striped seersucker, for chambray and percale. It is fine for drill, linen or linene, and also good for serge, voile, or poplin. It will make a nice neat business suit. The skirt is a four gored model, cut on new lines and with ample fullness. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. It re-



or to ornament with feather stitching. Dimity, lawn, organdie, batiste, cashmere, crepe de chine, silk or voile are also suitable for this style of garment. The model is pretty and comfortable and very easy to develop. The bell sleeve is cool and dainty, but for warmth the bishop style may be preferred. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1241—1240—Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 1241, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1240—As here shown, figured foulard is combined with grenadine, in harmonizing shades of brown and green. The designs may be used separately; they are splendid models for the new cotton goods, for linen, batiste, chiffon taffeta, and other silks. With the under waist of batiste or crepe, and linen for overblouse portion and skirt, a very dressy costume can be made. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge. Two patterns 10c each.

1261—A Dainty Dress—Dotted challie in pink and green and cream ground was

used in this instance. The model is lovely for other soft fabrics such as albatross, crepe, crepe de chine, messaline or charmeuse, likewise for lawns, and organdies, and tissue fabrics. The waist and skirt are gathered with a ruffled heading, that may be piped or corded, or it may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

9882 — Ladies' Apron—This simple easily made style, is good for gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, denim, sateen and brilliantine. It affords ease to the wearer and protection for the dress beneath. The waist is cut in low square outline, and gathered to a belt that holds the skirt, which has serviceable pockets. Percale is a pretty pattern with binding of braid or tape in a contrasting color would also be nice. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

1080—Girls' Dress with Raglan Sleeve—This style is easy to develop, is graceful and attractive, although simple, and is good for any of the season's dress materials. The raglan portion of the sleeve is lengthened by a bishop portion, joined to a band cuff. The waist fronts and the three piece skirt is finished with a box plait, under which the dress is closed. As here shown blue woolen, with trimming of red serge, as used. Galatea, gingham, chambray, seersucker, corduroy or velvet are equally good. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

The Home Doctor

Foot Ease

By Charles H. Lerrigo, M.D.

When Asa in the thirty-ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet he thought not to the Lord but to the physicians; and, says the next verse tersely, as reaching a logical conclusion, "Asa slept with his fathers."

Common as are the troubles of feet, people seldom seek the physician with them until driven by extreme conditions. Perhaps Asa's fate deters them.

But anyone who can think back to the early days on the farm when he cautiously rubbed his chilblains and longed to stretch those cold nubbins of feet out to the ruddy snow, yet was held back by a sure knowledge of the burning and itching inevitably follow, knows very well that there is great need of foot knowledge and foot ease.

To begin with this very subject of chilblains (medical name, Pernio.) This may not be a serious condition. In the healthy individual who only by persistent exposure manages to get a patch or on the heel which readily heals when opportunity is given, it is of slight importance.

You will then soak the foot for an hour in very hot water containing a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda to the quart. This helps to soften the nail. Then clip all surplus edge square across the top. Follow this by scraping the surface of the nail as thin as possible along the middle, all the way from the little half-moon to the edge—scrape it until it is thin and pliable. Then insert a little cotton under the cutting corner and change it each day until the nail has grown well out.

One of the most annoying of foot troubles is intense itching, which has a most aggravating way of attacking in force just as you get warmed up for your first comfortable sleep. Sometimes this is accompanied by chafing between the toes which is very painful.

The remedy for this is a strenuous cleanliness and as much ventilation as you can give to the foot. Going barefoot would make a prompt cure. Many cases are greatly helped by wearing low, loose shoes in hot weather. You see the tender skin is irritated by the decomposition products of sweat and scaling epidermis. Frequent trimming of toe-nails is necessary, for long nails can conceal great quantities of decaying matter and furnish lodging for any number of bacteria.



High Officers of the Japanese Navy

But look out for the child with whom chilblains is an every-winter condition in spite of all your care. There certainly is some fault in his general health. He should be carefully attended, given lots of rest, sleep in the open air if practicable, nourishing food in abundance, moderate exercise and possibly tonic medicines. In all such cases the general circulation is feeble so be very careful that it is not restricted by tight garters, tight hose or tight shoes. Woolen hose, a roomy comfortable shoe and no garters whatever should be the rule.

For local treatment of chilblain good results are obtained by bathing the affected parts with peroxide of hydrogen diluted with an equal amount of hot water and applied hot, then dusting over a bland powder, such as talcum.

Ingrowing toe-nail is a close second to chilblains for foot agony. Of course this calls for a sensible shoe, but it also clamors very loudly for some way to keep that sharp sword of a nail from driving into the sensitive toe.

Occasionally a nail is so perverted that it will yield to nothing short of surgical measures. But I have seen many aggravated cases cured by simple means.

If there is proud flesh around the nail you will be able to do nothing until it is cleared away. Get some powdered burnt alum (you can powder and burn it yourself if necessary) and apply closely, working it as far in as possible. A few applications will kill the proud flesh and shrink the tissues so that you can raise the offending nail.

A great essential is a pair of clean hose every morning, and be sure that they are washed with a mild soap and thoroughly rinsed. It is worth a special effort to have enough shoes so that you may not have to wear the same pair two days in succession. The extra pair should be well aired on their off day.

These precautions will relieve any ordinary case of itching feet.

Some people wonder why their corns and bunions will not yield to ordinary treatment. It may be because they persist in wearing ill-fitting shoes but quite often it is because they suffer with a foot deformity which needs correction.

The weight of the body is normally distributed throughout the foot by a springy arch. If it came down flat there would be no such thing as springing or jumping or even tiptoeing. Fortunately, this arch is very elastic and not easily destroyed, although it may, by reason of sagging ligaments, relaxed muscles, or ill-fitting shoes, lose much of its function.

Faulty arches often causes symptoms akin to rheumatism; no doubt many cases are this day being treated. The likeliest subjects are those who stand much in one position, especially if of heavy build. Motormen, waiters and nurses are among the greatest victims. The farmer is perhaps not so susceptible in these days of riding tools, but the farmer's wife, who still does her work standing on her feet, is often found among the unfortunates.

There are many arch supporters on the market, intended to correct this trouble. Their use very often gives relief. But if

Important Announcement to the Canadian Public

By the Proprietors of WINCARNIS

IT has come to our notice that there is a tendency to class "WINCARNIS" as a "Beef, Iron and Wine." We want to state emphatically that "WINCARNIS" is *not* a "Beef, Iron and Wine"—there is no iron whatever in "WINCARNIS" and it is far superior to any other wine tonic.

WINCARNIS is composed of three ingredients:

- (1) Pure, natural, specially selected wine.
- (2) Extract of beef.
- (3) Extract of malt.

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you are young and hope to build your arches up again don't use them. Use special exercises instead.

You can work these exercises out for yourself. Begin by sitting on the floor with a cushion supporting your leg above the ankle and stretching the foot out as far as possible thirty times. Then bring it into as complete flexion (bending it upward) as possible thirty times. Then the same movements turning the foot in and after that turning it out. You will be surprised to find how many unthought of muscles will wake up.

After you progress a little you can follow with exercises standing up.

Turn your toes in, heels out, rise gently on your toes and press slowly out. Repeat twenty times. With feet parallel raise the inner side of the foot throwing the body weight on the outer border. Repeat twenty times.

Walk slowly fifty steps with weight resting on outer side of foot.

These exercises all tend to strengthen the muscles of the foot and to restore the fallen arch. They can be supplemented by occasionally walking without bringing the heel quite to the ground and by walking with the toes turned in rather than out. Shoes that will help should be straight on the inside, and the inner side of the broad heel should be a quarter-inch higher than the outer so as to throw the body weight on to the outer side of the foot.

If I had to give a blanket prescription to cover foot troubles in general it would be:

Hose: One dozen pairs. Light for summer and warm for winter. Exact fit. Wash carefully in soft water with Ivory soap and rinse thoroughly. Apply fresh pair each morning.

Shoes: First quality, material and workmanship. Roomy toes—straight inside—broad heel. Sufficient quantity to change at once when wet and allow a day's airing after each day of wear.

Lastly. Don't forget that the foot will give you a better measure of service if you serve it with a better measure and that two pairs of shoes worn alternately will last much more than twice as long as one pair worn continuously.

Why Human Milk is Best for Babies

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins).

It used to be thought that a mother's love was a sure protection of the infant from harm. Science now shows that the instinct supposed to be present in all mothers to properly defend them from ill, is often responsible for the high death rate, particularly in the months from May to October, of babies under five years of age.

A mother's love, despite the sweetness in the name, the noble, pure, and unkindled tenderness which blesses the earth in its good intentions, science now discovers to be frequently fatal to infants.

A mother's heart is weak, and in this rests much danger. It is now found that mothers not only make calamitous mistakes by instinct and intuition, but so powerful are these erroneous habits of race, inheritance, custom, and association, that experience does not enlighten them.

In a word, a mother of nine children, does not seem to learn from her mistakes with the first born ones. She and her own grandmothers and aunts keep on doing the wrong things. Unlike the burned child who dreads the fire, mothers who "raised two children" on beer, coffee, tea, meats, dirty milk, germ-full pacifiers, and other vicious things, keep on doing so with all of the later-born children.

In brief, unlike animals, mothers will not learn by trial and error, rewards and punishments. The most grievous of all the injurious mistakes made by mothers, is not to nurse their infants at the breast; not to give the bambino the milk of their own human heart's blood.

It is not only the selfish, aristocratic, social parasite or woman who puts her new born babe into the hands of a nurse that is alone in this maternal felony. Even the poorest women or those who can least afford microbes-free milk, commit this sin.

Bottle-fed babies have always been known to die like flies in first summers, second summers, and third summers, despite the "second summer" mistaken belief of ninety-eight per cent of unteachable mothers.

Scientific research, however, has found that even the finest cows, tested to exclude tuberculosis, disinfected every day before they are milked, stabled in marble stalls, milked with sterilized rubber gloves by milkers clad like surgeons in an operating room, and milked into bacteria-free pails and bottles, still give a milk and cream that must be handled—even if boiled and pasteurized—by a dozen persons before it enters the far-distant mouth of even the cleanest babe.

Even if these ideal conditions—they, of course, are too expensive to carry out—were rigidly enforced, the mother's erroneous instinct and the natural inaptitude of women to appreciate the dangers of unseen bacteria in a milk that is sweet and rich, will allow the milk to be contaminated with air, water, fingers, nipples and bottles when it reaches the child.

But even at its best, bottle milk has been definitely shown by discoveries to lack a legion of necessary things, which the mere survival of a bottle fed baby to adult life, does not exclude.

Gas on the stomach, acid stomachs, ulcers of the bowel, constipation, coated tongues, and a whole host of life-long adult torments are now definitely traced by laboratory and clinical discoveries, to cow's milk and other forms of artificial feeding in childhood's unhappy, but innocent hours.

By the time these discoveries are made, the mother who boasts: "Oh, I paid no attention to these extreme doctors and I raised eleven children my way just as my grandmother did before me," is either gone where the dear sweet mothers all go, or she sniffs her nose and "doesn't believe a word of it."

She must combat the proof, in order not to be blamed for the chronic adult ills of her "raised" eleven.

But more important even than this indictment against even the purest milk, is the actual and definitely ascertained fact that those babies who are fed directly at the mother's breast; who absorb real, proper, human milk into their system and receive it by the clock according to the doctor's orders, are free of many disastrous diseases which almost surely insert themselves into the babies, bottle-fed or given milk, foods, and artificial substitutes for human milk.

Mothers' milk which is the product of the human tissues, the white blood corpuscles, the red blood stuff, the human juices generally contains the antidotes to many poisons and other human maladies.

Not only is human milk a perfect food, drink, antitoxin and medicine for youngsters, but it is definitely different, chemically and physically, from every other known thing under the sun.

That mother's milk as an elixir of youth, has been known to several savage Eastern tribes for ages. There, the aged chieftains sacrifice babies to the same dangers that civilized mothers do, by giving them ass' milk and other artificial foods, in order to obtain human milk for themselves.

Travellers who used to tell of this were disbelieved, but geographers and anthropologists have recently confirmed this. They also add that the aged chieftains are undoubtedly made, not only resistant to the ravages of pneumonia and other senile distempers, but take on a rejuvenescence and new youth which proves that human milk is an invigorating as well as immune agent.

It is also known that pneumonia attacks breast-fed babies rarely and even when it does, they suffer less damage than do those who are fed upon condensed milk, cow's milk, creams, advertised foods, evaporated milks and the like.

It is proposed by some extreme scientists that each state pass a law appointing a medical board to pass upon every child under one year of age and its mother who refuses or pretends not to be able to nurse their little ones with human milk. "It shall be considered a misdemeanor punishable in the discretion of the court," said one specialist in children's diseases at a recent medical meeting, "for any woman to avoid nursing her child until every effort has been exhausted to do so."

Mothers who have by careless physicians, aunts, friends, and their own personal lack of persistence, ceased to nourish their lightly breathing babes with that most perfect of foods, human milk, can have this pabulum restored to their bosoms even months after it has dried up.

About the Farm

Good Wheat from Good Seed

If the farmers of the Middle West are once convinced of the value of good seed, there is no doubt that the Middle West would produce 20 to 50 per cent more per acre than what is now harvested, and that of infinitely better quality.

First of all, the fanning mill should blow out all shriveled, broken and undersized seed.

If this inferior stuff is sown it may be true, but it is rare to see a big strong man grow up from a puny, sickly baby.

The same is true of crops. If you expect bumper crops and banner quality, see that the baby plants—the seeds—are plump sound and full of vitality.

Ohio Experiment Station found that the light seed that was fanned out of its produced 3.68 bushels less per acre than the good seed. The best grade obtained by fanning and grading produced 1.54 bushels more per acre than the general quality of grain from the threshing machine.

Well, just forget your beliefs and try it out.

They didn't believe Copernicus when he said the earth was round. Quite a few believe his doctrine to-day.

This "strain" breeding, or Nature's fanning mill process, gave us Swedish Select oats, Kleinwanzlebener sugar beets, Minnesota 169 wheat, Petkus rye, and a hundred other valuable families of crops.

Your boys and girls would think it mighty interesting fun to try this out. It can make fame for them and dollars for you. Get your good seed and start a patch of winter wheat this fall.

Henry G. Bell.

Value of Blood

If the man who raises "common" cattle could spend a few days on a market where stockers, feeders and fat cattle are sold he would be very likely to go straight-way and buy the best pure-bred bull he could afford. There he would learn that blood tells, that it adds dollars to the value of every animal marketed, whether



Cattle on the Galloway Ranch, Man.

Nature's fanning and grading mill is at work all the while, too. In the reproductive cells of the growing plant there is the tendency to produce white or red wheat; soft or hard; large well-formed heads full of kernels, or small heads with mighty little in them; many heads or few.

While he is working his own fanning mill to the limit the farmer should co-operate with Nature to the fullest extent in picking out these best yielding strains or families. We know of no better way to accomplish this than by establishing a seed plot on the farm. Here is the way to do it.

Buy enough good seed to sow a couple of acres. When the crop is ripening go through it and pick out 50 good plants. Pull them up by the roots.

During winter thresh each plant out by hand and keep the seed of each in a separate envelope or paper bag. When next planting time comes measure out or weigh up an equal amount of each lot. Plant this seed in rows of equal length.

Watch the growing rows and mark what ones you like best. Harvest the rows in separate sheaves and flail them out separately during the winter.

Pick out the best ten yielders and plant an equal amount of each on equal sized patches of ground the third year. In fall weigh up the grain from each of the 10 plots separately and examine them as to quality. Pick out the best yielder of best quality, and you will have enough seed of a pure variety to sow quite a seed patch.

Do you realize the full value of what you have? The seed patch is sown with seed which three years ago came from one plant, four years ago from one kernel.

If care is taken the strain is absolutely pure. More than that, it is the best yielding seed of best quality.

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27 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.

Poultry Keeping

The following are some useful notes:
Don't forget to clean the droppings board every morning.

Boiled or steamed oats are excellent for laying hens; so is other grain similarly treated.

Keep the soil in the houses well dug over, so that the grain may be easily buried and the birds scratch and dust freely.

Charcoal is a great corrective of the evils of injudicious over-feeding, as well as a good remedy for bowel troubles in fowls.

Have regular hours for feeding your poultry. Irregular feeding often causes derangement of the digestive organs, and this means impaired health and fewer eggs.

An ideal mixture of soft food can be made from two parts of maize (cracked) and one of wheat, thoroughly well boiled, and then bound with one part of thoroughly ground oats.

See that your layers are abundantly supplied with nests. Keep the nests clean, and renew the nesting material often. Clean nests, clean eggs. Clean fresh eggs, clean profits.

Barley meal with potatoes and fine floury sharps, as well as soaked biscuit-meal, with skim milk (or water), and rendered fat worked in, will be found very serviceable for fattening chickens.

A good nutritious mash may be made as follows: Two parts broad bran, one part clover and alfalfa meal, one part granulated biscuit meal or maize meal, and half part fish meal. Scald these and dry off with two parts sharps, till the whole consistency becomes of a crumbly nature.

A dry-floored and semi-dry shed is a good place for the birds to run in ere they are placed in the finishing-off pens. They can be put in these a week or two before they are to be killed. Feed them all along from the trough, and when they will take

no more of their own accord, put them into the fattening pens and cram them.

By continual experiments I find that by feeding the breeding stock with bulky and easily assimilated food, with plenty of broad bran and sprouted grains, either wheat, oats, barley or rye, the results have been very satisfactory in hatching, and the chicks have gone on growing from the first, and show no sign whatever of leg weakness.

Making Fine Dairy Butter

By W. M. Hardy, Tunnel Hill, Ill.

We are all aware that cleanliness in all things, and at all times, is of paramount importance in the making of fine butter. The milk ought to be drawn from the cow in such a clean condition that straining would be practically unnecessary. With clean milk, and the following method carefully pursued I can assert from practical experience, which is somewhat extensive, that butter of the highest perfection will be uniformly produced.

The best richness of cream before churning is about 30 per cent. If it is very rich or very thin it will churn with difficulty. Both so far as getting the cream in the best condition for churning, as well as obtaining all the cream from the milk a centrifugal cream separator is the ideal creaming device. Every one who keeps four or more good milk cows ought by all means to have a separator. The machine can be quickly paid for in the saving of butter fat alone. If I had to part with my machine I would immediately procure another, even though I would have to pay three times the price my present one cost.

Preparing Cream

Before cream enters the churn it must always be well soured. Souring or ripening has the following advantages: It produces the ideal flavor in butter; it makes the cream churn more easily; it obviates difficulties from foaming or frothing in

churning; it permits a higher churning temperature, and it increases the keeping quality of the butter. Cream from milk produced under perfectly clean conditions will usually develop a clean sour flavor when ripened at a temperature of about 70 degrees. A much higher temperature will not produce quite so fine a flavor, and will also injure the body of the butter. At temperatures much below 70 degrees cream will ripen slowly, and very slow ripening is usually accompanied with the production of more or less undesirable flavors.

Cream when it enters the churn should have about 0.55 per cent acid. When this amount of acid has been reached the cream will have thickened so that it will pour like syrup from a dipper. One of the essential points in ripening cream is to prevent over-ripening which is the cause of much rancid butter. It is better to churn cream too sweet than too sour.

Churning

In order to obtain the best results in churning the temperature must be such that the cream will churn in from 30 to 45 minutes. I use a thermometer to determine the temperature of the cream. If cream is churned in less than 30 minutes there is usually a large loss of butterfat. If it is churned in more than 45 minutes the result is a waste of time and labor, and less satisfactory for subsequent handling.

The best kind of a churn is one that has no inside fixtures like the common barrel churn. I have used the barrel type of churn for years, and believe it has no equal. Before adding the cream the churn is rinsed first with scalding water and then with cold water. This freshens the churn and fills the pores of the wood with water so that the cream and butter will not stick. I always strain the cream into the churn. This removes the possibility of white specks in the butter which usually consist of curd or dried particles of cream. One thickness of cheese cloth makes a good strainer for this purpose. The butter is

given a light shade of color, the color always being added to the cream.

I never churn the butter into big lumps because the buttermilk is then hard to remove, and there is also difficulty in properly distributing the salt. The butter is churned until the particles are about the size of grains of wheat. When this stage is reached the buttermilk is removed and the butter washed with clean, pure water, having as nearly as possible the temperature of the buttermilk. If the butter does not float well when the buttermilk is being drawn, some cold water is added to the churn.

Salting

The butter is salted at the rate of one ounce of salt to the pound of butter, only the best grade of dairy salt being used. When the salt is evenly distributed the butter is worked enough. Just when this point has been reached cannot always be told from the appearance of the butter immediately after working, but butter that has not been sufficiently worked will show white streaks or mottles after five or six hours. Whenever such streaks occur the butter must be reworked until all the streaks have been removed. To avoid mottled or streaked butter the only safe rule to follow is to work it twice. The first time it is worked lightly, just enough to fairly distribute the salt. It is then allowed to stand six hours or longer, when white streaks will be noticed. The butter is then worked again until the color is uniform.

For fancy trade butter ought to be put up in one-pound prints wrapped in parchment paper. These prints are made with a small hand printer which may be obtained from dealers in dairy supplies for a small sum. The parchment wrappers should have on them the name of the maker of the butter or the dairy in which it is made, as this helps considerably in advertising the product. As a general thing the best prices for butter are realized when sold direct to the consumer.

COMPLETE NERVE FAILURE

Could not move hand or foot—Amazing results effected by Dr. Cassell's Tablets the famous British Remedy of world-wide repute

The following amazing recovery of a man who suffered from such complete nerve failure that he had not moved for eighteen months aroused such wide-spread interest last year in the Mother Country, that we now publish it for the benefit of our Canadian friends. Here is the wonderful story of Mr. Thomas Sedgemore, of Lyndale Cottage, 19 Chapel Street, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, England. He says:—

"I was completely helpless, could not move hand or foot, and had been in this condition for eighteen months when Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me. The trouble first showed itself in the year 1908, and I sought advice. This proved useless, and I was steadily getting worse. I was advised to go to a special institution, where I should have the very best skill available. I was treated there four months; but nothing they could do for me was of the slightest avail. On the contrary, the trouble increased.

When I went to the institution I was just able to hobble on sticks from the station, when I was taken out I had to be carried on a stretcher. I had hardly the power of a single muscle, was so utterly helpless that I had to be fed with a spoon just as I lay.

"I was told I could not possibly recover; but I kept on hoping all the same. I tried one thing and another, and disappointment followed disappointment; but in the end I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and to the amazement of everybody who knew me I recovered; gradually power returned to my limbs, and I could be wheeled about in a bath chair. Soon I abandoned the chair for crutches, then I dropped the crutches and used a stick. Finally, I had no need even of a stick; I could go about on good sound limbs again, cured absolutely. I have been thoroughly sound ever since, and have long been back at work. It is hard work, too but I am quite fit for it."



Mr. Thos. Sedgemore.



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Striking as this case undoubtedly is, the facts as here given are true in every detail, and are simply an unvarnished story of what Dr. Cassell's Tablets are accomplishing every day in homes both here in Canada and elsewhere. Make a trial of Dr. Cassell's Tablets to-day, and you will never regret it. They are a remedy of world wide repute for

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And are especially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

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When boils or pimples start to break out on your face or body you may rest assured that the blood is in an impure state, and that before you can get rid of them it will be necessary for you to purify it by using a good medicine that will drive all the impurities out of the system.

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All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c. (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, Ont.

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Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1914-1915 Spring & Summer Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also a concise and comprehensive article on Dress-making, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Have you Tried This?

Sask., Feb., 1915.

Dear Editor—While leisurely perusing the columns of your indispensable paper, I am rather amused by the way in which many of the correspondents deal with the subject of "Love." Some of the fair ones are seeking a recipe for love, and following the old adage: "A stitch in time saves nine," I am sending them a cure for love, as I am sure they will soon need it when they succeed in finding (?) the desired recipe.

The cure—Take a grain of sense, half a grain of prudence, a dram of understanding, one ounce of patience, a pound of resolution and a handful of dislike, intermix them all together and fold them in the emble of your brain for twenty-four hours, then set them on a slow fire of hatred and strain clear from the dregs of melancholy, sweetening them with forgetfulness, then put them in the bottle of your heart, stopping them down with the cork of sound judgment. Let them stand fourteen days in the water of cold affection. This, when rightly made and properly applied, is the most effectual remedy in the universe and was never known to fail. You may get the ingredients at the house of Understanding in Constant Street by going up the hill of Self Denial in the town of Forgetfulness in the County of Love Me More.

Now, dear editor, while wishing The Western Home Monthly every success and its readers special success, along this particular theme. I will close by giving my definition of "love." It is an inward incomprehensibility and an outward all overishness.

Love Me More.

Patriotism

Perth, Feb., 1915.

Dear Editor—Having been a silent scrutinizer of your valuable magazine for some time, I have decided to express my opinion on the topics discussed in your correspondence columns.

I am an Eastern lad but have studied many facts of the Canadian West, but have not decided to leave the "Land of the rising sun," although there is always a clinging to the land of one's birth. Many find the West fulfilling their model ideas, but for my part I prefer "nature's art," of Ontario, to that of the Western plains.

But, to change the subject, I would suggest this a time of serious consideration to every one who lives in Canada, for when we think of the great European struggle, which is waging wild at the present time.

We should feel proud of the country in which we live, when we see how freely our country has responded to the "Call to Arms" in the time of need, it shows the high esteem in which Canadians hold their protector, "Old England."

And we, the rising generation, should make it an appointment to mould characters so as not to lower the high standard attained by our forefathers in the past ages, and little hints given in these correspondence letters in that direction may be of much value in encouraging patriotism in the hearts of the present youthful generation.

Well, as this is my first letter to these pages, I don't want to take up too much of this valuable space. I hope other correspondents will write on some new topic. Thanking the editor for his valuable space, I remain,

A Canadian Suggestor.

A Canadian's Ideal

Alberta, Feb. 6, 1915.

Dear Editor—I have read your valuable paper from time to time through other subscribers until I became a subscriber myself. I have often thought of writing to your correspondence columns, but my letters never got beyond my own stove, but I will try and do better this time. I have noticed some letters in different magazines and papers of late dealing with the Canadian men. One writer says Canadian men seem still to have a very old-fashioned idea of the uses of a wife. Others that Canadian men do not appreciate women. I think Canadian men do appreciate women, but they have high ideals of what an up-to-date woman should be. I think every young woman and man should have an ideal of their own. Some of the readers seem to think we Canadians are looking for a slave. Not so. We are not looking for the good-looking street girl with the fancy dress and hat, with the false hair and paint who can't keep a job for a week. We want the girls from good homes with high ideals and ambitions. Who can cook and take care of a house, who always look neat and clean, who are good to their mothers, sisters and brothers, who have a smile for their friends. You may depend they will suit their husbands. I will be pleased to hear from readers and will try and answer the same.

I wish The Western Home Monthly and its readers every success.

Johnny Canuck.

One Train a Week

Alberta, Jan. 28, 1915.

Dear Editor—Having been a subscriber to your valuable paper for over a year, and thinking that it is a most interesting magazine, I always look forward to its coming every month. I wonder if I may venture to join your correspondence column. I notice several interesting letters, one from a correspondent at Mattawa, Ont. This lady states in her letters that the bachelors seem lonely and oppressed. Well some may be like that, but the majority of them are lively and content with their lot. I admit that we get lonely sometimes, but not to that extent. We know, or should know, that when we go to a new part of the country away from railroads and towns, etc., that it will be lonely; therefore, it is up to us to have the old pioneering spirit, and help to improve our land, and also to help one another. The railroads will soon come, schools and churches will be built, and also we will have better homes, etc. Where I am living now, we have a new railroad and a town is building. We also get a train once a week, which is a great help, it is a lot better than 40 miles to town like it used to be. We are trying to stop them selling liquor; I hope that we will succeed. If we had the ladies to vote it could be done, and I think that the day is near at hand when the ladies will have the vote.

Well, dear editor, I guess that I will bring my letter to a close. I am also sending the paper to my brother in the British navy. He is on board one of the Dreadnoughts in the North Sea. I think that he will enjoy reading it. Hoping to hear from some of the correspondents. I will sign myself

Silent Alf.

Some Fine Stories

Alix, Alta., March 15, 1915.

Dear Editor—May I join your correspondence columns? I have been a subscriber to your paper for the last six months. I would not be without it now. It sure has some fine stories in it.

I am an American girl age 20. I live on a farm 12 miles southwest of Alix. We sure have some fine land around here. There is quite a lot of railroad land that has not been taken. It sure is a fine place for mixed farming.

I think A Yankee Foreigner is quite right in what she says about people slighting a newcomer. We never know when we will have to move into a strange place. I think everybody should do unto others as they would be done by.

I think A Mere Bachelor's opinion of

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Mrs. H. N. Gill, Truro, N.S., writes: "Last January, 1913, I developed an awful cold, and it hung on to me for so long I was afraid it would turn into consumption. I would go to bed nights, and could not get any sleep at all for the choking feeling in my throat and lungs, and sometimes I would cough till I would turn black in the face. A friend came to see me, and told me of your remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got a bottle of it, and after I had taken it I could see a great change for the better, so I got another, and when I had taken the two bottles my cough was all gone, and I have never had an attack of it since, and that is now a year ago."

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the girl he wants for a wife is very good. He sure knows the kind of a girl he wants.

Does anyone know if a girl can take up a homestead in Peace River? If so would they write me about it.

I hope to see this in print. Would some of the members please write. Will answer all letters and cards.

I will close, wishing the paper every success.

Blue Bird.

Which is the Best Place?

Goodlands, Man., Mar. 6, 1915.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your valuable paper ever since I came to Canada, nearly three years ago, and I look forward to its arrival every month with the eagerness of greeting an old friend. I am pleased to notice that "Scout" does not admit that he can get along without the ladies, for there is no doubt that a good woman around the house and farm certainly helps to keep things moving in proper order. I am an Englishman, 24 years old, and as I am thinking of taking up a homestead shortly, would like some of the readers in the "circle" to give me any information as to the most favourable place. I shall be very much obliged. I hope the Editor won't look upon me with disdain, because I am not a subscriber, as I intend to be, if ever I manage to get a homestead, for there is not the slightest doubt that "The Western Home Monthly" is the best paper for farmers it is possible to obtain. I will answer all letters with pleasure. Wishing the paper ever greater success—I am,

E. A. Notts.

Where Duty Calls

Man., Feb., 1915.

Dear Editor—Having just finished reading the correspondence columns of The Western Home Monthly I thought I would like to join the ranks if the editor will spare me a little corner of his valuable paper. I will just add here that The Western Home Monthly has been coming to my home for at least the last ten years, and all enjoy it very much. However, like some, I do not think the correspondence the most interesting part of the paper.

I am glad to see that a new subject has been introduced. I can quite agree with "Thistle" in the new subject he has introduced. I do not think we have any right to look down on our brothers who remain at home. There are many who would be only too glad to join the ranks if it were not that duty demands that they should stay at home. Of course he who offers his life for his country is a hero, and we are proud that we have so many here who are offering themselves for this glorious cause, but it is often easier to go into danger than to stay at home and see loved ones go, and we must think of the mothers and wives who have borne so bravely this trial. I think there is no truer patriotism than this, and we hope that many of those brave fellows may return, and I will say in conclusion that I heartily wish there had been no such occasion to test the loyalty of the sons of Canada. —Wishing The Western Home Monthly success.

A. K.

Contented With Life

Ker Robert, Sask.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for the past six years, and take great interest therein.

I notice that several of your correspondents, including "Thistle," wish a true definition of "love." I wrote to you four years ago on this identical subject. I was single then, now I am married; and as "Thistle" wishes the opinion of married people I will endeavour to give mine as briefly as possible.

There is much diversity of opinion on this subject, but all true love means sacrifice, whether it be that of a mother, friend, lover or life-partner, or any other relation. Love without sacrifice is non-existent and vice-versa. Take the Scriptures, for instance. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that we might be saved. A mother will sacrifice almost any worldly pleasures rather than neglect her child. A true friend will stick to you through

thick and thin, and the blacker you are painted the closer he will stick. I have proved it, hence I know whereof I speak.

I was bereft of mother and only sister when four years old, and until I was seventeen I did not understand the meaning of love for home was given me. A brother many years older than myself sought me out, and bestowed upon me a wealth of affection that few experience, and I returned it in like measure, for my heart was starved. Since then, during my life, I have met with exceptionally good friends—one died two years ago after twenty-one years of real friendship. I have two now, one of fourteen years standing, and one ten years. The latter I have not seen for six years, but we write to each other every week. These friendships have not existed without sacrifice, petty jealousies, etc., have interrupted their even tenor many times but they have only served to knit us closer together.

I have always found that if you want a friend you must be one. And when having met the right one do not hesitate to show your appreciation and love. Sometimes one is deceived. I have been in more than one instance, but the fact did not deter me from still having faith in human nature. Good friends are scarce, and when found should be treasured, for their price is far above rubies.

And now we come to the vital question—the love of a life-partner. How very careful one should be in choosing such. Many young people enter into it all too lightly. As I said in my former letter there are two specimens of love, both of which are real according to the individual. There is love as a passion, and love as a principle. The former appeals to the physical nature in its various forms. But the latter is inspired by a higher motive. I can best describe it by comparing it to a mother's love for her child which is pure, unselfish and God-like. Such a love will live on through eternity; nothing can alter it or destroy it.

Before a couple marry they should each ask themselves: Will my love stand the test of poverty, sickness, isolation from friends, etc. Am I willing to go to the remotest corner of the globe with my partner if need be? Willing to share every hardship without complaint? If not, then you had better ten thousand times remain single. For no marriage is a flowery path; there are a hundred and one things to contend with, and unless you are prepared to bear and forbear you can never secure happiness.

I knew my husband five years before I married him, was engaged to him three years, and have been married nearly two years. He did not marry me because I was young, good looking, brilliant, or rich, for I can neither claim one or the other. I, on the other hand, learnt to love him because he commanded my respect. I studied him, compared him with others, noted his love for his mother and sisters. He neither drank, chewed, or used bad language. He smoked in those days, but has since quit. Our courtship days were anything but smooth. We never quarrelled, but outsiders made themselves objectionable, some saying that he was too good for me, and others that I was too good for him. Our love was put to the severest test in more ways than one, and very few, I venture to say, would have come through the fiery furnace unscathed. I knew that he was the only man for me, and I was fully convinced that I'd never regret the step I finally took. We have had a hard struggle since we were married, and many things to contend with, but our love burns brighter than ever, and we are happy and content with each other.

Truly, love is worth seeking, is worth keeping when found, is worth hardship, privation and many other sacrifice, save honour, for love without honour is nil.

Love is the greatest blessing in this world; it is the Divine spark straight from God. Without it this world would be cold indeed. Hold it not lightly my fellow-readers. Be assured that it will repay you ten thousand fold for any sacrifice you make in its cause.

I would rather be poor as I am, with the wealth of love I possess of husband and friends, than rich in this world's goods minus love.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

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Superintendent of Sunday School in
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55 DOVERCOURT ROAD, Oct., 1st, 1913.

"For a long time, I have thought of writing you regarding what I term a most remarkable cure effected by your remedy 'Fruit-a-tives'. I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I have spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken 'Fruit-a-tives' for 18 months now, and am pleased to tell you that I am cured. All the enlargement has not left my hands and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in 18 months".

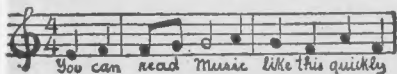
R. A. WAUGH

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Love will live throughout eternity,
riches but a short span. God is love,
look to and obey Him and all else will
follow.

Contented.

A School Teacher

Lampman, Sask., Feb. 23, 1915.

Dear Editor—I am not at all sure whether you will let me in when you learn who I am. But I may as well own up at first and get it over. I am one of those dreadful creatures in a school teacher. I suppose from that you will imagine me as being a middle-aged spinster with nerves and a bad temper. But I have not reached that stage yet. Much sympathy seems to be felt for the lonely bachelors of the West. What about the poor girls who have just left a home, congenial friends, plenty of amusement, and have come to sparsely settled districts, with nothing in view but the go-pheer burrowed trail that leads to the barren little schoolhouse? Mail comes seldom, trips to town are few and far between, and one's life is spent, out of school hours, in a crowded farmhouse, where one is fortunate to have a room to one's self, and is usually made to feel like an impostor in the family circle.

"But," you say, "can she not read, or spend her time sewing, or doing fancy work. Or she might help the poor, hard-working farmer's wife." Yes, one can do the first, and sewing and fancy work are very well, but a girl who has studied all her life has no time for learning housework, so is incapable. And one gets so tired of sewing and reading!

Of course, there are compensations! And life in the West is delightful in the summer. It is only in the winter one feels the awful lonesomeness of the prairie.

As regards the suffrage I think there is not a reason worth contesting against it. I hold a woman is as competent to vote as a man on all questions, and often more so. It is a crying shame; it seems to me, to keep it from them. I think the militant suffragettes have much to their favor, although I would not choose that way of getting the vote.

I think the girls of our circle make a mistake in pitying these Western bachelors. As far as I know they do not wish for any comfort, except drinking, smoking and novel reading. They seem to feel that it is hardly worth while to be gentlemen while in the West. They seem to think rowdiness is good enough for this place.

I have also observed that though there are very few girls out here, each man thinks they are extremely anxious for his attentions. In fact, they are bolder than is at all polite.

I suppose I am talking too much for my first visit. I trust the gentlemen are not offended, as I have simply stated conditions as I have seen them. I should be glad to hear from any of the circle. "Just Me."

Camp Fires by Twilight

February 16, 1915.

Dear Editor—After much deliberation I have decided to write to your most interesting page. I have read the letters with different degrees of interest, and if I may, I will pass a few remarks about them. Freda, I agree with you in some things, not all though, as I am nearer a blonde than a brunette. High School Kid, I believe I would like to know you. Sunset Bill, you make me smile, but as there has been so much said about your letter I'll pass along to you and some of the other letter writers in thinking that a woman would make a big difference in the civic laws if she had a vote, for I think that a woman understands the influence of environment more than some of the men who vote in favor of those degrading bars, but, like Buffalo Bill, I could not vote for a few months yet, even if the women had the right to vote. To change the subject. I don't know very much about the West, the shores of Lake Superior being my boundary line. Photography is my hobby, but I read a great deal. I have read the Aeneid, the "Apology of Socrates," books by Corelli and Doyle, and, of course, The Western Home Monthly, and have read them all with interest. Last fall I went out on a hunting trip; it was my first taste of real outdoor life, and I

certainly enjoyed the "Camp fires by twilight," and the long tramps through the woods. To get back to everyday life, I am a bookkeeper, but can cook and sew also. I embroider and crochet a little, so if any of the girls would like to exchange patterns with me I will gladly do so. I see my letter is altogether too long, so I will close with best wishes to the Editor and readers of this paper, and borrowing a name, I will sign myself, "Pallas Athene."

One Sweet Song

Alta., March 4, 1915.

Dear Editor—For some months past I have been an interested reader of your excellent paper, and it is only now that I pick up enough courage to write.

"Sunset Bill" has got my Irish up (although I am a thoroughbred Canadian) over his letter which was published in the February issue. Maybe all his so-called love affairs "have been merely a passing fancy," but you take it from me, Bill, when love comes to you, you'll know it, and it won't be a "passing fancy." I have seen too much of happy marriages to believe all you say. I agree with you far as high school days go, but after all "life is what we make it," and we can make it a "grand sweet song" if we wish. See?

Patriotism is surely a good topic for discussion, and it is just through the letter written by "Thistle" that I was awakened to the fact that soldiers were not the only heroes. Our farmer boys are entirely essential to everyone at present, and there is one girl who will not forget "The Farmer Feeds Them All" when all the other patriotic songs are being sung. I am also pleased to hear what "Thistle" says about "Sunset Bill's" letter.

I have not lived on a farm long enough to know whether a woman should farm or not. To me it doesn't seem just the thing, but all tastes differ, and some think it is the only way to live. I do pity some of the bachelors when it comes to cooking, even if MacTavish does say they excel the women. I notice the majority of them are very willing to leave that part of the work to us, and justly so.

Hoping this letter is not too long to find space in your correspondence column, and reminding you all my address and name is with the Editor. I am, yours very sincerely, Northern Girl.

Information Wanted

Sask., Feb., 1915.

Dear Editor—As I finished reading the letters in the correspondence column of the February number, I made up my mind to write a short letter. I have been a silent reader of this great paper (the best yet published), and I would like to join the merry circle right now. I think the letters printed in the column are great and cheer one up immensely, especially the short winter days. I'm right glad to see "Sunset Bill" has come back again to explain himself. They sure did make some comments on your letter "Bill," but I don't think the girls think any the worse of you for it. I myself am of the same opinion as "High School Kid." "Iceyle's" letter is great, as also is "Thistle's," and I would like to see a few remarks on this subject. Of course, it would not do for us all to go and leave the farms, or we should starve even if we did not get killed. I see in the "Old Country Papers" there are a great many more men gone from the farms than from the towns, so some of us will be doing our share by staying at home and growing wheat.

Another good subject for discussion is the one put forward by "The Village Blacksmith." I would like to see a few letters from our friends who have been through the mill, as I shall some day embark on the same trip myself, if I have any luck. I might say I am on the "lookout" now for a partner, one of the fair sex preferably, so I hope some of the "girls" will write, also our "hen-pecked husbands," as I'm waiting for some good advice before I venture too far in love making.

Now I must quit, and I hope this will get by the waste paper basket and into print some time.

Wishing the "Monthly" continued success and all its readers. I will introduce myself as "One of the Boys."

He Says He Told His Neighbors

And They Told Him to Try Dodd's
Kidney Pills.

Mike Rudy, Young Manitoba Farmer,
Sick for Two Years, Tells how He Got
a New Lease of Life.

Camperville, Man.—(Special)—Cured of Kidney and Heart Disease of two years standing, Mr. Mike Rudy, a well known young farmer living near here, is telling his neighbors that he owes his new lease of life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For two years," Mr. Rudy states, "I suffered with a terrible pain in the small of my back and shoulders. I took many different medicines, and was under the doctor's care, but nothing seemed to do me any lasting good. Finally heart disease was added to my troubles.

"Hearing Dodd's Kidney Pills well spoken of by my neighbors, I decided to try them. To my surprise and relief one box cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mr. Rudy because his troubles all came from sick kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a kidney remedy, pure and simple. If you have pain in the back, rheumatism, lumbago, gravel or diabetes, your kidneys are wrong. You need Dodd's Kidney Pills.



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Household Suggestions

The Art of Salad Making

How to Utilize the Left-overs

By Doris Richards

A salad is a most useful as well as a beautiful part of the menu, fitting into many gaps, and satisfying the appetite as well as making a decorative dish for the table. So many elements enter into salad-making that it is important for the housewife to understand their value: Salad plants contain potash salts which are beneficial to the system, while olive oil, which furnishes a main ingredient of most salad dressings, is fattening and soothing to the body and becomes a most valuable food if taken with any degree of regularity. There are the hearty meat salads, the lighter vegetable salads, and many combinations of such ingredients with condiments, relishes, fruits and nuts, which make the question of the salad an almost endless possibility.

A small portion of cold meat may be diced into a salad with some left-over vegetables, the two or three tomatoes which are not enough to stew may be made into cups to hold chopped lettuce or cress mixed with salad dressing. The few cold potatoes left over may be diced, chopped onions and parsley added and the whole marinated with French dressing, and made into a tasty potato salad. In fact almost all left-overs of meat, fish or vegetables may be utilized either in the making of salad or in the family soup pot.

There are some people who do not care for mayonnaise because they dislike olive oil. For them a boiled dressing will fill the needed place as this may be mixed with a great variety of salad combinations.

Boiled Salad Dressing—Mix together one slightly beaten egg, a little salt, one scant teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and three-fourths of a cup of thin cream or rich milk. When thoroughly mixed and blended, add very slowly one-fourth of a cupful of vinegar. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens, then cool.

Mayonnaise Dressing—It is a common idea that mayonnaise dressing is difficult to make, but if a few simple rules are remembered there can be no failing and the operation is simplicity itself. Into a dish put one or two egg-yolks, half a saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, a very little pepper and a scant teaspoonful of mustard. Add olive oil, drop by drop, at first beating into the egg with a silver fork. As the mixture thickens, the oil may be added more quickly, pouring a little on, continuing the beating without cessation. Add slowly, alternating with the oil, either vinegar, or lemon juice, or if preferred, both (in which case use about two tablespoonfuls of each, four, of one alone). Continue stirring in the oil until the mixture is very thick. Keep on ice until wanted.

In mixing mayonnaise have everything very cold. The olive oil and the eggs should both have been on ice, the fork and the plate on which the dressing is made should also be cold. If the mixture refuses to thicken or should curdle, which it sometimes does if the oil is added too quickly, stir in the yolk of another egg and continue the beating as before. The addition of a chopped pickle and some capers converts "Mayonnaise dressing" into "Sauce Tartare," which is used with many delicious recipes.

Mayonnaise may be jellied, for use with aspic salads, by adding a tablespoonful of melted gelatin, stirring until smooth and setting on ice. Cut in cubes to decorate the salad.

French dressing is easily made. Mix a very little salt, a dash of pepper, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and six of olive oil and stir until well blended.

Egg Salad—Cut hard-boiled eggs in halves, remove the yolk and rub to a paste adding an equal quantity of sardines, freed from bones and tails. Mix together with a little mayonnaise. Arrange crisp lettuce leaves or water cress on a plate, pile the salad in a mound in the center and decorate the edge of the

dish with the whites of the eggs filled with mayonnaise dressing, a sprig of parsley stuck in the top of each.

Autumn Salad—Mix two cupfuls of cold diced potatoes with one cupful of chopped celery and one medium-sized apple cut in thin slices. Marinate with French dressing, garnish with parsley and celery tips and one or two bright red nasturtiums.

Date Salad—Remove the stones from some well-washed dates and stuff with a little cream cheese into which a little currant jelly is worked. Pile on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing, into which the white of an egg is beaten as well as the yolk.

Chicken Salad with Nuts—To two cupfuls of minced chicken meat allow one of chopped celery. Mix with one cupful of chopped nut meats (any preferred kind) and moisten with mayonnaise. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, arrange the salad in the center and decorate with rounds of celery, piled high with mayonnaise.

Tomato and Cucumber Salad—Peel medium-sized tomatoes and cut a slice off the top of each. Remove some of the pulp and the core and fill these cups with shredded cucumber slices moistened with French dressing. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves.



Sunday School Class at Gladstone going for Hay Ride

Cherry Salad—This may be made from fresh or canned cherries. Remove the stones and fill each cavity with a Filbert nut. Serve several cherries on a lettuce leaf to each person and serve with cream dressing.

Cream Dressing—With one-half teaspoonful of salt, sugar and mustard, and dash of pepper add gradually two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and the yolks of two eggs, beaten. Cook over hot water until the mixture thickens, then add one tablespoonful of butter and pour gradually, while stirring constantly, onto the beaten white of an egg. Cool and fold in one cup of whipped cream.

This dressing is delicious with many fruit salads as is another boiled dressing.

Cream Dressing with Oil—Beat the yolks of three eggs light and add gradually, beating the white, one-fourth cup of olive oil then two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one of lemon juice. Cook over hot water until the mixture thickens and cools. Add gradually another fourth of a cup of olive oil, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, a pinch of salt and a dash of pepper. Just before mixing with the salad fold in two cups of whipped cream, beaten very stiff.

Fruit Salad—One cup each of diced pineapple, halved strawberries, sliced bananas, sliced oranges and cherries. Sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and marinate with French dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise or cream dressing.

Cream Cheese Salad—Moisten a cream cheese with a little mayonnaise and a teaspoonful of currant jelly and add some chopped olives, forming into small

balls. Dispose prettily on crisp lettuce leaves or on cress and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Oriental Salad—On thin slices of oranges sprinkle thin strips of apple, cucumber and some raisins soaked in lemon juice. Over all pour a tablespoonful of the juice from a can of preserved ginger and let grow very cold. Serve on nasturtium leaves, with cream dressing and a few nasturtium seeds sprinkled over the top.

Potato and Tomato Salad—Cut some fresh boiled potatoes into small dice with a little chopped onion added. Pour French dressing over the top and allow to stand for two hours. Scoop out tomato cups, fill with the potato salad and pile cream dressing or mayonnaise on top of each cup.

Apple Salad—Chopped apple and celery with a few nuts, mixed with mayonnaise, makes a very tasty salad. Serve in apple cases hollowed out and decorate each portion with a celery plume.

Grape-fruit Salad—Mix equal portions of grape-fruit pulp and chopped celery. Arrange in nests of lettuce and serve with mayonnaise, with tips of parsley to garnish the top.

Fairy Salad—On small leaves of lettuce spread sliced bananas and celery. Put a spoonful of cream dressing with whipped cream on top of each and decorate with a few candied violets.

Bananas, sprinkled with lemon juice

The Transformation of a White Sauce

"What is the sense of taking lessons for months and months at a cooking-school," asked a bright young housekeeper, "when if you know how to make white sauce you can cook anything on earth?"

The thin white sauce is made of one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, and one cupful of liquid—generally milk. Seasoning is added to taste, usually one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Mix the flour and seasoning in the bottom of the saucepan, rub the butter into the dry ingredients—if it is not soft enough, heat it gently for a little while—then add the milk, about a third at a time, and stir the whole until it boils. The sauce should then be smooth and velvety, and curiously enough it will be more velvety if the milk is cold when added, probably because the blending of the ingredients is then likely to be more thorough.

For a medium white sauce, the ingredients and method are the same, but two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour are used. For a thick white sauce, four tablespoonfuls of butter and four of flour are called for. The proportions of flour to liquid must always be exact, but one-half less butter may be used at a pinch—although, of course, the sauce will not be so rich, and it will be a good deal more difficult to make it free from lumps.

The Thin White Sauce

Cream soups, so called, are made on a foundation of thin white sauce. Sifted vegetable pulp is added to the sauce for cream of corn, pea, spinach, tomato, and so forth, or vegetables are chopped or sliced, as for cream of celery or asparagus soup.

Custards, where the eggs are stirred into a thin white sauce—properly sweetened, and the pepper omitted—will not separate and curdle, and will not "whey" in either a pie or a cup.

Excellent ice-cream can be made on a thin white sauce foundation when sugar and flavoring are added. If a couple of beaten eggs are stirred into the fundamental white sauce, and sugar, fruit sirup, chopped nuts, and so forth, are added, you will have something that you may call French ice-cream, frozen pudding, or custard ice-cream, as you will.

The Medium White Sauce

All the creamed dishes—creamed chicken, creamed potatoes, creamed onions, and so forth—are simply the ingredient that gives the name to the dish warmed up in a medium white sauce.

Croquettes of minced meat, fish, or what not, can have their ingredients "bound" together by a medium white sauce. Stir the chopped meat or other substance into the sauce until the mixture is of a good consistency to shape into the croquettes.

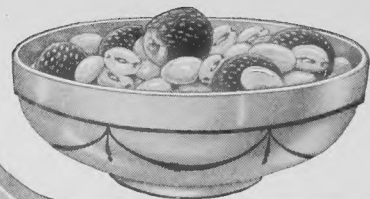
Souffles of cheese, chicken, rice, and so forth, are made on the basis of a medium white sauce to which the name "ingredient" is added. Two or three eggs to every cup of the foundation sauce will be required in addition. Stir the yolks into the sauce after removing it from the fire; fold the stiffly beaten whites into the completed mixture just before it is set into the oven, so that it will rise and swell and bloat and puff up as a proper souffle should.

The Thick White Sauce

This is the most difficult of the three to make, because it is so thick that it will "lump" unless it is constantly stirred.

For a delicious Welsh rabbit, stir three cupfuls of grated or sliced cheese into one cupful of thick white sauce, highly seasoned with paprika, mustard, red pepper, Worcestershire sauce, or anything else you can think of. Stir the whole over the fire until the cheese is melted and the mixture boils. This rabbit will never "string," never curdle, never "separate," and it can be successfully made by a novice. Try adding chopped olives to a rabbit, made like the above, but with the brine from the olive-bottle used as liquid for the foundation sauce.

The Oil for the Athlete.—In rubbing down, the athlete can find nothing finer than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It renders the muscles and sinews pliable, takes the soreness out of them and strengthens them for strains that may be put upon them. It stands pre-eminent for this purpose, and athletes who for years have been using it can testify to its value as a lubricant.



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Here's a 12c Coupon

Present this coupon to your grocer. He will give you for it a 12-cent package of Puffed Wheat. That's enough for ten big dishes—ten delightful meals.

We make no requirements whatever. This is done to show you what Puffed Grains mean to people. Then you will realize that nothing else offers such attractions.

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*This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1915.
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.*

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.



FULL MEASURE

MADAME:—If you went to the store and bought a 36-inch tape measure, and after spoiling many yards of good material you found that the tape actually measured 32 instead of 36 inches, would you not feel that you had been imposed upon?

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Don't let the substitutor persuade you there is a "just as good" kind.

The dealer who gives you **PURITY FLOUR** when you ask for it is playing square with you and with us—he is giving you **FULL MEASURE**. He is selling you service in return for **YOUR** good will.

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